CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA

MARTIN JOHNSON

CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA

Startled impala

CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA

BY

MARTIN JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*
by arrangement with The Century Company

Copyright, 1924, by
The Century Co.

Printed in U.S.A.

TO OSA

The Best Pal A Man Ever Had

For fifteen years, she has gone everywhere with me. We have done the Great White Way together. We have sailed together into the cannibal islands of the South Seas. We have explored the Borneo jungle together, and together we have lived among the animals of Africa. Osa has stood by me in every emergency. In Africa, she saved my life from the elephants of Lake Paradise. She has never failed me. And—what counts most—she likes it all!

Contents

Just Africa

I. The Uganda Railway

II. Headquarters in Nairobi

III. Fisherman's Luck

IV. John Walsh's Place

V. The Bravest Animal in America

VI. On the Trail of the Elephants

VII.A Motorist's Story

VIII. Into the "Blue"

IX. Isiolo

X. The Big Cats at Rattray's

XI. Hardship

XII. Home Life in the Wilderness

XIII. Seeing Africa From a Blind

XIV. Rhinos

XV. Archer's Post

XVI. The Desert Trail

XVII. Marsabit

XVIII. Lake Paradise

XIX. The End and the Beginning

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Startled impala

Government house, Nairobi

A street in Nairobi

A model at a shilling a day

The mensahib and the memsahib's Toto

Rattray's zebras in harness

The leopard that nearly got Rattray

Giraffes feeding among the thorn-trees

"Tommies"

Paul J. Rainey's water-hole at Lasamis

The *safari* gets under way for Lake Paradise

CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA

CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA

JUST AFRICA

I have been home just four months, and as soon as I can I am going back. I know exactly the spot I will make for. It lies away out in the "blue," a good thousand miles' trek from Nairobi, in British East Africa. It is paradise, literally as well as figuratively. If it were charted—it is not charted, for so far as I can discover I am the only white man who has laid eyes on it since it was discovered by a pioneer Scotch missionary some hundred-odd years ago—but if it were charted it would appear on the maps as Lake Paradise. And I know of no place in all the world that better deserves the name. Only a few natives and I—and the animals—know exactly where it is. And the animals and I, at least, are not going to tell. All that I will say is that it is somewhere in the neighborhood of the imaginary line that divides British East Africa from unconquered Abyssinia. I will not be any more exact than that, for I do not want civilization to enter my paradise. There are snakes in that Eden—cobras, adders, the dreaded mambas. Though they are not many, they are deadly. But if they were twice as many and twice as deadly, they could not do as much harm as what we are pleased to call civilization.

I do not want to say too much about civilization. I notice that when I speak out my mind concerning its so-called benefits, my friends look at one another as if they thought the African sun had gone to my brain. So I will just say that six months of it are about all that I can stand. Then I have to *safari* off to some country that is still God's country.

If there ever was a place that could be called God's country that place is Africa. I do not pretend to have explored all Africa. In the year and a half I spent there, I covered only a very limited portion of a little rectangle roughly a quarter of a million miles in area, cut out of the east side of the great continent. This rectangle is bounded on the northeast by Italian Somaliland, on the north by Abyssinia, on the west by Lake Rudolf and Lake Victoria Nyanza, on the south by Tanganyika, and on the east by the Indian Ocean, and the equator cuts it almost in two. It used to be called British East Africa; recently it has been advanced by the British Government from the status of protectorate to that of colony and rechristened Kenya Colony. But the

name conveys nothing. I suppose everybody has accepted the myth of "darkest Africa" and has pictured the whole continent, except perhaps the picturesque northern coast and the Sahara, and the tidy Boer republic in the south—as a place of dank, dark, gloomy, fever-haunted jungle, inhabited by cruel, sullen man-eating tribes and stealthy ferocious beasts. I had swallowed that myth myself. And I found in British East Africa a place of sunshine and health. I zigzagged across the equator for nearly two years, and even when the thermometer registered 115 degrees in the shade I was not hot, for the air was dry and we were five thousand feet or more above the sea. And at night I was glad of blankets. Yes, British East Africa is a place of sunshine and health and beauty. I have among my photographs some that I don't attempt to locate. When people ask me, "What is this?" I answer: "That? Why, that's just Africa!" Wide rolling plains, like the plains of the Dakotas, with here and there a clump of scrub trees or a wooded valley; forest-covered hills with rivers climbing down them in rapids and waterfalls; fields of waving cane-grass; groves of mimosa and acacia, gnarled and graceful; sandy desert stretching off to a faint blue line—friendly desert dotted with oases. And Lake Paradise.

Just Africa. I ask no better country. The inhabitants, of course, are mainly blacks, with a sprinkling of Arabs and of East Indians, and a handful of whites—only about five thousand in a population of between two and three millions. For weeks on end, Osa and I (incidentally all the I's in this manuscript should be we's, for my wife, Osa, goes everywhere I go, and she agrees with me on most things and especially on British East Africa) saw no other human beings save our black servants and porters and an occasional band of natives. Our boys were devoted and good-natured and thoroughly trustworthy. The natives we met were primitive folk; they were dressed in skins and wore terrifying head-dresses and carried spears. Like most savages, they liked fighting better than anything in the world. But they kept their spears and arrows for their own kind. To us, they were invariably friendly.

There is something about primitive peoples that appeals to me. I have no illusion about them. I know that they are ignorant and filthy in their habits and often, from my point of view, immoral. But for all that, a savage untouched by civilization has dignity. He is himself. I respect him as a human being. His code is not my code, but unless he has been contaminated by association with whites, he usually lives up to it. And that is more than you can say of the majority of people in civilized countries.

The Arabs and East Indians in British East Africa I liked less than the blacks; they were the storekeepers and little merchants and had the sharp ways of trading peoples all over the world. But most of the

white folk I met had imbibed the open cleanness of the country. In civilized countries we do nothing but make laws and invent ways of breaking them. In British East Africa there are not many laws. The most important is an unwritten one, to be on the square. The man who breaks it may not go to prison, but he suffers a far worse penalty, the silent condemnation of his white neighbors. And it is hard to get along without your neighbors in new country. In British East Africa cooperation has not yet given place to competition. You can trust people in British East Africa, while in civilized countries—but I must not get started on civilization. I will content myself with saying that I shall be glad to get back among men whose only law is to be on the square.

And the animals! Can you imagine a parched brown plain rolling off to a deep blue line against a turquoise sky, and in the foreground a group of zebras drinking from a pool that is gold in the afternoon sun—perfect little horses, elegantly striped in black and white, smooth and glossy as if they had been curried, quick and graceful in movement as an Arab mare? Can you imagine a herd of giraffes feeding among the gray-green thorny mimosas, animals eighteen feet tall, their deep burnt-orange hides covered with an irregular network of white lines? Can you imagine ugly rhinos snorting like great angry pigs in the night just outside your hut of stones and thorn-bush? You look out and see them, big as motor-cars, their gray hides turned to white by the moon, and their horns looking even wickeder than they look in daytime. You throw a stone to frighten them off, for they might with a movement send your hut rolling down on top of you, and two of them grow angry and rush at each other head down. They send great stones crashing down the hill as they struggle together. Can you imagine beautiful fawn-colored gazelles, with great soft eyes and long, gracefully curved ringed horns, stepping lightly down to drink at a water-hole? When they pass a clump of grasses, they break into a run for fear of the lion that may be lying in wait for them. Can you imagine waiting for King Lion himself to come to feed on the zebra you have killed as bait for him, and seeing him at last after hours of suspense—not the moth-eaten, stupefied lion of the zoo, but a free animal with healthy skin and mane, and an easy step, and live muscles that play visibly under his hide? He vaguely suspects your presence and looks about suspiciously and emits a hollow roar to show that he is not to be trifled with. Can you imagine yourself unexpectedly face to face with a great African elephant whose tusks are longer than a man is tall and whose ears are big enough for the sides of a pup-tent? Can you imagine, day and night, a constant procession of animals from jackrabbits to fierce, black buffaloes? Everywhere you look you see them. To ride in a railway train is like visiting a zoölogical garden.

I am going back to Africa to live among the animals. I am not going as a big-game hunter. There is nothing more disgusting to me than the slaughter of animals for the sake of sport. It is sometimes necessary to kill a gazelle or a zebra for meat. It is occasionally necessary to kill a buffalo or an elephant or a leopard or a lion in order to escape being killed yourself. But on the whole it is safer to live among wild animals than to live in New York. With the exception of the big cats, which are a treacherous lot, few of them will attack unless they are frightened or molested. And I want to live at peace with them, for I have the ambition to make a picture record of the animals of Africa that will show the life of each species from birth to death. There are not many years left for making such a record: civilization is creeping into British East Africa, and in advance of it are coming the big-game hunters, greedy for trophies and a record bag. In another generation, perhaps, the animals of Africa, the little, beautiful animals of the plains and the strange, gigantic animals, the last survivors of the age of mammoths, will be all but extinct.

It is curious how some little thing will change the whole direction of a man's life. For nearly twenty years I have been exploring out-of-the-way places. During most of that time, I have carried a motion-picture camera with me. You can scarcely name an island of the South Seas where I have not set up my tripod, and I know the Melanesian islands especially well, for I have always been interested in the black peoples. Well, five years ago, I landed at Sydney after a cruise in the New Hebrides, where I had made what I considered the best pictures I had ever taken of savage peoples. If anyone had asked me, as I stepped from the ship, "What are you going to do with the rest of your life?" I should have answered: "Just what I have been doing for the last fifteen years. I am going to roam among the black peoples and take motion-pictures that will give them a kind of immortality after they have all been killed off by civilization." But in Sydney I got a cable from the company that was marketing my films. It said: "The public is tired of savages. Get some animal pictures." I was thoroughly discouraged. I liked wild men, and I was not in the least interested in wild animals. I had in fact seen very little of them; for practically the only mammals in the South Seas are pigs. But I had to furnish something that the public wanted, for I had to live. So I made for Borneo, the nearest animal country to Australia.

A few months in Borneo made me more interested in animals than in men. It is hard to explain just why. Of course the problem of photographing animals is considerably more complicated than that of photographing men. You cannot bribe an elephant or a giraffe with a handful of beads or a "stick" of tobacco. You have to stalk animals warily across plain or through forest, build a blind to hide yourself

and your camera, and wait patiently for hours, sometimes for days, before you can get a shot at them. Sometimes, in forest or jungle, there is too little light, and sometimes, on the open plain, too much. In the tropics you have to learn to adapt yourself to all sorts of unusual photographic conditions. I like complicated problems. They put me on my mettle to get all out of a camera that there is in it and just a little more. But it is not the problem of photographing animals that interests me primarily. It is just the animals themselves—their beauty (the ugliest of them, such as the gnu or the wart-hog, are made with a logic of construction that approaches beauty), their dignity, their simplicity. Even more than primitive men they are themselves.

I had not been home from Borneo many weeks before I began to think of going off again to animal country. I naturally thought of Africa. I would explore the Congo, I decided. I would go straight across the great continent. But after I had read everything I could lay my hands on and had consulted as many explorers and big-game hunters as I could find, I decided that the spot to go to was British East Africa. Not only was wild life abundant there, save in the limited regions not too far inland, where the amateur sportsmen has found a happy hunting-ground, but the animals lived under conditions that were practically ideal for a photographer. Except in a few instances, they roamed great open plains, where the lenses of the camera could have full sweep.

That is how the story of my *safari* begins (*safari* is a Swahili word meaning expedition; it is noun and verb and adjective all in one). The story is a long one and an exciting one. It is exciting not only because it tells of narrow escapes. We had narrow escapes, Osa and I, but it is not for that we are going back to Africa. We are going back because we love the land and we love the animals. As for excitement, you may live in what I call excitement from the moment you first look out of your tent in the morning until you lie in your cot at night, listening to the night sounds—the hollow, terrifying roar of the lion, the bark of the zebra, the ghostly laugh of the hyena, and the *pad, pad* of invisible feet.

CHAPTER I

THE UGANDA RAILWAY

THE daily train for Nairobi left Mombasa at five o'clock in the evening. We were on board ahead of time. We had been delayed for three days in the steaming heat of Mombasa getting our eighty-five crates, trunks, and boxes through the customs and into the refrigerator-car that I had rented for the sake of my films. Now we were anxious to get really started on an adventure for which we had been preparing for three strenuous months.

"We" included not only myself and my wife, Osa, but my father, who at the age of seventy had sold his jewellery store in Independence, Kansas, and set out to see the world. He intended to have a look at Africa with us and then continue to China and Japan and so back home. And then there was Kalawat. Kalawat was a little, silver gibbon ape, one of the few members of a fast-disappearing family to be found in the West. Osa and I had picked her up in Borneo three years before, and she had never since been separated from us for a day. She was only a few weeks old when we got her, and we brought her up, as the saying goes, "by hand." She grew to be as dependent as a child upon us, and we, somehow, grew to be almost as fond of her as if she had been human. When we came to set sail for Africa, we could not think of leaving her behind. We had a little cage made for her and found a ship that would accept her as passenger, deposited her with the butcher (for some gruesomely suggestive reason the butcher is always official guardian of animals on shipboard), and got her safe to England and thence to Africa.

The train for Nairobi was a surprisingly up-to-date compartment-train with a wood-burning engine, a cheery black engineer and fireman, and a Goanese guard. We gasped when we paid for our tickets, for we found that the first-class rate was eighteen cents a mile. As for freight, it cost us more to get our luggage from Mombasa to Nairobi than it had cost to get it from New York to Mombasa. The Uganda Railway was not built as a commercial venture. It was constructed in the late nineties as a means of pursuing and punishing the slavers who still, in spite of laws and edicts and the British Navy, carried on their nefarious trade in the interior. But today the Uganda Railway pays returns. Yet on examination of the tariff, we found it on

the whole rather democratic. Though first-class fares were eighteen cents a mile, second-class fares were only half of that sum. There was an intermediate class at six cents a mile, and third-class passage cost only from one and a half to two and a half cents a mile—a rate that allowed the black inhabitants to make short journeys.

At last, after what seemed hours of waiting but in reality was only minutes, we were off. We crossed the bridge that links Mombasa Island with the mainland and at once began the long climb to the uplands. We were eager to get to the wilds of Africa, but here, on all sides, we saw evidence of the hand of man. We passed through grove after grove of tropical trees, cocoanut-palms, mangos, papayas, bananas, among which monkeys swung like agile shadows. Native huts were sprinkled thick among the groves, and we stopped every few minutes at a station, where crowds of the dusky inhabitants of the region, clad in strips of gay calico or in European costume, untidy and usually incomplete, waited to see the train come in. Nearly all of them had something to sell, and they did a thriving business with the black passengers in the third-and fourth-class compartments. Milk was the principal stock in trade—milk in every conceivable kind of container, from a primitive gourd to the discarded gin-bottle of the white man. But at little stalls were other foods, sticky, greasy, smelly, unidentifiable masses. I was struck by the absence of flies, for, though the stalls were a fly-paradise, not a fly was to be seen.

Dark fell upon us before we had left the plantation region. We sought sleep early, for we knew that we should be up at dawn for our first glimpse of a new country. Our compartments, plain but clean, were provided with no bedding; so, acting as our own porters, we made ourselves comfortable for the night on the upholstered seats, with pillows and blankets from our own equipment.

No matter how much you travel, the anticipation of the unknown never grows less. I have been five times around the world and have spent the greater part of the last twenty years in strange lands, and yet I find myself eager as a boy for each new adventure. And this adventure, this hunting of the great animals of British East Africa, some of them strange survivals of prehistoric times, promised to be one of the most interesting I have ever experienced. “Get up early,” I had been told in Mombasa, “and look out of the window of your compartment and see what you will see.” It was with some difficulty that I composed myself to sleep.

I awoke with the first light. The air was hot and still. There was not a breath stirring. Osa was still asleep, but Kalawat was wide-awake, clinging to the window-sill and whimpering—very softly, for she remembered spankings received for waking her mistress too early—at what she saw outside. It was a strange sight. We were passing

through a low, semitropical forest. At the edge of the clearing made for the railway to run through, the shapes of animals, vague in the misty light, moved among the trees. I could not make out what they were. They were just mysterious forms, some horned, some hornless, some tiny and quick in movement, some as large and heavy as oxen. They looked at the train with raised heads. Some of them bolted off into the underbrush and were swallowed up in darkness. In the branches of the trees swung shadowy monkeys, and birds darted here and there. I could hear their shrill morning calls and the matutinal chatter of the monkeys above the rattle of the train. The fact that there were no railway embankment, no fences, no telegraph-poles, on the side from which we were looking, gave an added unreality to the scene. The train seemed simply to be wandering at will through the forest.

I leaned out of the window, and suddenly there was Father, head out of the window to my right. “I didn’t know there were so many animals in the world,” was his good morning.

And then, over my shoulder, came Osa’s voice: “Oh, Martin, it doesn’t seem as if it could be real, does it?” And Kalawat, seeing all her little world awake, began a shrill jabbering that brought the tousled head of the Old-Timer peering out of the compartment to our left. He looked us over, half in disgust, half in amusement, nodded a short “Good morning,” and disappeared, to reappear a little later in a friendly and informative mood that lasted all the way to Nairobi, where we left him on his way to Uganda.

We spent all that day half out of our windows, now on this side, now on that side of the train. No one who has taken that journey from Mombasa to Nairobi will ever forget it. To me it is one of the most vivid experiences of my life. I had been told that Africa was as full of wild animals as New York City is of cats. I had not quite believed that; who would? But now I found it literally true. There was not a moment during that long day when there was not some kind of game in sight. As the sun came slanting up through the trees, we could distinguish the animals clearly. We could not identify them then. Our eyes were not yet trained quickly to distinguish one from another. We could only watch and admire and marvel that they appeared to be so little in awe of the train. Sometimes they seemed startled and went dashing off into the underbrush, but for the most part they lifted their heads from their browsing and stared at the train, calm as cattle in a New England pasture.

As we went on, our progress became slower and slower. We were climbing to the highlands that cover all of East Africa save the narrow coastal strip. By eight o’clock we were mounting out of the bush country to great rolling plains for all the world like those of Kansas.

We stopped for breakfast at a little station called Voi. Voi consisted merely of two or three shacks of a style current in British East—a patchwork of flattened petrol tins surmounted by a high grass roof—and a slightly more pretentious eating-house of galvanized iron (a "tin" house it would be called in British East) managed and manned by East Indians. It is curious how, in foreign lands, one is always being reminded of home, and being somehow more impressed by familiar things in an unaccustomed setting than by really new and strange things. That eating-house in Voi made me think of a Harvey eating-house in our own Southwest. Even the gongs that sounded meal-times and train-times had the same note as those on the old Sante Fe. And the natives assembled to see the train come in reminded me of Harvey House Indians. Not that they looked or acted like American Indians. They were on the contrary the blackest of black African negroes, half-naked, and carrying spears. Unlike the natives farther down the line, who had affected the white man's finery—his calicoes and his khaki—and had become too sophisticated for native adornment, they wore only skins and were hung about with beads and feathers—everything that from their point of view could possibly serve as adornment. Some of them had their heads shaved, save for a few tufts of hair sticking up fiercely at the crown. Others had enormous masses of hair—not only their own, but some of their ancestors', according to the Old-Timer—which they wore matted together with red clay and castor-oil into a kind of old-fashioned "waterfall" decorated with feathers.

Voi is a junction-point. There a sixty-two-mile branch-line goes off toward the former German border. This line, the Old-Timer said, was built during the war to tap the most vulnerable point on the German frontier. Once this point had been gained by the British, it was an easy matter to link up the branch with the railway in German territory and proceed victorious to the coast. But in the two-year interval between the building of the railway and the successful advance, the Germans made fifty-eight attempts to wreck the line. The region just beyond Voi had been the scene of desperate fighting.

British East Africa is a land of contrasts. Civilization sits on it lightly. You travel in an hour from spots where the talk is of planting and irrigation and reaping and market-prices, to spots of primeval wildness, seemingly untouched and unvisited by man. In the neighborhood of Voi, we saw a number of sisal plantations—great fields of beautiful plants, with long, pointed, gray-green leaves. The Old-Timer said that British East was already exporting sisal fiber to the value of several thousand pounds yearly and that when the new plantations already set out had come to maturity, sisal would probably become one of the most profitable products of the Colony.

As he talked we approached Tsavo, and the Old-Timer broke

away from his economic discussion (like most settlers he was an enthusiast and a firm believer in the agricultural future of British East) to tell us how, at this point, during the building of the railway, operations had been halted for a time by the depredations of man-eating lions. As if they had known that the completion of the railway would mean the ultimate destruction of the animal kingdom over which they held sway, the lions besieged the invaders of their realm with a boldness and cunning that seemed almost supernatural. They dragged men off at night from beside their sleeping companions. They killed men in broad daylight as they worked, a few rods distant from their mates. The lions seemed possessed of charmed lives. The bullets aimed at them went wild of the mark. No one could find their lairs. But in the end, Colonel Paterson, the engineer in charge, tracked the man-eaters down and killed them, and the building of the railroad proceeded triumphantly. All that happened twenty-five years ago. But lions still lurk in the thickets bordering the railway.

As we climbed higher and higher, we came into new scenery and among the new animals. We puffed through a country of wide, rolling plains, dotted with little groves of scrub trees (principally mimosas and acacias, the picturesque gnarled outlines and thorny boughs of which were to become so familiar to us during the months to come) and intersected here and there by a little river concealed in a line of thicket. As far as the eye could see, the plain was dotted with herds of animals. The Old-Timer told us that all the land to the south, from the railway to the border of what used to be German East Africa and is now Tanganyika, had been set aside by the Government as a game-reserve; and it may have been pure imagination on my part, but somehow I was convinced that there were fewer animals to the north of the track than there were to the south. It was as if they understood that the railway was in a sense a dead-line.

“Look! Look!” Osa has sighted the first herd of zebras, a dozen sleek little horses with bold black and white stripes. They stare at the train and then wheel and gallop off over the prairie kicking up their heels like frisky colts.

“Hey, Martin, are those buffalo?” Dad points to a group of animals strangely like the American bison in outline, which stand on the sky-line at the brow of a hill. The Old-Timer, who hangs from his compartment enjoying our enthusiasm, explains that the animals with great shaggy heads are wildebeests, or gnus. Although they have heads like those of oxen, bodies like those of horses, and resemble true antelopes only in their nimble, slender legs, they are members of the antelope family.

A congerie of baboons sit a little way from the track and discuss us as we pass. We go round a curve and look back, to see them

crossing the track in single file, a parade of ridiculous old men. A herd of black ostriches decide to race with us, and go hurtling along abreast of the train, absurd, long-legged, black rubber balls of birds. They could easily outdistance us, but they grow tired of the race and veer off across the prairie.

And now comes a great moment.

There near the track, so close that I could hit them with a stone, are seven giraffes, standing still, their long necks above the trees.

I may seem childish when I say that a lump came into my throat at that sight. Perhaps I am childish. However that may be, it is things like that first glimpse of giraffes, not "hairbreadth 'scapes" nor hand-to-hand encounters, that mean adventure to me. They stood there so unreal, so impossible—in spite of their ungainly forms, so beautiful. We were to see amazing giraffes of a deep orange, the reticulated giraffes, covered with a bold netting of white lines, but we were to see none that impressed me so profoundly as these fawn-colored, irregularly spotted animals that turned their long necks with a snaky, undulating gesture and looked calmly at the train as it passed.

"Last week, they tell me, the train ran into one," the Old-Timer said prosaically. "And they're always getting their heads entangled in the telegraph-wires." (Let me explain, for the Old-Timer's sake, that an East African telegraph-pole is much shorter than an American telegraph-pole.) "Running this railway is an adventure in itself. Last week the train was held up for two hours by elephants in migration crossing the track. And not long ago a rhino took the engine for a rival and charged it. Didn't hurt the engine, but the old rhino must have had a headache for a week."

Slowly we climbed toward the equator, and the air grew fresher and more invigorating as we climbed. From time to time we caught a glimpse of the snow-covered summit of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanganyika, dazzling in the sun against the clear, dark blue of the African sky. Occasionally, the engine drew up beside a great wood-pile and a group of blacks appeared out of nowhere and filled the tender with a fresh supply of fuel. But we saw no sign of human habitation until luncheon-time, when we arrived at Kiu. Kiu was exactly like Voi—tin and grass huts, a Harvey eating-house, East Indians in khaki and red fezzes, and negroes in next to nothing. The negroes, however, were of a type entirely new to us. They were of the Masai, a strange, wild pastoral people whom we were to come to know well. Now the Old-Timer gave us our first glimpse into their lives. They are a proud people. They refuse to act as porters, and they have never acknowledged the rule of the British. Not that they offer active opposition. Though they fight fiercely among themselves, they make no trouble for the white man. But the five-shilling hut-tax

exacted from natives to help pay the expense of government is extracted with difficulty, if at all, from the Masai. A "no compromise" attitude sometimes brings a reward. The Masai are the only tribe in East Africa to which land has been allotted by treaty. The Southern Game-Reserve is also the Masai reserve. For, strangely enough, in a land of abundant game, the Masai are not hunters. They are breeders of sheep and goats and little humpbacked cattle, and they live entirely on their flocks and herds. Their only food is the *ghee*, or fermented milk, that they carry in great, dirty calabashes, and an occasional feast of meat and blood.

It is a strange diet, but they thrive on it. The Masai we saw at Kin were big, straight men. They were inexpressibly dirty. Flies swarmed all over their bodies. Otherwise they made an impressive appearance. They were armed with feather-decorated spears. For the rest, their equipment consisted of a snuff-box, a knobkerrie—simply a light, polished club with a knob at the end, which seemed to be used more as a "swagger-stick" than as a weapon—and a single garment made of the skin of an animal, which looked stiff and uncomfortable and was exactly the deep chocolate-brown color of the men's bodies.

What they lacked in equipment the Masai made up for in ornamentation. Like the blacks of Melanesia, whom I had grown to know so well in the course of many years' cruising among the Pacific islands, these negroes of Africa were addicted to earrings that stretched and distorted the lobes of their ears to incredible proportions. They wore in their ears everything from sticks of firewood to typewriter-reels, picked up Heaven knew where, and safety-pins. Their proudest possessions, however, were bracelets and anklets, rather sleevelets and puttees of wire, wound round and round so tight that the flesh protruded painfully below and above them. The Old-Timer told us that in the early days of the British occupation of the colony it had taken considerable discipline on the part of the Government to teach the natives that the telegraph-wires must not be taken down and used as jewellery. The sight of the shining lines, literally miles of possible adornment, had been an irresistible temptation to primitive minds.

Our halt at Kiu was the last one, save for occasional stops for firewood, before reaching Nairobi. The plains and the grazing animals unrolled outside the train windows in an ever-changing, ever-interesting panorama. When we had only an hour or so to go, the Old-Timer pointed out to us a deep depression in which cane-grass grew man-high. The depression was half a mile long and perhaps a few hundred yards wide, and in it more lions had been bagged than in any other spot in British East. We stared fixedly from the car-window hoping that a curious lion would look out at the train. Nothing stirred

the grasses save the wind. But we felt that we were in wild country.

And in an hour we were puffing into a modern railway station that might have been lifted bodily from some place such as Wichita, Kansas. Black porters in long-tailed khaki shirts were clamoring for our luggage. People hurried to and fro. Inside the station there were kiosks with exhibits of gowns and furniture from the leading merchants of Nairobi. There was a newsstand and a restaurant. The Old-Timer saw us to a taxicab, and we went off over paved streets to a modern, electric-lighted hotel.

I was sorry to see the last of the Old-Timer. I never learned his name nor anything about him, save that like many of the settlers of East Africa he had been an officer in the Indian Army and then had retired and taken to ranching up Uganda way. But he was a type that I like, a type that you find only in lands that have not become over-civilized. Big and ruddy and a little rough, friendly, but with the capacity for silence, hardworking, but with an understanding of the folly of eternal hurry, fearless, but never courting danger. There are many men in British East such as the Old-Timer. There are still a few of his kind in our own West. But here, with the advance of civilization, his race is dying out. I wonder if it will at last be driven from the face of the earth.

CHAPTER II

HEADQUARTERS IN NAIROBI

NAIROBI, in the heart of a black man's country, is a white man's town. It is a pioneer town, not yet twenty-five years old. But in a quarter of a century it has become the hub of British East Africa. White men do not thrive in Mombasa. Nairobi, nearly six thousand feet above sea-level, is healthful and pleasant to live in. It is the seat of government, and its two thousand white inhabitants have built a modern city that sits, clean and white, an object-lesson in living for the blacks of Pagana, as the native quarter of ramshackle huts is called.

I shall never forget my first view of Nairobi, seen from the taxi as we went from train to hotel. We bowled over well paved, electric-lighted streets, lined with office buildings and department-stores. Though many of the buildings were of galvanized iron, some were of gray stone. An occasional structure rose three stories above the street, and there was one skyscraper of five stories.

It was just the hour when people appear on the streets after the noonday heat. There were British officers in khaki uniforms and British civil servants and merchants in "cits." The tropical white one expects to see in a region crossed by the equator was strangely absent. Men wore the ordinary woollen clothing of the temperate zone. There were English-women, cool and trim, accompanied by their children, carried pickaback by black nurses. There were Boer planters in riding-breeches and broad-brimmed felt hats, in town for the day. There were Indians in baggy trousers, wound tight about the ankles and Indian women in bright-colored dresses, graceful *saris* over their heads and bracelets tinkling on arms and ankles. There were turbaned Arabs and veiled Arab women, like black ghosts. Finally, there were negroes of every description, *askaris*, husky native soldiers, trim in khaki uniforms and bright-red fezzes, house-servants in flowing white *konzas*, the nightshirt-like garment that is the livery of British East; market-women in skins, bearing flat trays of vegetables on their heads. Automobiles—American automobiles—chugged to and fro, weaving among dilapidated mule-drawn carriages, bicycles, rickshaws drawn by blacks in long-tailed shirts and "shorts." We saw one bicycle ridden by a native with clay-daubed hair and a garment consisting of a single

skin. And, to serve as contrast, on Government Road there stood an English bobby regulating the traffic as briskly as if he had been in Piccadilly Circus.

The hotel to which we went was one of two, either of which would compare favorably with the hotels in larger, more frequented tropical centers, such as Port Said. It was set in the midst of a green lawn and surrounded by trees. It was provided with electric lights and baths—all the paraphernalia of civilization.

Comfortable as it was, we did not stay there long. Wherever we go, we always try to have something resembling a home as headquarters. So before many days we had established ourselves in an eight-room bungalow just about twenty minutes' walk from the traffic policeman in the center of Nairobi. It was a comfortable house with electric lights and water "laid on," and it stood in a spacious garden.

The member of the expedition most pleased with headquarters was Kalawat. Kalawat had been so young when she left Borneo that she had never had a taste of the natural joys of monkeyland. She knew nothing of the delight of climbing trees; she had developed her muscles, instead, on the chandeliers and curtains of a New York apartment. And now she was in an ape's paradise. There was about an acre of land surrounding our house, and all about the edge was a row of evergreen trees, great tall trees standing about twenty feet apart. Kalawat took to these trees like a duck to water. She never ventured beyond the limits they set, but she would go round and round, swinging from one to another literally by the hour. She found a friend in the Airedale from next door—one of those shaggy, friendly Airedales that are always laughing—and he followed her on her round, trotting along under the trees as she went through the branches and looking up now and then with a broad Airedale grin. Sometimes Kalawat would hide from him among the foliage, and then, while he looked about, puzzled, would steal down the opposite side of a tree and come up behind him and pull his tail. He would whirl around quickly with a sharp bark, but in a flash Kalawat would be up in the tree, chattering derisively. When Kalawat was tired of playing in the branches she would go into the garden and pick posies and tear them to shreds or she would gorge herself with fruit. Or, sometimes, she would perform monkey antics for a delighted audience of natives. I have seen as many as fifty blacks, market-women laden with vegetables, village dandies smeared with red clay, rickshaw men, porters, servants off on an errand, all standing, convulsed with laughter, to see Kalawat do her tricks. When night came, Kalawat did not want to come into the house. She hid in the trees or under the overhanging eaves of the house. Only when we ordered a servant to pretend to beat one or the other of us with a stick would she come

flying out from her hiding-place in screaming rage. In that land of animals, we became known as "the people with the ape." Not only natives but white people came to see Kalawat. Mothers brought their children to look at her, and when we took her to town, we were followed as if we had been a circus parade. If we went into a store, customers and clerks lost all their interest in buying and selling and watched Kalawat as she made a tour of investigation of the place.

Osa was nearly as excited over the garden as Kalawat was. On our travels, wherever we have stopped long enough for seeds to sprout, Osa has had a garden. Her little vegetable patch on the savage island of Vao in the New Hebrides was the only source of fresh European vegetables for miles around, and its lettuce and radishes and beans furnished a welcome change from a monotony of canned and dried vegetables. But in Nairobi, she had a garden such as she never had before. In it grew tropical fruits—lemons and oranges and pineapples and guavas and bananas—and side by side with them grew the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone. We had apple and peach and plum and pear trees, and Osa had the *shamba* (garden) boys plant a kitchen-garden with rows of sweet corn and lettuce and radishes and beans and peas. Roses rioted everywhere. Flowers of all sorts grew so luxuriantly that they had to be curbed rather than encouraged. But as a final touch Osa had two great round flower-beds made, in which she set out quick-growing tropical flowers, red, white, and blue, to proclaim to Africa that though we are never at home in America, our home, wherever it may be, is American.

Osa likes to keep house, and keeping house in Nairobi was a joy. If the garden lacked anything, off she went to market; and she was sure to find it, if not in the "white market" maintained by English and Boer farmers, then in the native market to which the negro and East Indian gardeners brought their produce. For a song (at least in comparison with New York prices) she could get anything she wanted, from great white-skinned potatoes to alligator-pears and strawberries and asparagus. And shopping the "white market" was more amusing than it is any place else in the world. Eggs and butter, flowers and fruits and vegetables, tinned goods and furniture were all sold at auction. I am sure the truck-farmers profited by the system: the asparagus about to fall into the hands of Mrs. Y always seemed worth a few cents over its value to Mrs. X. But the higher cost of the food-stuffs was more than compensated for by the fun of competition. The women went to market as to a bridge-party and took a sporting interest in the price of strawberries. On the way home from the big markets were neat butcher-shops in which were neatly displayed wild game, and all the meats of civilization, besides, from pickled pigs' feet to spring lamb. Osa used to come in to me as I worked in the

laboratory, to show me the contents of her market-basket or to drag me off to view the latest additions to the orderly, domestic lines of jars in her fruit-closet. “How dreadful,” she would say, quoting her friends at home, “to live in the wilds of Africa!”

Though we were in Africa to work and had no intention of entering into the European social life of the capital, we soon found ourselves with a staff of ten servants on our hands. Before we had been an hour in our rooms in the spruce little hotel, servants began applying to us for positions. By evening a score of negro boys were squatting outside the hotel. Each was armed with from one to fifty well-worn letters of recommendation, most of which were phrased with adroit ambiguity. “Mohammed is a fairly good cook. I never saw him stealing”; “Fundi was my house-boy for three months. He does as well as he can.” Since we knew nothing of wages or conditions of work, we sent all the applicants away and told them to come back next day, by which time we hoped to have advice.

Early on the following morning, a servant brought Osa’s breakfast into her room. He was a big, fine-looking negro, clad in a spotless white skullcap and *konza*. “Good morning. You better?” he asked in polite, hospital tones. His service was so neat and deft and respectable that she asked his name, intending to commend him to the manager of the hotel. “Aloni,” he replied. “Your bedroom boy.” After a bit more questioning, she discovered that he had nothing to do with the hotel but that we were his employers. He had hired himself!

While Aloni was announcing his engagement as houseboy, I was learning the routine of *safari* organization at the British Bureau of Native Affairs. As it is used in British East today, the word *safari* applies to any sort of expedition. You can go on *safari* in automobiles, in ox-carts, or with a caravan of mules or camels. But, strictly speaking, *safari* applies only to the method of travel originated in East Africa by the Arab slavers. The Arab slavers were the first explorers of the East Coast. They were men of cunning and of great cruelty and of courage. They impressed into their service the Swahelis of the coast lands (who are today half Arab in blood and language, and Mohammedans by faith), loaded them with food and trade-stuffs, and with them penetrated into the interior highlands in search of slaves and ivory, two great sources of wealth in the ancient East. These first *safaris* must have been nightmare journeys. They were months long. First the noisome jungle stretches of the lowlands had to be crossed. Then came the arduous climb of six thousand feet to the highlands, through territory inhabited by hostile, warlike tribes and savage animals. But there was always the return to look forward to—the return with a band of a hundred slaves and the gleaming tusks, each as long as a man is tall, from a dozen elephants. The traders in slaves

and ivory sold at great profit in the markets of the Near East, but they did not count the cost of their commodities in terms of human lives. Neither Damascus nor Cairo nor far-off Constantinople had gold enough to pay for the men left lying along *safari* trails—men killed by wild beasts or the poisoned arrows of savages or by disease; slaves weakened by exposure and hunger and hardship and cruelty and then discarded like useless things.

In spite of the League of Nations and treaties between the British and the king of the Hedjaz, slaves are still smuggled from Abyssinia into Arabia; and in spite of game-laws, poachers still hunt the great tuskers of East Africa for the ivory sought after by traders. But the slaver has disappeared from British East, and the poacher is becoming rarer and rarer. Only the method of travel introduced in the quest for slaves and ivory remains. The earliest white explorers travelled by *safari*. And even today, when a railway runs from the coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza and British East imports some eighty thousand vehicles a year, the *safari* is still in many localities the only satisfactory way of getting around. Wagons drawn by horses or oxen or sturdy Abyssinian mules are of no use in regions infested by the tsetse-fly, and they are of small use anywhere during the rains, when the ground becomes soft and every track is a river of mud. Fords can travel where there are roads, and there are now enough passable roads in British East to warrant the publication of an automobile-map; Fords can even travel in some places where there are no roads: but there are wide reaches in British East which cannot be traversed at all, save by men on foot. If you are a hunter and want to go to remote parts where the animals are plentiful, you must go as the Arab traders went, accompanied by a caravan of blacks, each carrying on his back some portion of your equipment.

But a modern *safari* is a far different thing from the *safaris* of the Arab traders. I found at the Bureau of Native Affairs that the British Government had laid down rules for both master and man. Every native working for a white man is registered at the Bureau of Native Affairs and is obliged to carry a *capandi*—a bit of paper carefully treasured in a little tin case—which bears his name and the name of his tribe, his father's name, the name of his last employer and his reason for leaving his last job; and, so that the *capandi* cannot be loaned or sold, it bears, not the owner's portrait, but his finger-print. The Government binds you, if you engage a native to act as a *safari* porter, not to require him to carry more than sixty pounds or to go more than fifteen miles a day. You must provide each man in your service with a canteen, a blanket, and two pounds of "mealy-meal," or coarse corn meal, daily in addition to his wages. It is a government offense punishable by imprisonment for a black to desert his white

master on *safari*, but if the black can prove that the white man did not treat him in accordance with regulations the sentence is likely to be commuted.

Though it was to be some time before we could set out on a long *safari*, we needed servants immediately; and with the assistance of the officials of the Bureau of Native Affairs and of the *safari* outfitters, Tarleton, Whetham & Burxnan, we got together as fine a lot of servants as anyone could desire. For the most part, we cast recommendations to the winds and selected the applicants that looked cleanest and most honest, and by some chance we did not make a single mistake.

First of all we engaged a headman. A headman is a most important institution. Before you start on your *safari*, he assists you in getting together your porters and equipment and helps make up your supplies into sixty-pound loads. And after you start he is overseer of your camp. He sees that tents are taken down and set up quickly and properly, he keeps the porters in order, and if he is a good headman he conducts you to where you want to go, for he is supposed to know the country—and sometimes does. Our headman was named Jerramani. He was a 'Mnuwesi man, hailing from Tanganyika (the former German East Africa), where most of the best *safari* men come from. A strapping big fellow with a shining black face and a flat nose and an enormous mouth, he was neatly dressed in khaki and good shoes and wore proudly on his breast a medal received in the war against the Germans. Jerramani had been big-game hunting with Colonel Roosevelt. That in itself was a recommendation to me. I paid little attention to the other recommendations he showed me, for I liked his looks. He proved me right in my estimate of him. Though outwardly he was simply a burly, happy-go-lucky Negro, he could be very dignified on occasion, and he had a way with the porters that was nothing short of marvellous. He kept them happy on the hardest march with his jokes and his chaffing, and yet he never for a moment relaxed his authority over them.

Ferraragi, his assistant, a Nyasalander, was soberer than Jerramani but as efficient and as faithful. He acted as Osa's gun-bearer, while Jerramani acted as mine. Although they were not allowed to fire the guns they carried, they stood by us without flinching in situations involving considerable danger. Jerramani and Ferraragi were royally paid at twenty-five dollars a month. Of our household staff, the cook, as is usual in every land, was the aristocrat. While the other servants received only from two and a half to six dollars a month, he received sixteen; and he had an assistant to do such onerous work as paring vegetables, and a scullery-boy to look after the pans. The cook's name was Joanna, but since that had a

feminine and inappropriate ring we called him simply 'Mpishi, which is Swaheli for cook. 'Mpishi's work-costume consisted of a smock-like shirt, khaki "shorts," rainbow-gay but tattered socks, and a pair of someone's cast-off boots. But on Sundays he was gorgeous in starched white trousers, part of a pair of suspenders, and a straw hat perched airily on the top of his head. He told us without conceit when we hired him that he was a good cook, and so he turned out to be.

Zabenelli and Aloni and the Toto completed our household staff. Zabenelli was the only Swaheli in our outfit. In the days of the Arab traders, a *safari* was composed entirely of Swahelis, but contact with civilization has made of the Swahelis a mongrel race. Half Arab, half negro, they are cleverer than the average black, but they are also less reliable. They have the reputation of being a shifty lot, and with few exceptions deserve it. Zabenelli, however, turned out to be dependable, and he was very useful. With the exception of Aloni, he was the only one of our boys who knew English. The rest spoke some one of the many African languages and more or less fluent Swaheli—the combination of Arabic and Bantu with a sprinkling of English, which has come to be the Esperanto of East Africa. Although we soon picked up enough broken Swaheli for every-day use, we were glad to have Zabenelli to fall back on. Besides being our official interpreter, he acted as messenger-boy or butler or anything that the occasion demanded. Anything, that is, except porter. None of our household servants would demean himself by carrying a load, and we soon learned better than to ask any of them to do so. The Toto, or the "Kid," as his name would be in English, was an apprentice bedroom boy, Aloni's assistant. He was only twelve years old, a grinning youngster, always spotlessly neat in khaki "shorts" and starched white shirt and cap. When he carried Osa's basket to market for her, he added a jaunty cerise sash to his costume, and swung his hips in conscious pride as he walked along behind her. As for Aloni, who had hired himself, he was a gem among servants. He had the typical careless good humor of the African negro, and he had also a tremendous sense of our importance, which he slightly exaggerated for the sake of the glory it reflected on him. He was the only one of our men who, so far as we knew, had a wife. She was as neat as Aloni himself and wore gorgeous dresses made from the loud cottons manufactured in Manchester for the African trade. She and Aloni set up housekeeping in our garden in a grass cottage which boasted a bed with sheets, spotless-white, and a flowery china tea-service.

Our outside servants included two *shamba*, or garden boys, and a watchman. The *shamba* boys were Kikuyus, just one degree removed from savagery. They still wore the skins dyed with red clay that are worn in native villages. Dumo, the elder of the two, would probably

not have lasted a week in any other household in Nairobi. He was stupid beyond all telling. He did little work, and that he did badly. He was willing enough, but he could not remember instructions long enough to carry them out. He was always coming to us with elaborate complaints: somebody had done something to him—we could never make out just who or what. And yet we could not make up our minds to discharge him. There was something appealing in his very stupidity. I never think of our garden that I do not see Dumo in it, working lazily, repeating in a kind of singsong a word that he had just heard one of us utter: "YES-yes-yes-YES-yes-yes-yes-yes-YES," and so on until we shouted at him out of sheer nervousness. In spite of his mnemonic system he never learned a word of English. But he would stand for hours, if we would let him, on the lawn just beyond the veranda, watching us unwinkingly as if he were studying our lips and trying to fathom the meaning of our conversation. His mate, Karoda, was a very different character. He was only fifteen years old, but strong and willing and stolid. He did the work that Dumo left undone. We always took him on *safari* with us. And yet we found, when we returned from *safari*, that Dumo had somehow managed to keep the garden growing without him and had a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables ready for the table.

Our watchman, Mohammed, was the oldest of our staff—a veritable Uncle Tom in appearance. He was trailed by a crowd of children everywhere he went, and I always wished I could understand the stories he told them in his soft, rich, drawling voice. He was faithful and devoted. Though we were absent from Nairobi for months at a time, we always found everything in perfect order on our return.

As is always the case among people who have servants, servant troubles were a favorite topic of conversation in Nairobi. People complained long and loud of the inefficiency and dishonesty and general unreliability of the blacks who made it possible for them to live in comfort without exerting themselves. It is true that native methods were sometimes slipshod, but on the whole we found our servants efficient and honest. And they were almost dog-like in their devotion to us. Treat an African fairly—not indulgently but fairly—and you almost invariably obtain his affection along with his services. According to his simple code, if you hire him he is for the time being yours, and you can do with him what you like. Insubordination is not in his vocabulary.

I had this illustrated most strikingly during my early days in Nairobi. Day after day a charming Kikuyu woman with a baby tucked into her antelope-skin blouse and a load of vegetables in a basket on her head came to our door to sell her produce. One day I asked her to let me take her picture. She refused. She had never had her picture

taken, and she did not know what might happen to her in the process. I then asked her what she wanted for her load of vegetables, potatoes, and sweet corn, or "mealies," as the ears are called in British East. She said, "Two shillings," and I offered to buy it all, if she would let me take her picture. She refused. I next offered her the two shillings with no return save the picture. Still she refused. And then I had an inspiration. I hired her for the day at the current rate of payment—one shilling—and she let me take as many pictures of her as I liked. For the time being I was her master, and it was hers to obey.

To me, Africa will always mean the wilderness. And yet I look back with pleasure on the weeks we spent in Nairobi. Our African adventure really began in the peace and comfort and civilized order of the little city. We lived in the suburbs, and any day we were likely to meet at our garden gate a puzzled zebra or an astonished gazelle that had strayed in from the plains and did not know how to find its way back again. A few weeks after our arrival a lion dragged a horse out of its paddock, almost out from under the owner's nose. Every now and then a leopard made off with a pet dog, and one day Osa and I scared one of the great cats from under our own veranda. Nearly every edition of the Nairobi paper contained an animal accident story: "Hunter Mauled by Lion"; "Lone Settler Gored by Rhino." Once a native came into Nairobi to ask for military assistance in getting rid of a rhinoceros that was grazing with his cattle. The rhino was getting along amicably enough with the cattle, but it would not let the owner come anywhere near them. During a meditative half-hour in the European cemetery at Nairobi, I counted nine tombstones with the briefly eloquent inscription, "Killed by a lion," not to speak of others dedicated to men who had been killed by rhinos and buffaloes and leopards or by accidental shooting.

My Nairobi laboratory became a meeting-place for people interested in photography and people interested in animals. It was the best field-laboratory I had ever had. We did not attempt elaborate housekeeping in our bungalow. We simply camped in three of the rooms. A fourth room we set aside as a *safari* room. In it we stored all our supplies and equipment and packed the loads for our porters before we set out on our expeditions. I converted the rest of the house into a laboratory. I had brought with me from America fifty-gallon developing-tanks and big drums on which to wind my film to dry after it was developed. Other necessary equipment I bought in Nairobi or made on the spot. By the time I was through, I had a laboratory that, though small, was as shipshape and businesslike as any in New York. I found that the city water came from swampy lakes and was so full of dirt and particles of vegetation that it was unfit for use in developing, and so I had thousand-gallon tanks built at intervals about the house

to catch rain-water. They were piped directly into my dark room. I had a tinsmith build enormous gutters, and when it rained, the tanks, fed from these gutters, would fill up in about half an hour. It rained, however, far too seldom, and I was often forced to fall back on city water, filtered again and again. As soon as things were in working order, I began developing the pictures I had made on the way out. I started in at three or four o'clock in the morning, so as to be through before the heat of the day. Nights are chilly in Nairobi; it takes three or four blankets to make one comfortable for sleeping, and sometimes the water in my tanks was so cold that it had to be warmed before I could use it. But in spite of this handicap I found that I could develop two thousand feet of film a day—more than I had ever before been able to accomplish in the field.

Among the people who made use of my developing facilities were Major Duggmore, the famous explorer and photographer, who had made what I consider to be the best still pictures ever taken of African animals. The last visitor to my laboratory was Carl Akeley, who went there in my absence to develop his famous gorilla pictures. He left there for me one of the cameras that he himself has adapted especially for animal work. Unhappily, I did not get it in time to use it on any of my long *safaris*, but I tried it out in the vicinity of Nairobi and determined to include a battery of Akeley's in my outfit for my next trip to Africa. Made by a man that knows animals as well as photography, these cameras are wonderful instruments for photographing wild life.

From the hunters who visited me and from the inhabitants of Nairobi, I gained much insight into African conditions and the ways of African animals. The governor of Kenya Colony, Major-General Sir Edward Northey, aided me in many ways. Since, like most true sportsmen, he cared more for preserving game than for killing it, he was greatly interested in my plans for hunting with the camera. Another person to whom I am greatly indebted is Sir Northrup Macmillan, a member of the Legislative Council, who lived just a stone's throw away from us on his estate, Chirema. Since he had spent his youth in America and, indeed, until the war gave him occasion to look up his birth-certificate, had believed himself to be an American, he was interested in every one hailing from the United States. He was also interested in photography and spent many hours in my dark room. Another valued friend was Mr. Stanley Taylor of the finger-print department of the Bureau of Native Affairs. He gave me much useful information concerning the natives and their ways, and permitted me to store my negatives in the vaults of the department, the only fireproof place in Nairobi. And then there was Blaney Percival. I am indebted to him for much. He advised me concerning the organization

of my *safari*. He shared with me his vast knowledge of animals and their ways, gained in twenty years' experience as game-warden in British East. And he put me on the trail to Lake Paradise, the animal Eden of Kenya Colony.

Nairobi is past its Wild West period. But twenty years ago, when many of the men who are now the administrative officers of the country were hot-headed, daring young hunters, it was as romantic a spot as any frontier town of our own West. In those days civilization had not pushed the big game back into remote regions. Even now a man from Nairobi can go out in an automobile and come back in two hours with a lion. That is rather exceptional, but twenty years ago such things were of common occurrence. Encounters with big game were so frequent that special means had to be devised to keep them from becoming boresome. A favorite sport in those days was to go rhino-hunting with revolvers. The method was to rouse a beast to the charge and then to stand in his path, stepping aside only at the last moment and sending a bullet into his heart as he passed.

The great hunters of the good old times were crack shots. Blaney Percival had been the champion revolver shot of England. He told me a story once of how he killed two lions with a single shot by employing billiard tactics. He aimed so that the bullet passed through the head of Lion No. 1, ricochetted against a rock, and went home in the brain of Lion No. 2. I find a general skepticism concerning this story wherever I tell it. But Mr. Percival himself believes it, and so it must be true!

Even if it were not true, it has a fine legendary quality that would make it worth preserving. So have the native legends concerning Sir Northrup Macmillan. Sir Northrup is a big man, big in heart (he is liked and respected by everyone) and in body (he weighs at least three hundred pounds). The natives stand in great awe of him. His boys, instead of calling him *bwana kugwa*, or "big master," as most masters are called, have christened him *bwana kugwa-kugwa*, and they tell great stories of his prowess. Once, after I had become a bit proficient in Swaheli, I heard some of my own boys discussing him. He was so very big, they said, that he sat astride six mules when he went out to ride, and he had two kongonis for breakfast every morning!

Long talks with Sir Northrup Macmillan and Blaney Percival whetted our appetite for the wilds, and we hurried our preparations to be off into the wilderness. We found that we could make many trips by automobile; so we bought a *safari* Ford from the Nairobi outfitters, Newton Ltd., one of the firms that make a business of equipping big-game hunting expeditions. These firms will plan your entire *safari* for you on a few months' notice. If it so please you, you yourself will not have to do a thing other than get on a ship and sail for Mombasa. The

outfitter's agent will meet you there and see that you get safely to Nairobi. After that, you need not lift a finger save to pull the trigger of your gun; and if you are not a very good shot, the outfitters will supply you with a white hunter to show you the ropes and assist you in killing all the animals the law will allow you to kill. Though Osa and I, experienced in tropical outfitting, had secured most of our equipment in New York and London, we were glad of the assistance of the outfitters in securing such things as the Ford, of which we had not foreseen the need, and staple foods, such as flour and sugar and rice, which it had not been worthwhile to transport from the other side of the world.

The *safari* Ford was a tidy little machine, with big tanks to carry petrol and boxes in which to store food slung on either side. It had a neat top with canvas side-curtains, and on occasion it could be used for sleeping-quarters. In addition to this Ford, I bought a second-hand Ford from a hunter about to leave Africa. With the assistance of a young American boy, Bud Cotter, whom I engaged as an assistant, I built a new *safari* body for it and put it into order generally. And before I set out on my long *safari*, I leased also a one-ton Ford truck, which could carry as much as thirty or forty porters.

By now we had been in Nairobi a month, and so we decided that it was time for us to be on the move. I knew where I wanted to go. I wanted to go to Lake Paradise, the lost lake about which Blaney Percival had told me. It had been discovered years ago by a Scotch missionary. Mr. Percival showed me the book the reverend gentleman had written about it—a quaint old book full of references to strange animals—"camelo pard," as he called giraffes, and "two-horned unicorns," which we decided must have been rhinoceroses. But what interested me chiefly was the fact that the lake was the haunt of elephants—hundreds and hundreds of elephants.

I had no clue concerning the location of the lake. The missionary was extremely hazy in most of his details. All I knew was that it lay somewhere in the uncharted region off toward the Abyssinian border. The way, I learned, was through sandy desert.

Percival offered to lend me a boy in his employ who said he once had been to a lake off somewhere in the northern "blue," and I determined to accept his guidance and go in search of it. Mr. Percival warned me not to depend too much on the boy's bump of location. The civilized man's assumption that a savage must know woodcraft is based entirely on romantic imagination and is not borne out by facts. With rare exceptions, primitive people are as deficient in woodcraft as they are in all other branches of knowledge. I knew, therefore, that I could look for little help from the natives in getting to Lake Paradise. But I always like to have an objective, and Lake Paradise had seized

hold on my imagination. My mind was set stubbornly upon finding it.

Government house, Nairobi, a herd of tame eland in the foreground

A street in Nairobi

A model at a shilling a day

The memsahib and the memsahib's Toto

CHAPTER III

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

IT seemed necessary before starting off on our long *safari* in search of Lake Paradise to make a trial-trip or two in order to try our guns, cameras, and personnel. I knew from long experience that every country presents its own photographic difficulties, which have to be learned before they can be avoided. And I was very certain that both Osa and I needed practice in marksmanship. Though the object of our trip was not to kill animals but to photograph animals living and unafraid, we knew that it would be dangerous to go to spots far removed from civilization until we had proved that we could shoot at least moderately straight. We had had very little occasion, among the comparatively mild-tempered animals of Borneo, to resort to firearms. In Africa, home of the great mammoths and of savage lions and leopards, our safety, our very lives, might depend upon our ability to shoot straight. Besides, since on long marches it would be impossible to carry enough food for ourselves and our little army of porters (a porter who lives on mealy-meal can carry only a month's ration for himself), we had to be able to shoot game with which to stock our larder.

After consulting with our new-found acquaintances in Nairobi, we chose for our first camp a spot in the Athi plains, on the shores of the Athi River, about thirty miles distant from Nairobi, where game was said to be plentiful. Since we could go there by Ford, no porters were necessary for the trip. But we discovered that we must have driving-licenses. Neither Osa nor I had ever driven an automobile, but we took a few hurried lessons from one of the Tarlton, Whetham & Burman men, and presented ourselves at the police station for examination. The tests were simple. At command, we were required to start and stop the car, to go forward and back, to turn to right or left. I came through the examination with moderate success, though with much jerking and grinding of brakes. Osa did not acquit herself so well. When she went forward she all but ran into a tree; when she backed the car, she brought up against the wall of the police station; and at the order to turn to the left, she put her foot on the gas and shot into the midst of a squad of *askaris*, who were drilling on the parade-ground. That was the end of her examination. The chief of police

hurriedly issued the order for her license, in order, so he said, to prevent her from damaging the premises or injuring his men.

Osa and Dad and I, with our personal servants, set off for the Athi River early one morning, and were out on the plains before sunrise. Our way lay over a well-made clay road which led us between neat sisal plantations out into the open plains. The drive along that road across the plains was one of the strangest experiences of my life. We were scarcely out of sight of Nairobi before we began to see animals—animals crossing the road ahead of us, animals in herds spotting the distant plain, animals not a stone's throw away: zebras and gazelles of a half-dozen kinds and occasional flocks of ostriches. And one and all they had a passion for racing with automobiles, a passion that seemed to be instinctive with animals throughout Africa. Something impels them to outdistance you and cross the road in front of you. Then they are content to let you pass. We had not gone far before we came to a group of zebras at the edge of the road. They lifted their noses from the grass, stared at us for a moment, and then, as if at a signal, they were off, lickety-split, abreast of us. The speed of plains animals, especially for short spurts, is incredible. The zebras outdistanced us with ease, and then turned and went slipping and sliding across the road ahead of us. Once on the other side, they stopped still and watched us with curiosity as we passed.

That comedy was repeated half a dozen times before we left the road, usually by zebras, but once by a herd of Tommies, as the pretty little Thomson's gazelles are affectionately called, and twice by ostriches. The ostriches, with their snaky necks and little heads and absurd round black bodies on long thick legs, sent us into peals of laughter. They half ran, half leaped, with a motion like that of rubber balls jerked by a string, and with each step they crossed one leg in front of the other in what seemed a silly, spinsterish attempt at elegance. And yet they managed to achieve tremendous speed. New as we were at driving, Osa and I opened our Fords as wide as we dared, and still the ostriches outdistanced us.

About twenty miles out of Nairobi, we left the road and struck out directly across the plains. We passed over rolling grasslands, thickly dotted with mimosas, and made camp between five and ten miles farther on, at a bend in the river. The site we chose was like a park. Big mimosas cast a thick shade over the ground. From between their gnarled trunks we caught glimpses of the river and of a large cliff rising to the north.

We had not brought any tents, but with the aid of a great square of airplane cloth I had bought in London, Jerramani and Ferraragi converted one of the Fords into a roomy and comfortable shelter. Before long, camp was shipshape, but in the process of making it so I

encountered obstacles. We had brought with us only the two headmen, Jerramani and Ferraragi, the cook, 'Mpishi, the bedroom boy, Aloni, and Zabenelli, our interpreter and general handyman. And now we found that though they had never heard of trade-unions they had imbibed instinctively trade-union principles. 'Mpishi came and asked me for firewood. I told him to go and cut it. He did so, but with every line of his figure and every vicious blow of his ax registering a protest. I sent Jerramani and Ferraragi for water. They fetched it with a cold dignity that would have done credit to a prince in servitude. There was no insubordination, but I was made to understand that such menial tasks were not the province of the men appointed to be my personal servants. I was asking them to do the work of porters. I pretended not to notice the dissatisfaction; and while the chores were being done Osa and I strolled down to the river, and I picked out a clump of thorn-bush overlooking a pool, in which I determined to set up my camera and get pictures of the animals as they came down to drink. There we saw the first of our African sunsets, which turned the distant hills to fire before it left them coldly blue. As we walked back to camp, summoned by 'Mpishi's whistle, there came a tremendous chattering of baboons from the rocky cliff to the north. It was followed by the angry snarling of some kind of a wildcat. We were sure at the time it was a leopard, but we afterward found that the cliff was the abode of dozens of small wildcats, about the size of domestic tom-cats and scarcely more formidable.

We found dinner waiting for us. I do not remember what we ate. I have a vague recollection that 'Mpishi's general resentment was reflected in the food. But the meal seemed to me the finest I had had for months. At last we were in the open. As we ate, we saw in the distance, faint shapes in the dusk, a little party of antelopes making their way to the river to drink. They were too far off to see us, yet they sensed something unusual and advanced hesitatingly, stopping at intervals to look about and to sniff the air. I marked with my eye the spot where they disappeared down the river-bank and determined to set up a camera there the next day.

After dinner we sat for a while about the fire in front of our tent and planned what we should do next day. We decided on a hunting trip to spy out the land about us and to get fresh meat for ourselves and our men, for custom demanded that the white master should supply game to eke out their scanty fare of rice.

Our boys sat about their fire a little way off. They seemed to have forgotten their resentment. Jerramani was telling them some marvellous story that sent them into great peals of laughter. Even 'Mpishi's somber, somewhat sullen face, illumined by the firelight, seemed to relax. As for Jerramani himself, the flames turned him into

a grotesque mask with a deeply seamed face and an enormous, thick-lipped mouth. The flames glanced from his broad, shiny nose and from his gleaming teeth and from the whites of his rolling eyes and gave him a fearful appearance that entirely belied his disposition, which so far had proved to be both mild and happy.

We soon grew sleepy and, in spite of the fire, a bit chilly and went off to our blankets. At a word from Jerramani, the boys fell silent. They rolled themselves in their blankets in the shelter of the rude lean-tos they had made out of branches and were soon asleep. But we, in our comfortable beds, did not go to sleep as quickly as our boys. For the first time, we were hearing the night sounds of Africa, which during long months to come were to be our lullaby.

The night sounds of Africa—I wish I were a poet and could write verses about them. The mysterious pounding of invisible hoofs, the rush and thunder of herds across the plain, the grunt of the wildebeest, the sneeze of the hartebeest, the shrill, ridiculous *yap, yap, yap* of the common zebra, which barks like a dog; the *boom-boom* of the cock ostrich, which we took at first for the roar of a lion; the ghoulish laughter of hyenas—they all come back to me as I heard them in my tent on the Athi plains. I shall never forget how they moved and impressed me, not for what they were in themselves, but for what they told of a strange world, a world where man was an alien, where animals, mysterious forms in the dark, lived a varied life of hunting and fleeing, of sham battles and grim desperate duels, of love and death and of the mad joy of living in the open, of galloping wildly in the wind, of rolling in the dust of the plain, of feeding deliciously on the tender grasses that grew at the river's edge.

Next morning we were up at dawn. In the half-light we could make out dim forms, unknown animals going down to the river to drink. We were all eagerness to be on the move. We rushed through our breakfast and set out just as the sun was showing itself back of a clump of thorn-bushes on the sky-line.

I shall never forget that day. We were so blithe and confident in the beginning, so agog to try our luck, so sure of our success. A little shadow was cast over our cheer in the very beginning, when I gave Ferraragi my camera to carry. He took it with very bad grace indeed. Again I was asking a gentleman's servant to do a porter's job. But with Ferraragi's sullen face behind us we soon forgot the incident in the beauty of the morning. We had not gone a mile from camp when we saw, a little way off, a herd of small animals feeding on the plain. I suspected them to be Thomson's gazelles, and Jerramani confirmed me in my guess. Since we were well in their lee, and a small valley, scarcely more than a gully, gave us shelter, we were able to creep so close to them that we could hear the soft sound of their feeding.

Simultaneously, Osa, Dad, and I raised our rifles and fired. The gazelles leaped into the air and were off in a cloud of dust. Not one of them remained behind. We looked at each other sheepishly; then we gave our rifles to the boys and proceeded on our way. Our next find was a herd of nine of the gazelles known as Grant's. They were larger than the Tommies and had beautiful curved horns. I determined to get a picture of them, if I could, before a shot was fired, and so I set up my camera and sent the boys to try to drive them within range of my lens. But before the boys could make the long detour, something—perhaps a sudden, momentary veering of the breeze—brought the gazelles news of our presence, and they, too, were off. We sent a couple of shots after them, but with no result.

And so it went. All that long day, we kept firing and missing. Among the three of us, we expended no less than a hundred rounds of ammunition. Our tempers grew shorter and shorter. And the faces of our boys grew longer and longer.

The only chance for glory a native headman or gun-bearer has is a vicarious one. He himself is not allowed to use the guns he cleans and carries. If he were, probably he would not be able to hit the side of a barn at twenty yards, for Africans are notoriously bad marksmen. He must content himself therefore with a humble share of the glory that is his master's. He is as a rule faithful and humble and admiring. But he makes two demands of you. The first is that you must be a good shot. The second is that you must never run away. If you live up to those demands, he can go for an evening's call on the headman of another white *bwana* (master), on the rare occasions when there is an encampment within calling distance, and prove what a great man he himself is by stories of the greatness of the man he serves. And when he returns to Nairobi after a long *safari*, he can tell boasting tales in the coffeehouses to an admiring circle of town natives. But if you fail to live up to what your servant expects of you, then he is a marked man, a laughing-stock for his fellows.

At the end of our first day in the field, Jerramani and Ferraragi began to think about their reputations—Jerramani, who had served with Roosevelt, and Ferraragi, whose treasure of dirty recommendations bore some names almost equally well known in East Africa, where a white man is judged as a hunter and a sportsman and where his fame, good or ill, lives long after his return to civilization. By the end of the second day both boys were sure that their unspotted names were thoroughly tarnished. We had got so close to animals that we could all but reach out and touch them, and still our shots went wide. We ourselves began to think we were bewitched. As we trudged home, footsore and weary, after a ten-mile hike across the plains, a pack of hyenas jumped out of a clump of bushes and ran directly

across our path. We shot and missed. I was in the humor of a small boy who has failed in school and has been scolded for it and comes home kicking viciously at the stones in the path. I turned to give my gun to Jerramani, and found him and Ferraragi exchanging supercilious grins.

I have never beaten a servant. It is quite the custom to do so in Africa. You will find many people otherwise liberal putting themselves on record to the effect that without corporal punishment there can be no such thing as discipline on *safari*. I myself managed to get through what few crises occurred without resorting to the whip. But at that moment my fingers itched to take those two boys by the back of their necks and thrash them thoroughly. I contented myself with telling them what I thought of them in vigorous American. Neither of them could understand a word. But my tone was unmistakable. They sobered down at once and assumed an outward respect that lasted all the evening.

Next morning, as soon as I appeared out of my tent, Jerramani came to me and asked for a gun. He said he would like to get some meat. He and his comrades were hungry. I sent him about his business in no uncertain tones, took my .405 Winchester, and went out by myself. Though it was a marvellous morning, I was in no mood to enjoy it. The morale of our little staff was becoming undermined. Although my trip was not primarily a hunting trip, for my object was to photograph animals rather than to kill them, its success seemed threatened, ridiculously enough, because I could not shoot. I was irritated. If I could not shoot, I ought at least to be able to handle my men well enough to make them oblivious of that fact. I had always prided myself on my ability to handle men, and here, at the very outset of my trip, I was faced with what threatened to become open insubordination.

I crossed the river and struck out into the plain, looking for signs of animals. When I had gone about two miles, I saw a pretty buck, standing belly-deep in grass. He was a long way off—fully two hundred yards—but I decided to try to get him from where I stood. I stooped, took careful aim, and fired. I lowered my gun; the animal still stood there as if nothing had happened. I threw out the spent cartridge and took aim again. As I pulled the trigger, but before I heard the report, the animal dropped. I ran forward eagerly to find that my first bullet had bored straight through his heart, killing him instantly.

He was a beautiful, hundred-pound specimen with long, curved horns. The problem was how to get him back to camp. I feared that if I left him to fetch assistance the hyenas would get him before I could return. So I decided to take him with me. For two hours I half dragged

and half carried my quarry toward camp. When I was at last within ear-shot of the tents, I blew my police-whistle, and the boys came out to help me. Everyone was elated. The boys' faces brightened. Osa danced about delightedly. And when Jerramani said something that sounded like "koodoo," my pride and satisfaction knew no bounds. I was sure that I had brought down a greater koodoo, which I had heard was one of the rarest of the gazelle family. Not until two weeks later, when I boasted of my achievement in Nairobi and exhibited the skin and horns of the animal, did I discover that my little buck was merely a common impala, and that the koodoo was never known to come within a hundred miles of our camp on the Athi River. All of which was a fitting climax to our first experience in the wilderness.

I was a bit puzzled to find that the boys refused to touch the meat of the koodoo. But I concluded that they merely had some obscure native prejudice against the rare animal. When she saw the buck, Osa was fired to emulate me and insisted on going out at once for her first kill. So we all set out together in a holiday mood. It did not last long. As we were going through a clump of high grass we suddenly startled a fine cheetah that had been sleeping there comfortably. It sprang up, cheeping like a bird, and went off. We fired shot after shot at it but never so much as ruffled a hair of it. A little farther along, we came to a slight valley overgrown with thorn-bushes. Osa, attended only by Ferraragi, plunged bravely into it. A few minutes later I heard a shot, and she came scrambling white-faced up the side of the depression.

"I have shot a lion—a *lion!*'" she said. I asked Ferraragi if it was indeed so, and he said, politely, yes, that the "little missis," as the boys had already nicknamed her, had shot a lion. But his calm belied his words, and when we went down into the valley to investigate we found no signs of any lion, dead, wounded, or alive.

We went on a little farther. Osa was crestfallen, and I was a little cross. I saw my prestige of the morning slowly diminishing.

I turned on my heel and started home, thoroughly out of sorts. On the way back we ran into several small flocks of quail and spur-fowl. Osa sent twenty rounds of bullets into their midst. There was a great cheeping and fluttering but not a casualty.

But when we got back to camp we forgot our tiredness and our chagrin, for Osa sighted elephants. In plain view, through a gap in our thorn-tree grove, two of the great beasts stood outlined on the brow of a hill against the sky. We had not expected to see elephants here. We had been told that they rarely ventured into the neighborhood of Nairobi. Since there were luckily still a few moments of daylight left, I took my lightest camera over my shoulder, and Osa took her gun, and we set out to stalk the elephants. We had not gone a hundred yards before our angle of vision shifted and we saw that our two elephants

were four zebras standing together in such a way that from a distance their combined outlines resembled those of elephants. Sheepishly, we returned to camp.

That night, gloom settled thicker than ever upon the camp. There was no story-telling about the boys' fire, no snatches of minor song. 'Mpishi and Aloni and Jerramani and Ferraragi sat talking in low tones. Osa's gay spirits flagged. I was frankly bad-tempered. Only Dad remained cheerful, telling stories of rabbit-hunting in Kansas, with no idea of their unsuitability for the occasion.

Next day, I decided to try new tactics. I got out the Ford to go after zebras, for the boys had informed me meaningfully that they liked *punda mulia* better than any other meat. We spent the morning in rushing the car into the midst of herds, firing and missing. The climax of bad luck came when suddenly, as we came over the brow of a hill, we all but ran into five giraffes, the first we had seen at close range. Startled, I stopped the car with a jerk. The giraffes were as startled as I. Instead of taking flight, as giraffes normally do, they stood still and stared at us. I had no thought of shooting a giraffe. It is not considered good sportsmanship to shoot giraffe in Africa. It is commonly agreed that he is a creature that should be left free to enjoy life in his mild way. All I wanted was a picture. And what a picture those giraffes would have made! They were scarcely twenty feet distant, and stood looking at us a full five minutes before they decided to be frightened and run away. Of course my camera, instead of being in the car as it should have been, was safe in my tent some ten miles in our rear.

So it went on, day after day. I set up my camera by the river near a spot where I had seen animals going down to drink, morning and evening, for three days. Protected by a light screen of thorn-bush, I sat down to wait. But the animals came, looked at my thorn-bush screen, made up their minds that there was something fishy about it, and, since they had the whole length of the river to drink from, moved along to a spot just out of focus and drank their fill. No matter where I put my camera, the result was the same. The wild things saw something that was not there yesterday, something that might or might not conceal a lion, and decided to take no chances. After a few days I became restless and went off on foot, to try one of my new double-barrelled elephant-guns. I chose a Tommy as my target, and in my innocence, after having taken careful aim, pulled both triggers. It takes a strong man to withstand the recoil from one barrel of a .470 Bland. The concussion from two sent me rolling over on the ground, half stunned. My beautiful five-hundred-dollar rifle went soaring ten feet into the air, and when I picked myself up, I found it planted, muzzle-end down, deep in the plain. Of course the sight was broken

off. And of course the Tommy escaped.

Osa went fishing in a river that abounded in big, tasty fish that resembled Mississippi catfish. She pulled in a four-foot crocodile. Even ‘Mpishi shared in the general bad luck. We ran out of bread, and though we found later that he almost invariably turned out the lightest of loaves, the bread he made for us on this occasion was so compact that it could be cut, literally, only with an ax.

The night of that disaster, we heard for the first time the roaring of a lion. It had a strange, terrible beauty I cannot describe. It was like a deep-voiced melancholy trumpet reverberating over the plain. At times it seemed quite close; at times it was far off, a mere shadow of sound in the distance. Before we dropped off to sleep, a leopard came prowling about camp, coughing with a dry, consumptive little cough.

Next day, I decided to go to Nairobi for bread. We left father with the .32 Winchester in charge of the camp, and set out in the Ford. About three miles from camp we saw a nice big herd of antelopes. We stopped about six hundred yards from them. It was early in the morning, and since the light was excellent, I put a long-focus lens on my camera and started to grind off a picture. The animals grazed slowly along, unaware of our presence, and after I had exposed a few feet of film, I told Osa to fire into the herd to produce a little action. She took aim, fired, and the herd went bounding off. But dead on the field lay one big buck, the finest kongoni we got during all our journeying in Africa. It was mere chance that Osa got him. Any marksman will tell you that a hit at six hundred yards is usually a matter of chance and not of skill. But to this day Osa occasionally lets fall a nonchalant remark about dropping a kongoni at six hundred yards, as if she went out and performed the feat every morning.

At the time we were both elated enough. We got in the car and drove up to our kill. He was a sleek, pretty, khaki-colored buck about the size of a Shetland pony, with long curved horns and a pretty soft eye. When Osa saw him, she burst into tears. “I wish I hadn’t killed him,” she sobbed, “he is so p-p-pretty!”

“But just think how pleased the boys will be to have fresh meat,” I said consolingly. With that she dried her tears, I lifted the animal into the tonneau of the machine, and we drove back to camp.

“Here is fresh meat for you,” I called in my best Swaheli as we drove up. The boys came forward, happy grins on their faces. But as they lifted the kongoni from the car, their faces fell. “*Mbaya!*—no good!” they said. I was angry. “What is the matter with it?” I demanded. And I discovered that it had not been “hallalled.”

I cursed myself for my stupidity. My men were Mohammedans, and religious custom demanded that they could not eat the flesh of an animal unless its throat had been cut before it died. They were not

sticklers for the letter of the law. I was to find, in months to come, that they were perfectly satisfied to eat the flesh of an animal that was instantly killed, provided its throat was cut immediately after it dropped. In that case they could always pretend that the animal had not been quite dead when the ceremony was performed. But there was no pretending about my kongoni. He was obviously stone-dead and had been so for half an hour. The boys threw him down in front of Japanda, the skinner, and went off sulkily, and we drove off to town with the gloomy feeling that we might not return alive. Luck was so obviously against us that almost anything might happen.

Five miles from Nairobi, after we had struck the clay road, I got the first good picture of my trip, a herd of eleven giraffes that we chased for half a mile before they left the road and went off across the plain. That was some comfort. So was the reassurance of Game-Warden Percival, to whom I paid a visit when I reached Nairobi. He told me that nearly every newcomer in Africa, the best marksmen in the world included, has a spell of "fisherman's luck" at the outset of his hunting trip. There is something in the African light and atmosphere that makes appearances deceptive, and until one grows used to conditions he is bound to lose ammunition and temper.

At Tarlton, Whetham & Burman's, I ran into an outfit of hunters who had just come in with a record bag. They told tales of exciting pursuits and narrow escapes, and by the time I drove into camp again, late at night, I was recharged with enthusiasm and eager to test my prowess once more.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN WALSH'S PLACE

WE spent another week in our camp on the Athi River. Then we returned to Nairobi in disgust. Our net bag for two weeks in a region simply crawling with game was one impala and one kongoni. What pictures I got, and they were negligible in quantity, were for the most part worthless. But I had learned an elementary, though very valuable, lesson for the photographer of animals to know—that a river-bank is a poor place to set up a camera. If the animals suspect your presence, and they nearly always do, they simply move on a bit and drink at a spot safely out of range of your camera.

I went out to John Walsh's determining to profit by my experience. John Walsh was an old-timer. In the early days of white settlement in British East Africa, he and his wife had run a transport line of ox-carts from Mombasa to Uganda. Now, as he himself said without bitterness, his occupation was "killin' meat for niggers." In other words, he shot wild game, chiefly the impala, the Tommy, and the kongoni, and sold it in the native markets of Nairobi.

John Walsh put himself and his house and his Ford at our disposal at the rate of five dollars a day. He himself was sixty-five years old. He was little and bent and gray. His weather-beaten face, behind a great gray mustache, had the expression, half shrewd, half sleepy, of a Kansas farmer. He talked little, and when he did talk it was in a vocabulary which, in a pioneer country where there were many people who were not exactly nice in their choice of words, was conspicuous for its profanity. But in spite of a rough exterior, he was square all through, and we learned much from him concerning the habits of animals.

John Walsh's house was a "tin shanty," a two-room building of galvanized iron set on the edge of a plateau, overlooking the Athi plain. He turned it over to us, reserving for himself only a corner of Dad's room in which to sleep. So far as I could learn, his sleep consisted of cat-naps snatched at odd moments, for he puttered about half the night and was up before daylight to hunt down his game and get it into Nairobi before the sun turned hot. John Walsh had a wife (we never saw her; she was off visiting somewhere), but his shanty showed no evidence of a woman's touch. In each room was a home-

made bed with rusty, creaking springs, a broken homemade table, and one or two broken homemade chairs. In the corners were littered heaps of old clothing and broken guns and parts of harness and bottles. A meager life in a country where necessities are expensive and hard to procure had created in John Walsh a saving habit of mind. Since that habit was unfortunately combined with the greatest carelessness, John Walsh's place looked like nothing so much as a junk-shop.

As for John Walsh's Ford, it was a demon Ford, possessed of satanic power and having a charmed life. It was all but falling to pieces, but when he got into it and went tearing off in pursuit of a herd of antelopes, it fairly leaped across that stony, grassy, bumpy plain, as if possessed. As I look back on them, the old man and his Ford take on an almost legendary aspect. He himself had the uncanny air that living the wild, lonely life of the open often gives to men. As for the Ford, it deserves to be ranked with such fabulous steeds as *Don Quixote's Rosinante*, the broomstick of *Mother Goose*, the magic carpet of *Aladdin*. It had something of all of them in its makeup.

I was the strangest hunter John Walsh had ever met with. In the first place, I was not primarily interested in killing. He was used to amateur "big-game hunters" whose pride it was to bring home as large as possible a number of skins and antlers as trophies. I said from the outset that I wanted to get my quarry with the camera, not with the gun. John Walsh granted that, but he found me very inefficient at my job. He employed with me the method he employed with the other big-game hunters who rented him and his house and his Ford. He took me and my camera into his car, went off with us up hill, down dale, through gullies, over rocks, until he sighted a herd of game. Then he stepped on the gas, and raced with us, hell bent for election, right into the middle of the herd, stopped with a jerk, and said, "Here you are, Johnson." Of course, by the time I got my camera ready, there was not an animal in sight, and John Walsh, looking for quick work, was disgusted with me.

After one or two trials, I abandoned his method and tried one of my own. I set up my camera at a water-hole about two miles from John Walsh's place and the same distance from the river. Following the advice of other men who had photographed animals in Africa, I had my boys hurriedly build a screen of thorn-bushes, small and not too thick, at the foot of a tree. Then, with my camera, I took my place behind it and waited. I had a good long wait. At first I crouched or sat or stood in my cramping blind and watched, almost holding my breath, for animals to come to drink. Animals did come to drink, stepping daintily along through the grass. But invariably they stopped, just ten or twenty feet beyond the reach of my lens. I could read their

minds perfectly. “Humph!” they were saying. “Something funny about this place. What is it? Ah! There’s a great mass of thorn-bushes that wasn’t there the last time we came to drink. Queer looking thorn-bush, too. Grows so compact. I don’t trust that thorn-bush.” They would mull about at a distance, sometimes for hours, but they always ended up by going away. If I had been able to read their minds as well as I thought I could, I would have known that they were saying, as they went off: “Well, it’s only two miles to the river. No use in taking chances here.” But I had not yet learned the second lesson in my elementary lesson-book of animal photography, that the best water-hole for trapping animals is one at least five miles from any other water. So I just sat and hoped that the beasts would come nearer.

I amused myself for two or three days by studying the different species and marking their points of difference. Two thirds of the plains animals belong to the antelope family, and while some branches have inherited very few of the family features and are easily distinguishable, others are antelope through and through; and until your eye is trained, you are likely to mistake cousins for brothers and sisters. During those days I saw many of the hartebeests of the kind called kongoni in Swaheli. They have beautiful bodies ranging from bright fawn to chestnut in color, but ugly heads with wide-spreading short horns. Then there were impalas, even smaller, scarce three feet high, but with long, graceful lyre-shaped horns. They were great jumpers. Sometimes, startled by a noise, they would take a leap of a dozen feet or so and then go off like a flash over the plain. I began to understand for the first time the saying, “swift as an antelope.” One of the strangest of all this family was the wildebeest, or gnu. He was a ludicrous beast that seemed, as the Arabs say of the camel, to have been put together by a joking Creator on the sixth day out of spare parts left over from the making of animaldom. He had the head of an ox, the body of a horse, and the slim legs of an antelope. He was a sort of dirty gray in color and had vague, dark, vertical markings on his body that made one think that a bit of zebra might perhaps have been included in his make-up. Of course dozens of zebras came to inspect the pool. There are said to be four millions of them in British East, and they are always in evidence. Their bold stripes, which some scientists have designated as “protective coloring,” make them (next to the giraffe, whom a kind nature has made a vivid contrast of white and deep yellow, eighteen feet tall) the most conspicuous animals on the plains.

But after a time, I grew tired of watching animals that persistently refused to come into focus. Only a kind of stubbornness, an unwillingness to admit failure, kept me in the blind at all. The hours were long and hot. My blind was too small to permit of any but

cramped positions. And if I moved ever so little, the keen-eyed plains animals gradually drawing down to the pool would at once go leaping off, saying, “Lion!” in every startled movement.

One day, after I had wasted nearly a week of time that I gloomily figured up at a rate of about a hundred dollars a day, I glanced up wearily from a magazine I was reading, and there were four wart-hogs drinking at the pool. Now, a wart-hog is the ugliest animal alive. It is a kind of wild boar about the size of a pig. It is covered with sparse bristles, and it has two fierce-looking tusks. In spite of its tusks it is a most inoffensive creature, and no one in British East pays any attention to it. Hunting wart-hog is poor sport even for the most amateur of amateur hunters. But I couldn’t have been more pleased or more excited if there had been four lions at the pool. After all these days of waiting, at last I had something to do. I went to my camera and ground out four hundred feet of wart-hog. Twenty-five feet would have been more than enough, but I was out of my head with joy at having at last bagged something. And those wart-hogs were so accommodating. They rooted about the pool while I changed lenses. I tried out every focal length I had. Finally I put on a seventeen-inch lens that brought them so close that they filled the entire aperture.

They seemed to know that I had reached my limit, for after that they went away. But fifteen minutes after they had gone, two more showed up. Inside of two hours, the two had become ten. And then came stepping along a herd of twenty-five impalas. They hesitated, looked about, talked the matter over. I knew they were saying, “If nothing happens to the wart-hogs, it ought to be safe for us.” They kept me in suspense for some minutes. It was getting late. I feared they would not make up their minds before dark. But finally, to my delight, they decided to risk it, and I got the first of my real animal pictures; and a beauty it turned out to be.

I went back to camp, pleased with myself for the first time since I had tried hunting in Africa. I found Osa as pleased as I. For once the larder was full. That afternoon, when all the camp was asleep, she went to the door of the shanty and saw a Tommy grazing about a hundred yards distant. She got her gun and, standing in the doorway, aimed and brought him down; and Jerramani rushed out promptly and retrieved him. Then, late in the afternoon, she had heard spur-fowl cheeping near the house and had gone out and shot six of them without wasting a single bullet.

That night we had Tommy steak—one of the best cuts in Africa. As we sat about the fire after dinner, John Walsh told us of some caves where he had seen leopards and cheetahs, and we decided to go there and spend the night in the hope of getting some pictures of the great cats at dawn. We set out at daybreak next day—a party of eight,

Osa and John Walsh and myself and five boys. Dad decided to stay in camp, where he could have a cot with a mattress to sleep on. John Walsh drove his Ford, and I drove the oldest of my two. It was all I could do to keep him in sight. When we had gone almost ten miles we saw a great heap of rocks rising bold from the plain. John Walsh, who had stopped his Ford to kill a zebra, allowed me to catch up with him long enough for him to tell me that the caves for which we were bound were under those rocks. Then he went rattling off, and I followed at a soberer pace.

Arrived at our destination, we deposited the zebra in front of the caves to serve as a bait, and then threw up a sort of fortification behind which we might conceal ourselves with our cameras. This consumed most of the day. Shortly after dark, we were wrapped in our blankets, hoping to get a little sleep before nocturnal guests should come to feast on the zebra. About nine o'clock we were wakened by a sepulchral groaning. After a moment of startled conjecture, I decided that the sound came from John Walsh. I went to his side and spoke to him. No answer save another groan. I switched on my flashlight and looked into his face. It was flushed with fever. The old man, we found later, was subject to intermittent malaria contracted during his early days in Africa. Now the fever had put him into a stupor. We bathed his face and head and dosed him with whisky and quinine from our medicine-case, but with no apparent result. As we worked, quietly and with no light save that of the moon, we heard outside our fortification the dry cough of a leopard circling around our bait. In the distance, hyenas laughed ghoulishly. And, as always on the plains, from every quarter came the sound of hoof-beats.

Toward morning, suddenly, the fever abated and Walsh sank into a normal sleep. I covered him with his blanket and mine, and went to the fortification and looked out. There was a beautiful leopard, tearing at the zebra. Though dawn was creeping up out of the east, it was still too early to get a picture, but, noiselessly as I could, I got my camera ready, trained it on the leopard and waited, with bated breath, for the light.

Suddenly, from behind me, came the sound of loud and ardent cursing. Walsh was waking up. The leopard, of course, was off like a flash. A bevy of wildcats, of about the size and appearance of tomcats, who had been waiting for him to finish, came out of the grass and swarmed over the zebra. But they did not console me for the loss of my leopard.

Walsh was sheepish and almost as chagrined as I when he heard what had occurred. At his suggestion we decided to spend another night in the cave. Having so decided, we took the Fords and went off for a day's excursion. We drove across the plains and brought up at

the edge of a deep, rocky *donga*, or valley. Startled at the clatter of the machine, about fifty wild dogs, with a lot of fuzzy pups just old enough to run about, leaped from the shelter of rocks nearby and sought refuge in the recesses of the valley. John Walsh let fly at them as they went, and two fell in their tracks. "Now," he said, "I will show you where the hyenas stay in daytime," and he fired into the heart of the *donga*. After three or four shots the hyenas appeared.

As I have said before and probably shall say often again in these pages, I am not for killing, but there are certain creatures that I shoot on sight—snakes, crocodiles, wild dogs, and hyenas. The reason for my prejudice against the first two is obvious. To those not acquainted with them, there might seem less cause for destruction of the wild dogs. But any African will tell you stories of their cruel depredations that make their extermination seem rather more than desirable. They will attack anything. They hunt in packs, like timber-wolves, and if they are hungry they will even run down a man. In regions where they are allowed to multiply, settlers suffer heavy losses of stock through them. And a pack of them can clear a region of game in no time. They are so feared and hated by other wild animals that they are forced to do their hunting in wide circles, visiting a given spot only at long intervals; for if they were known to be frequent visitors there, they would not find any animals to prey upon.

As for the hyena, I am convinced that he is the lowest and meanest of all creation. He is as yellow as his ugly striped coat. He hunts the new-born, the weak, the feeble. He shuns a fight in the open, but with a pack, or alone, by night, he will kill stealthily and wantonly, simply for the sake of killing. A pack of hyenas will get in the midst of a herd of kongonis, attacking the little animals right and left, throttling this one, hamstringing that one; and when morning comes they will go off to hide from the light, leaving wounded or dead ten times as many animals as they could possibly have eaten. More often, however, Mr. Hyena does not hunt for himself. He simply follows in the wake of a lion or a leopard, lets the braver animal do the killing, and contents himself with the leavings. The only usefulness of the hyena lies in the fact that he serves as a scavenger. There is nothing that he will not eat. If you have fresh meat in your tent, he will creep in and carry it off from under your nose while you sleep, for though he is not brave, he is a clever sneak-thief. If you have no fresh meat, see that your boots and your leather jackets are locked up, and keep an eye on your Ford; as I found out to my sorrow, Mr. Hyena is not above making a meal off its leather seat-coverings.

They say a man's character shows in his face. The same is true of animals. You can tell, simply by looking at them, that a rhino is stupid and an elephant intelligent, that a giraffe is mild and retiring and a

zebra is spirited and bold. And the hyena nature is apparent in every line of his body. That pack of hyenas we shot out from cover came slinking along on their bellies, tails between their legs, looking at us malevolently out of their green eyes, snarling and showing their long yellow teeth, but giving never a sign of fight. We all took a few shots at them, and Osa brought down two and John Walsh three. The rest made off and were soon out of sight. Fortunately, since they were cowards, they were also good runners.

Late in the afternoon, I got a beautiful picture from the top of a hill overlooking a valley in which half a dozen sorts of game were feeding—zebras, wildebeests, kongonis, impalas—and went back to the cave happy. There we watched all night, but nothing came to feast on the fresh zebra we had put out as bait. A leopard coughed irritatingly a little way off. The hyenas laughed mockingly at us. I told Walsh that the animals did not like his language, but I suspected another reason for their failure to reappear, and subsequent experience proved that I was right. A cave does not make a good blind. After a man has spent a night in it, it is thoroughly impregnated with his scent, and every animal will shun it until, slowly, the air has been renewed.

As soon as it was light, we drove back to the tin shanty. Walsh's Ford was hitting on two cylinders and jerking along like a bucking bronco. The water was boiling in the radiator, and a cloud of steam rose from the front of the car. But still the old man kept in the lead, and I came into camp a good ten minutes behind him.

I found Dad full of excitement over a herd of about twenty giraffes that had been loafing about in the vicinity during our absence. He was a little put out with me for not having been on the spot with my camera. He gave the impression that, somehow, if I had been on to my job, I would have known the giraffes were coming and waited to receive them.

Shortly after our arrival Dad took one of the boys and went off with the .32 Winchester, which he liked because it had no kick. He came back a little later, half proud, half crest-fallen. He had made his first kill—a kongoni. But the wild dogs had captured the carcass. Dad had wounded the animal; it had fallen and then struggled to its feet. As it made off, a pack of wild dogs, leaping, bushy-white tails in air, from the shelter of a clump of grasses, brought it down, and before Dad could fire a shot to drive them off, they had torn the carcass to ribbons.

That night we were awakened by a terrible clatter. I thought the tin shanty was falling about our ears. Dad in his cot in the other room was struggling against something, kicking, shouting, gasping. I jumped out of bed, seized my rifle and my flash-light, which are always by my

side, rushed into Dad's room, and trained the light on his cot. When it fell into his eyes, he muttered, pulled the covers up about him, and sank back to sleep. I woke him to find the cause of his outcry, and discovered that he had dreamed he was being attacked by those twenty giraffes, and that I, of course, was as usual not on the job to defend him.

During the next few days I built blinds at several water-holes within a radius of fifteen miles of the shanty. Osa and I watched in them by turns, faithfully, but without result. These blinds, too, were not right. Though they were further from the water than the first had been, they were yet too near for good results. They were too big, too obvious. The animals knew they had not been there the day before, mistrusted them, and went off to drink elsewhere. Besides, the animals were not very thirsty. The rains were not long over, and the grass still held moisture. I was to learn that the best time for photographing animals at water-holes was during the dry season when the plains grasses had turned to hay and rivers were dry and drinking-places few and far between.

I missed one picture at John Walsh's place that I shall always regret missing. One night, just before dinner, we saw in the distance strange figures—thin legs, surmounted by huge, bulging protuberances. As they came nearer, we discovered that the figures were natives, each carrying a great bunch of gourds. They looked like balloon-men in a circus, save that their gourds were so big—each of them about the size of a beehive—that very little of the men was visible. When at last they arrived in camp, and set their gourds down, they turned out to be Wakamba men, tall and thin, with heads shaved bare save for a little, curly lock that protruded from the crown. They had had a long march with their wares, but they did not sit down to rest. They stood like storks on one thin leg, with the foot of the other leg resting against the thigh, just above the knee. There was still light enough to get a picture. But I had unloaded my camera (I never, under any circumstances, leave a film in a camera overnight to be spoiled by dampness), and I was too lazy to load and unload again, for since the film must be kept absolutely moisture-free during both operations, the process is a complicated one. "I'll get the natives in the morning," I said to myself; but when morning came the Wakamba men refused to stop while I got my cameras loaded, and I never met with their like again. A safe rule in photography is "Never put off till tomorrow what you can photograph today." You cannot be sure of seeing any picture twice. The man you want to photograph tomorrow is sure to die tonight. The house that has stood a thousand years is sure to burn down before morning.

I am always thinking of places I want to revisit when I return to

Africa. John Walsh's place is one of them. But it will not be the same without John Walsh.

John Walsh is dead.

His Ford at last broke down. He went out one night to kill some meat for the morrow's market, and about two miles from his house the old Ford gasped its last breath. John Walsh walked into camp and ordered his boys to hitch up his team of oxen to bring in the Ford. The harness was in a frightful state from neglect and misuse, and as the boys were putting it on the oxen it broke in two places. At that old John Walsh went into a temper. He cursed and gesticulated, shot-gun in hand. And the gun went off and blew off his knee-cap.

Under his direction, as he lay wounded, the boys patched the harness, put him into a Scotch cart—a clumsy, springless wagon with two heavy wheels—and started across plain on the long drive to Nairobi. Early in the morning they reached the house of a settler who had an automobile, and he took John Walsh, now weak and all but speechless from loss of blood, to the hospital. He died before the doctors could reach him.

I have often wondered what John Walsh thought about during that long, lonely drive. Did he think of the days when he and his wife drove their transport wagons from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza? Did he remember the troubles of those early journeys, when his oxen died in the wilderness of rinderpest or the bite of the tsetse-fly, when man-eating lions carried off his black boys at night? Did he relive the adventures of which he had told us about our campfire—the battles with hostile natives, the encounters with herds of enraged elephants? And did he think of that strange woman who had been his partner in all of them? Did he wish, at the last, that he might see her?

I myself never saw John Walsh's wife. But I heard often of her. She was one of the many characters in British East that even during their lifetimes become almost legendary. She was a great, gaunt woman. She wore a man's boots and flapping draggled calico dresses and a man's hat perched on her straggly gray hair. She was said to have a vocabulary no whit less rich than her husband's own. She was quick to wrath, and when she became angry she put up her fists and gave fight like a man. Few men in that strange little world of "poor whites" that exists in East Africa as in every other out-of-the-way spot where white men have come to live among primitive peoples would put themselves in the way of John Walsh's wife.

John Walsh and his wife were said not to "get along." Certainly they quarrelled violently and publicly. But there must have been some strange bond between them, a bond knit during the long years of struggle and hardship and never broken. A short time after John Walsh's death, his wife died, too. Unkind rumor said she drank herself

to death. But kinder folk said that she didn't want to live any longer, now that old John was gone.

I shall always remember the days we spent at John Walsh's place. I shall remember how Kalawat played among the thorn-trees about the tin-shanty, and how she chased John Walsh's skinny hens and pulled out their tail-feathers, until John Walsh came out cursing. She would fly to Osa then, and Osa would turn her up and spank her as if she had been a baby. Then Kalawat would be very cuddly and contrite for a little. But before we knew it she would be after the chickens again, and the whole performance would have to be repeated.

I shall always remember how we sat about the fire listening to John Walsh's hunting stories and drawing from him, little by little, for he was by nature silent and uncommunicative, his fund of animal-lore. But chiefly, I shall always remember the scene that stretched off from the door of the tin-shanty. That scene is one of the things that mean Africa to me.

The shanty is built on the very edge of the plateau on which Nairobi is situated. Below it, as far as eye can reach, stretch the Athi plains. About five miles beyond the shanty winds the Athi River, and about twenty miles beyond that is the faint line of the "Stony Athi," a derelict river-bed with huge boulders marking its path. Ol Donya Sabuk rises sheer from the plain off to the left. Away in the distance shine the faint blue outlines of other mountains, the mysterious faraway home of elephants and great black buffaloes and rhinoceroses. Those were all the landmarks. For the rest, there was just plain and sky. But there was no monotony. The sky was an ever-changing procession of summer clouds, big rainless clouds, slate gray and white, that cast their shadows over the plain. And the plain, dotted here and there by thorn-trees, was the home of countless animals. I lay by the hour on the edge of the plateau, in the shade of a gnarled mimosa, watching the grazing herds. Sometimes they were in plain sight, right below me. All during our stay, eleven giraffes fed so close to my watching-place that I could have dropped a stone in the midst of them. Other herds came browsing by—zebras, antelopes, gazelles. And if I lifted my eyes, I could see still other herds, off and off and off, until they were mere dots on the cloud-shadowed plain.

CHAPTER V

THE BRAVEST ANIMAL IN AFRICA

BIG-GAME hunters are eternally arguing about which of the animals in Africa is the fiercest and which is the bravest. Nearly all of them agree that the lion, the leopard and the buffalo, the rhinoceros and the elephant are dangerous adversaries, but each has his theory about the order in which these animals should be named.

Many will tell you that the lion holds his title as King of Beasts simply through electioneering. They say that though he has roared himself into acceptance as the fiercest and bravest of the animals, in reality he is a coward. He steals up on his prey and tries to catch it unawares, but if it offers fight, nine times out of ten he will decide that a whole skin is worth more than a dinner and make off for a safe hiding-place. It is only when he is cornered that he shows his weapons —his powerful, terrifying spring, his knife-edge claws, and his strong teeth—and puts them to deadly use.

I think the lion shows good sense. I respect him not a whit the less for seeing discretion as the better part of valor. Only a fool courts danger unnecessarily. And my experience is that wild animals are not fools. I will go a step further and say that wild animals are not wild, or, rather, that the wildest of them are the tamest. Beasts that have lived off the beaten track of civilization—that have never been hunted —are approachable to an astonishing degree. And even animals that have been hunted and know well the bloody ways of men are shy rather than fierce. Unless they are suddenly frightened or attacked, the majority of them will usually avoid a fight.

It took me a long time to learn this. Indeed, my two years in Africa were almost up before I learned it thoroughly. And when I left John Walsh's place I had not so much as a glimmer of it. I looked forward to encounters with big game, but there were terror and uncertainty mixed with my eager anticipation. I longed to come face to face with lions and leopards and buffaloes and rhinoceroses. I longed even to have them come charging at me and my camera. I pictured myself magnificently grinding out film until the last possible moment before giving Osa the word, "Shoot!" And yet I wondered if I would be equal to the quick slyness of the great cats, the brute cunning of the buffaloes, the fierce obstinacy of the rhinos, the wise

strength of the elephants.

I had been in Africa for three months before I had an opportunity to put my courage to the test. Shortly after we returned to Nairobi from our visit at John Walsh's place, an English planter, Mr. Whitehead, invited us to visit his plantation, at the foot of the Ithanga Hills. These hills, a curious cluster, rising unexpectedly out of the plains about sixty miles northeast of Nairobi, are a favorite haunt of lions and leopards and rhinos, but especially of the great black buffalo. I myself had naturally not yet reached any conclusion about which was the bravest and fiercest animal in Africa, but since my friend Carl Akeley, whose opinion I greatly respected, had awarded the palm to the buffalo, I felt that in a country abounding in buffaloes, with lions and leopards and rhinos thrown in, we might be sure of receiving, after a manner of speaking, an effective baptism of fire, which would prepare us for our long *safari* to Lake Paradise.

When we left Nairobi, it was getting on toward the "short rains" which usually begin in October. We were a small party: Osa and Dad and I and of course Kalawat, our personal servants and a dozen porters, the nucleus of our *safari* company which later on grew to a hundred and ten men. We made the first stage of our journey, to Thika, in our *safari* Fords. Since Thika is not only the starting-point for most *safaris* bound for the north country but a pleasure-resort for the white population of Nairobi, it is connected with the latter city by an excellent motor road. A few hours after we said good-by to our friends in Nairobi, we stopped our cars in Thika before the Blue Posts Hotel, which perches on the rocks over the beautiful falls at the junction of the Chania and Thika Rivers. The hotel was a quaint place, with grass huts, built native style, for bedrooms. It and a half-dozen "white" dwellings, a general store, and a few Indian *dukas*, or shops—the usual ramshackle affairs patched together out of petrol-tins and bits of packing-boxes and similar odds and ends—comprised the whole of Thika.

Ox-wagons for the next stage of our journey were waiting for us in charge of a Boer settler. They were cumbersome, springless affairs, with hooded tops, looking much like the prairie-schooners of our own pioneer West. Each was drawn by six oxen, and was capable, so we were told, of a speed of about fifteen miles a day. Fortunately, our destination was less than a day's ride distant.

We were off betimes next morning, so as to be sure to arrive before nightfall. We set off in the dark, and went creaking and rattling off into the plains. Osa and Dad and I rode in the Fords. Our boys plodded alongside. The Boer, a man so phlegmatic and slow that he seemed to us half-imbecile, drove one of the wagons; the other was driven by a native boy. Each driver had a *voor-looper* or fore-runner

who led the front span of oxen by means of a strip of rawhide attached to their horns. Once in the driver's seat, the Boer came to life. From being a moron, he became a maniac, for the driver of an ox-wagon in Africa combines the methods of a ring-master in a circus and a cheer-leader at a college football game. The Boer kept up an almost continuous shouting to spur on the oxen, and backed his fierce, guttural commands with lashes of a whip with a handle twelve feet long and a lash nearly twice as long as the handle. It was a cruel whip, but both it and the heavy *sjambok* of hippopotamus-hide used on the wheelers were necessary to keep the oxen to their pace of fifteen miles a day.

We arrived at the comfortable bungalow of our host early in the afternoon, the last stages of our journey having lain through well cultivated fields of the beautiful sisal plant. Mr. Whitehead and his wife urged us to make our headquarters with them, but though we were tempted by the prospect of pleasant society and by the cool house and the lovely flower-filled garden, an outpost of England in the African wild, we felt that we must push on into the hills, so as to be nearer the animals we were seeking.

It was three o'clock by the time we had chosen our site, about three miles from the Whitehead clearing. Osa and I left the boys with Dad in command to put up our tents and make everything shipshape, and set out with Jerramani on a preliminary scouting expedition.

Jerramani had still no very high opinion of me. I had not acquitted myself at John Walsh's place in such a way as to wipe out the memory of that first disastrous expedition to the Athi plains. Almost everything I had aimed at either with gun or camera had got away, and Jerramani was morose. What would he have to boast of in the coffee-houses of Nairobi if this *bwana kubwa* (big master) never brought down anything? Though he was outwardly respectful, I could read chagrin and disapproval in his face. It shamed and irritated me that I was not a hero to my gun-bearer. But I was to sink still lower in his estimation before I should finally establish myself as a worthy master.

On the afternoon of which I write, we started off over the brow of the hill on which we had pitched our camp. Beyond and beyond were other small hills, intersected by deep valleys. The landscape was one of beautiful, open forest, with here and there a grassy clearing. The trees were tall and straight, and there was little underbrush. The African plains had made me think of the Dakotas. This peaceful hill country reminded me of New England.

We plunged down into the first valley and found ourselves in grass as high as our head. We went through it cautiously, alert for signs of leopards or lions. We had not gone far until we came upon a

deep ravine. We boldly descended the steep bank and took up our march along the side, close to the bottom. The sun was low. It sent long level rays down the length of the ravine, touching everything to brilliant color.

Suddenly out of the opposite bank there burst a herd of buffaloes. I do not know where they came from. Perhaps they had been lying in the grass and simply started into sight, alarmed by our approach. It seemed to me, however, that they sprang out of the earth. They stood and looked at us, their great heads thrust forward and their rope-like tails straight out behind them.

An African buffalo is not a pleasant-looking customer. It stands nearly five feet high at the shoulder. It has a huge head, out of all proportion to its body, and from its forehead great horns spring in bony bosses and spread to points that are from thirty-five to forty-eight inches apart. It has a nasty eye—a big round eye set in a protruding ring of a socket that makes it seem even rounder and fiercer than it is. And from the tassel at the tip of its tail to the points of its horns, the beast is of an unrelieved satanic black.

Even when they are peaceably grazing, buffaloes always go in battle formation, with their heads to the wind and the wiliest old bulls of the herd guarding their flanks. But there was nothing peaceable in the aspect of the herd drawn up before us, fifty strong, in a convex line. They were just ready, we were convinced, to charge us. The sun shooting down the ravine glistened on their black sides and turned their eyes to blood-red balls of fire.

We were too frightened to move. But after a few seconds that seemed an hour long, Jerramani said something in Swaheli and broke the spell. With one accord, Osa and I turned and scrambled up the side of the ravine as fast as we could go. We did not stop going until we reached the camp.

Jerramani followed us at a more dignified pace and without a word stalked off to the grass hut he shared with Ferraragi. Disgust and disapproval were in every line of his body. It is bad enough to have a *bwana* who cannot shoot—but to have a *bwana* that runs away! Jerramani felt the disgrace keenly. Besides, his mouth was watering for buffalo.

Osa and I looked at each other sheepishly and promised each other to stand our ground in the future, no matter what happened. We told our story to Dad and found that, though he had not stirred from camp, he, too, had had his buffalo adventure. A herd of fifty of them had gone thundering by the camp, so close that for a moment he feared they were going to tear and trample the tents in their path. “I don’t blame you for running,” he said. “I’d have run, if I had any place to run to, but I was already in camp.” We were to find before many

days that the hours between four o'clock and dark were teatime for the buffaloes. We could nearly always be sure of encountering the great beasts then, as they fed in the open after their long day of sleep in the depths of the forest.

We forgot our chagrin somewhat in a tour of inspection of our camp. This was the first expedition we had made with full *safari* equipment, and we found everything splendidly shipshape. Our sleeping-tent was double-roofed and lined with red in order to protect us from the heat of the sun, and it had a bathroom attachment equipped with a roomy canvas tub. It stood end to end with the big dining-room tent—a single, heavy tarpaulin. Under a third tent our equipment was neatly stored. The boys had thrown up, at a little distance from our tents, a grass cook-house, and grass huts for the head-men. They themselves chose to sleep on the ground about the fire, rather than go to the effort of building huts for themselves. Though they had only a thin blanket between them and nudity, they did not mind the cold nights and felt sufficiently protected from prowling animals by the light of the fire.

When we had satisfied ourselves that everything was to our liking, we returned to our tent to rest in our canvas easy-chairs until dinner should be ready. Kalawat, as usual, was up to her monkey tricks. The wilderness went to her head. She never tired of swinging through the trees. When night came, we had to coax her into her box. And when she was not climbing trees, she was tormenting the boys. Like a flash she would leap to a porter's shoulder, seize the little round woven skullcap that he wore on the back of his head, and go off to hang it in the tiptop of a tree. The boys, who were almost uniformly good-natured, took her teasing in good part. They showed, in fact, a real liking and affection for her. They christened her "memsahib's toto," the missis' baby; but sometimes, when she was especially devilish, they called her "daughter of Satan."

Dinner, served in our white-enamel kit (the complete dining-room equipment fitted into a single huge bucket and weighed sixty pounds, the legal weight of a single porter's load), was a triumph of 'Mpishi's art. It included an appetizer made from fresh eggs, hospitably sent over to us by Mrs. Whitehead, canned roast beef (the Big Master, alas, had failed to stock the larder with game), sweet corn and potatoes from native gardens, a dessert of canned dried fruits, and coffee grown in East Africa; and, to top it all off, I had one of my favorite American cigars, carried carefully, like my motion-picture films, in heat-proof, zinc-lined boxes.

Our boys fared rather differently. Our headman and personal servants received their daily ration of rice. The porters got simply two pounds of mealy-meal. If the master had been in good trim, they

would have had meat. It was no wonder they looked down their noses.

We rose early, on the morning following our first meeting with the buffaloes, anxious to redeem ourselves. We decided to take with us on the day's excursion all of our porters save two, whom we left behind to guard our camp. I chose the huskiest of the lot, a Kavairondo man, whom I rechristened, since I found his own name unpronounceable, by the name of his tribe, to carry my heaviest movie camera, and he carried it from that time until the end of my journey, and if I can get him when I go back to Africa, I intend to do so.

My porters were experienced *safari* men, a picked lot. Yet as I looked them over, lined up for the day's expedition, they did not seem to me especially prepossessing. They had well developed backs and chests and shoulders, made muscular by weeks and months of carrying sixty-pound loads, but their legs were so spindling that they seemed hardly capable of supporting the bodies of their owners. Later on, I found that this is characteristic of a professional porter. The slow, steady pace at which he travels results in no more than a normal development of his legs, while the heavy loads he carries on his head give him the chest and shoulders of an athlete. His endurance is marvellous. He is capable of keeping up a steady pace day after day, over smooth and rough territory. But he cannot be hurried. Forced marches bring him to utter exhaustion.

The sun was just up when we started on our march. A touch of the night's chill still remained on the air. It was a fine, bracing morning such as I found characteristic of the uplands of British East, where, save for the fiery noonday sun, one would never imagine himself on the equator.

We struck out straight into the hills. After weaving about through low, round hills for an hour or so, we found ourselves on the rim of a bowl about ten miles across and twenty-five miles long. The sides were high and steep; the bottom looked like a rich, green, grassy plain. And in every direction, as far as we could see, lay beaten game trails, from two to four feet wide. They crossed and recrossed each other, covering the bowl with a network resembling a gigantic crackle.

The game trails are the highways of most of Africa. One always follows them on *safari*. No one who has not experienced it can realize the pleasure of traversing those strange paths beaten smooth by the feet of generations of animals. I have walked them for hundreds of miles and can imagine no pleasanter ways. They are soft and springy and smooth as great, flattened automobile tires. At the end of a twenty-mile march under a hot sun, one is often still unwearied.

We had not gone far toward the bottom of the bowl, when we came upon rhinoceros spoor. Jerramani declared that the animals had

passed that way only yesterday. We went carefully along, looking to right and left, hoping to meet the great beasts—and hoping not to meet them. Soon we had to give most of our attention to the trail, for it became steep and slippery. As we went sliding toward the bottom of the bowl, we wondered how the rhinos that had left their traces along the way had ever managed to engineer their huge bulks down so steep a path.

When we at last reached level ground, we found that the bottom of the bowl, which had appeared so smooth and grassy from the rim, was covered with tall forest and intersected with streams and gullies. It seemed ideal animal country. It was also ideal country for photographing, for there was no underbrush and plenty of light. But it was noon before we came on any game. Then we spied, at a little distance, five buffaloes asleep under a tree. I stole up to within about three hundred yards of them—as close as I dared go—set up my camera, and adjusted my long-focus lens. If I had known then what I learned later about the wildness of wild animals, I would have gone boldly to within fifty yards of the beasts. But at that time, three hundred yards seemed all too dangerous proximity. I put Osa up a tree, picked out another tree for myself in case of emergency, and began to turn the crank of my camera. It was hard for me to turn it at a uniform speed. I was frankly scared, and the obvious nervousness of my boys did nothing to calm me. They, too, knew the uncertainty of my marksmanship.

I had not ground off fifty feet of film before the buffaloes were on their feet, their great heads thrust out toward me. My heart was in my mouth, but I stood my ground. And this time it was the buffaloes that ran away. With immense relief and some jubilation I saw them go. I felt that they had stayed long enough to furnish me with an excellent picture. I was not to learn until I got back to Nairobi and developed my film that in Africa it is impossible to take successful photographs with a long-focus lens between eleven and three o'clock. The heat-waves reflected from the earth during those hours make anything but close-ups utterly impossible.

But at the time this successful encounter—if one can give it such a name—gave us courage. We went along with more confidence, looking to right and left for signs of animals. As we beat our way through a patch of cane-grass, we heard an alarmed chirp, like that of a bird, and up started two pale, reddish-yellow cats, spotted with black. "Cheetah," hissed Jerramani, thrusting my rifle into my hand; and I actually had presence of mind enough to shoot. Of course I missed. Cheetahs are famous for the running dash, and this pair disappeared before I could take aim again, in a whir of yellow and black. I did not regret to see them go unharmed; for big-game hunters

had told me that they were the most innocuous of animals, living on birds and small animals, and rarely attacking men even when wounded, and I had no desire for wanton killing.

We met with no more adventures that day, save the painful adventure of climbing up the steep sides of the bowl. It took us three hours to reach the brim. As we sat there resting, we looked about us, and through the trees we saw distant herds of buffaloes feeding. Below, in the little clearings on the sides and in the center of the bowl, we made out more of the animals. From where we sat, those in the bottom of the depressions seemed scarcely larger than pigs. In all, we counted nine herds, seemingly ranging from twenty-five to a hundred head. And yet in that long day's march we had come within photographing distance of only five buffaloes.

We had no better luck during the next four days. The buffaloes of the Ithanga Hills had been hunted overmuch and had become wary. Sometimes we saw them at a distance. Occasionally we came upon them unexpectedly at close quarters, and they went crashing off in terror through the forest. After a number of these experiences, I began to lose my respect for the fiercest animal in Africa. He seemed no braver than I. On the fifth morning I attempted something that a week earlier would have seemed to me the height of foolhardiness. We sighted a herd of buffalo in a little *donga* that opened out of the bowl. I set up my camera in a neighboring valley on the other side of a small hill, and sent the boys off to get behind the animals and frighten them over the hill into focus.

Jerramani led the boys. Osa and Ferraragi took their places in front of me, to cover me in case the animals should charge. As we waited, Osa turned to me and said something in a mysterious gesture-language, which I could not understand. Ferraragi came back to translate her signs into Swaheli, which I understood scarcely better. I made out, however, that there was a water-buck asleep in the bushes a few yards ahead of where Osa was standing. I crept forward to her side. Sure enough, there lay an animal, half concealed.

"If the buffaloes do not come, shoot the water-buck," I advised, "and then the boys will have meat for supper."

I hurried back to my camera, for just then the racket to startle the buffaloes our way began. I waited, tense, for the animals to appear. Now that it was fully under way, I began to feel a bit uncertain about the outcome of this experiment in beating up buffaloes. I heard a pounding of hoofs and a breaking of branches. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Then the herd turned and went crashing off up the valley.

It was obvious that our coup had failed. Osa took careful aim at the water-buck and fired. Up rose not a water-buck but a huge buffalo

and toppled over dead. Before Osa could lower her rifle two more buffaloes emerged from the bushes. She shot one of them and then came running back to me in belated terror.

With Ferraragi, we went forward to examine the quarry—cautiously, for fear that one of the animals might be merely wounded. But both were dead—one cow and a half-grown calf.

We looked at each other in consternation, for we knew very well that the East African game ordinances forbade killing female buffaloes with their young. Hunters are not permitted to kill promiscuously in Africa. Even a resident has to have a license. The visiting sportsman must pay a hundred pounds for permission to hunt, and if he wants to kill an elephant or a rhino or a bull giraffe he must pay extra. Certain animals he may kill in unlimited numbers. Lions and zebras and some of the commoner gazelles are not protected, but he is permitted to bag only a few of each of most other animals, and severe penalties are usually attached to killing females with young.

We were not concerned about a possible fine, but we were dismayed at having to appear before our friend the game-warden with what sounded like a cock-and-bull story of mistaking two buffalo cows and a calf for a water-buck. We had been very well treated by the authorities. They had facilitated our work in many ways. We did not want them to think at the very beginning of our trip that we were lax in our observance of the game-laws. But as things turned out, luck was with us. When we got back to Nairobi, we found that the restrictions against shooting buffaloes, established at a time when the herds had been greatly depleted by rinderpest, had been abolished in our absence and that we were free to shoot as many of the big animals as we could hit.

Our feeling of guilt did not prevent us from enjoying our first meal of buffalo-meat. We found the steak and the tongue fully up to the reputation given them by big-game hunters. Our boys were well contented with the coarser cuts, which they dried around their campfire. They were in unusually good spirits and chanted strange, monotonous, rhythmic melodies until Jerramani called to them with a warning "*Makelele*," signifying that the white master and mistress were about to turn in. *Makelele* is Swaheli for racket. You say it when you want the racket to cease and when you want it to start.

We broke camp early on the morning after our buffalo kill and started for a new site, twenty-five miles farther into the hills. The place we were bound for was called Mackenzie Camp, after Lady Mackenzie, who had for some time made her headquarters there. One of the most interesting things about British East is that the wilderness is thickly populated with memories of great hunters. Here, you are told, is were Paul Rainey camped. Or this is the camp from which

Roosevelt shot his first lion. Or this is the place where Major Duggmore made his flashlight pictures of lions. Lady Mackenzie has the distinction of being one of the few women who have headed East African *safaris*.

The air was so invigorating on the morning when we set out for her camp that we felt as if we had on seven-league boots and could make the entire distance in no time. We went gaily down the steep sides of our now familiar bowl, catching glimpses, now and then, of our porters, who had started ahead of us, slipping and sliding down the trail. We crossed the bottom of the depression and went out through a valley on the opposite side. In spite of the ever-present temptation to turn aside for the exploration of alluring byways, we pushed straight ahead. Though we were always on the lookout for animals, we saw only a few bright brown bushbucks, pretty animals less than three feet high, with short, gracefully lyrate horns. We chanced a few shots at them, but missed them all.

When it was nearly sundown, and our steps had begun to flag, our boys reassured us with the news that we were near water. That meant, as it always means in Africa, that we were near a camping-place. Like horses in sight of a stable, we quickened our pace. Osa and I were in the lead. All at once we found ourselves fairly in the midst of a herd of a hundred buffaloes. They turned and ran for about a hundred yards and then wheeled, as if they had had military training, and faced us, heads out for a charge. We stood frozen in our tracks, but before we could summon courage to run away, they changed their minds about giving fight, wheeled again, and were off crashing through the forest.

The shadows fell about us before we reached our camping-place, and we hurried along fearfully, seeing gigantic beasts in every clump of bushes. It was quite dark when we halted on the slope of a little donga. While the porters, in the charge of Ferraragi, were pitching our tents, Jerramani and I went for water. We searched for some distance up and down the *donga* but found only a few foul pools covered with green scum. Since there was no other water, we had to make the best of it. I conducted a long chemical experiment to make it fit for use. First I boiled it; then I settled the film with alum; then I settled the alum with permanganate of potash; and then I drew off the water and boiled it again. Our thirsty porters did not wait for the completion of this long and foolish process. They drank the water as they found it.

Owing to the delay over the water, it was late before we turned in. But we were aroused betimes next morning by an excited shouting. I rushed to the tent door to see a dozen porters off up the *donga* in pursuit of somebody or something, who or what I could not make out. Jerramani, with Kalawat, *whooing* in terror, clinging to his neck, was

shouting something after them.

"*Kuna nini?*" I asked. "What is the matter?" at the sound of my voice, Kalawat leaped from Jerramani to me and buried her nose in my neck.

Jerramani answered me in rapid Swaheli that I could not follow, pointing as he spoke, from Kalawat to a tree nearby. An arrow with a feathered shaft stood out from the trunk of the tree. I began to understand. Someone had tried to shoot our ape.

As I questioned Jerramani in halting Swaheli, the pursuit up the *donga* ended in a shout of triumph, and the boys returned to the camp, dragging with them the assailant of "memsahib's toto," the most frightened negro in Africa. He was a scrawny, wild-looking little man, stark naked save for a filthy pelt he wore over one shoulder. His only equipment was a skin quiver full of arrows and a bow, strung with zebra gut, which Aloni, our house-boy, had taken from him and was flourishing over his head to the accompaniment of fluent vituperation. Aloni, as I have said, was one of two out of all my boys who spoke English, and he was very proud of the accomplishment. With one eye on me, he visited on the head of the poor captive all the profane wrath of a long series of former employers.

Zabenelli, my official interpreter, explained to me that the culprit was a Dorobo, and I forgot Kalawat's narrow escape in my interest in seeing one of the strange wood-people of whom I had heard so much. The 'Ndorobo are the most primitive of the East African natives. Most of them live in the forests in caves or similar dwellings provided by nature and subsist on wild honey and game brought down by bows and arrows. Though they usually band together in small, roving groups, one frequently meets lonely hunters such as the poor wretch who now stood before me. The 'Ndorobo are looked down upon by the more advanced tribes, but not a few of the latter have deserted the comparative civilization of their own people and gone off to the greenwood with the 'Ndorobo. There are 'Ndorobo who claim relationship with other tribes and call themselves Masai 'Ndorobo or Kikuyu 'Ndorobo. Sometimes they build themselves rude houses and attempt a shiftless cultivation of the soil. But they are despised by the more progressive natives as the "poor black trash" of Africa.

Kalawat's assailant was shaggy-haired and unkempt, and he had the shy, furtive, appealing eye of a harmless wood-animal. Zabenelli, in the role of public prosecutor, advised that I tie him to a tree and flog him. And indeed if the Dorobo had not missed Kalawat he would probably have fared badly at my hands. But justice, in spite of a reputation to the contrary, is illogical and unreasonable. Since the little savage had not hit the ape, I chose to regard him as innocent of evil intent. I decided that he had, as was probably the case, taken

Kalawat for a wild monkey and therefore quite legitimate quarry.

Through an astonished Zabenelli, I explained to the trembling little man that Kalawat was, in a manner of speaking, a member of the family, but that though he had offended grievously in attempting to shoot her, I, considering his ignorance of her status, would be magnanimous. I would refrain from punishing him if he would consent to stay with us for a day or two and assist us in tracking game. Furthermore, I would pay him a shilling for each specimen of really big game we should find with his assistance. He nodded mutely, in token of acceptance of my terms, and I told Jerramani to give him a ration of mealy-meal, Jerramani carried out my orders with an unsuccessful attempt at concealing his disgust with my softness. I suppose he found it entirely consistent with my character as a hunter.

Next morning we looked out on a slow drizzle, the forerunner of the short rains. We found, upon inquiry, that the Dorobo had disappeared before daylight. I felt sure that we had seen the last of him, but I had misjudged him. The following day broke fair, and the Dorobo appeared with the first sun to inform us that there was a leopard in a *donga* not far from camp. He led the way to a little, thicketed valley, at the mouth of which I set up my cameras.

Osa and Ferraragi crept cautiously along the rim of the *donga*, peering down into it in search of the leopard. Suddenly Osa held up her hand. She had sighted the cat, a yellow blur among the bushes. She took her .30 from Ferraragi, aimed and fired. The leopard leaped from the thicket and ran directly toward the camera. Half-way, he stopped under a small thorn-tree and crouched there snarling.

I whirled my camera toward him and ground away at the crank waiting for him to spring. The thought of recording that spring in motion-pictures made me forget all the stories I had heard of maulings received by men from leopards. Slowly, with lifted rifle, Osa walked in the direction of the wounded animal. Then suddenly, without warning, she fired, and the leopard sank down dead.

I went to her in anger. “You have spoiled my picture,” I said. “Why didn’t you wait for him to spring?” For answer she pointed to the splendid animal that lay before us, and I saw that her first shot had robbed the poor creature of all the spring he had in him. She had mercifully fired the second to put him out of his misery. He turned out to be the finest leopard we killed in all our months in Africa. We took him to camp, and while Japanda, our skilful, wizened little skinner, was deftly removing the pelt, our boys sang and shouted with joy. The *bwana* and the *bibi* (mistress) had risen in their estimation.

On the following day our Dorobo, having duly received his shilling and feeling, doubtless, that he had redeemed himself, disappeared for good. It rained that day, and we kept close to camp.

But on the next morning we started out bright and early, with cameras and guns and a well filled lunch-basket, to see what we could see. At about eleven o'clock we came upon rhino spoor. Since it was still steaming, it could not have been more than an hour old. We examined the faint tracks left in the packed earth of the trail and decided that there were two rhinos not very far ahead of us.

We followed the spoor through the forest with all the caution of American Indians on a scouting party. As we went, I tried to remember directions I had received from big-game hunters for shooting rhinos. "A side shot through the head"—that was the prescription. But what did that man from whom I had bought my rifles in New York say? He himself had been big-game hunting in Africa. "If the rhino comes head on," he had said, "use your .405 Winchester with a hard-nose bullet. If you can get him from the side, better use an expanding bullet. If he's very close and head on, use a soft-nose bullet, or if he presents his side, take your .30, government model, with the hard-nose." He had wanted to tell me more, but I, having decided that I could never learn to shoot by the book, had stopped him. Now I thought of his instructions and wondered whether I would have presence of mind enough to follow them if we caught up with the rhinos.

But we did not catch up with them. After about an hour we lost the trail. By that time, the sun was high, and it was growing hot. We sat down under a big mimosa-tree to rest and to plan our procedure. Finally, I called all the boys about me. I told them to leave their loads under the tree and to go off into the woods in couples, radiating from the tree, in search of rhinos. I promised two shillings to the pair that first saw the animals. Osa and I remained under the tree with Jerramani and my camera-boys. But when an hour had passed and none of the porters had returned, we decided to do some exploring for ourselves, and followed by Jerramani with our guns and the Kavairondo with my camera, we started up a little *donga*.

Suddenly Jerramani put his hand on my arm. "*Simba, simba,*" he whispered. And there about fifty yards in front of us was a big, blackmaned lion, tearing at a zebra he had killed and dragged into the bushes. The lion stood with his back to us, but just as I caught sight of him he turned. For one marvellous second, he stood, fierce and beautiful, his front feet on the zebra he had killed, glaring at us with savage, yellow-green eyes. I watched him, motionless with admiration.

But not Osa. She proved the ease of the ayes in the age-old debate, Resolved: That women are more practical than men. Before I knew what she was up to, she seized her .30 from Jerramani and fired at the lion. He had just lifted one foot to turn and go off into the forest, but she brought him down in a heap. He rolled over, whirled in

our direction, and (so it seemed to me) made ready for a spring. Then I thought of my camera. I turned. And if Kavairondo hadn't set it up for me! It was a miraculous and unexpected bit of intelligence on his part, but I did not stop to marvel at it. I sprang to the crank and began to reel off King Lion.

There he crouched, big and beautiful. He roared until the thicket shook, baring his great white teeth in a vicious grimace. He tried to spring, but he sank back, powerless, on his haunches, with effort holding himself erect on his fore legs. He roared again. Osa was wild with excitement. She went closer and closer to him, gun in hand, exclaiming over and over: "Isn't he a beauty! Isn't he a beauty!" He turned his head toward her and snarled, and then with another mighty roar gathered himself painfully together for a spring. "Look out!" I shouted. But my warning was unnecessary. The King of Beasts had fallen over dead. Osa's bullet had broken his back.

It had been a marvellous exhibition of animal courage and endurance. Right there, I gave the lion precedence over all the beasts for bravery, and I never had cause to reverse my decision.

With the police-whistle I always carried, I summoned the boys to the rendezvous, and the lion was skinned to an accompaniment of shouts and singing. We marched home to a barbaric chant, in which we distinguished the words *memsahib* and *simba*, many times repeated. The ten miles we had to go were as nothing. When we were within hailing distance, the boys shouted to their comrades who had remained in camp, and they came out to escort us in triumphal procession.

In many of the native tribes of Africa a man is not proved a man until he has killed a lion. We had to bring home the King of Beasts before we could prove ourselves worthy masters. But from that time on, there was no flaw in the loyal and affectionate admiration of our boys for their *Bwana Piccer* and *Memsahib Kidogo*, their "Master Picture" and their "Little Missis." It was Osa that had brought down the lion, but I had my full share of the glory. After all, she was my woman.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELEPHANTS

OUR sojourn in the Ithanga Hills was cut short by several days by a very disagreeable accident. We ran out of salt. On this and other *safaris* we carried our provisions in chop-boxes, light boxes of a composite material, made to hold just sixty pounds—a week's ration for two people. It was Osa's task to pack the chop-boxes. Sometimes for a really long *safari* she had to prepare food for from three to six months. And it is no easy task, as any housewife will agree, to plan your menus and collect the ingredients for them for six months ahead and not forget a single thing. It is fatal to forget in Africa, for once you are in the "blue" there is no corner grocery; there is not even an Indian *duka* for last-minute purchases. The natives in remote regions have no gardens; they live chiefly on fermented milk. The country offers nothing in the way of wild fruits, save a little, warty fig that only Kalawat relished. Aside from game and fish, you must take everything with you. For the most part, Osa did wonders. Between her and 'Mpishi, our *safari* menus were varied and excellent. But on this first *safari* she left the salt out of the last two chop-boxes. We had two days of choking, tasteless food, and then we could not stand it any longer, and set out on the back trail. Not until we were on the way did we discover that we had left a few grains of the coarse salt used in preserving skins. That salt was like water to a man dying of thirst in the wilderness.

Cheered and stimulated by it, we made our way by stages to the Whitehead plantation and thence to Nairobi. We did not stay long in the capital, for having had a taste of big-game hunting, we were anxious to be out again after animals.

I was interested in all kinds of wild animals, but in my mind one species overshadowed all the others. That was the great African elephant. Up to this time, I had not seen a single specimen. I had not so much as happened on an elephant trail. And yet I was always thinking about elephants, and one of the things that made me so eager to set off in search of the lost lake of the missionary was that he had spoken of it as a favorite haunt of the great beasts.

I considered myself a lucky man when Blainey Percival invited me to go with him on a tour of inspection through the Southern

Game-Reserve, for the elephants were said to be in migration there. I had heard many accounts of elephant migrations. In the old days, I had been told, the herds were more or less constantly in migration. Nowadays civilization confines them to certain restricted areas. The elephants are intelligent enough to know that, generally speaking, it is wise for them to keep away from plantations and out of the plains. But occasionally the old habit comes strong upon them, and whole herds migrate from place to place. Sometimes they move with the season to find shelter from the rain-bearing winds or to meet other herds in some remote trysting-place at the breeding-season. Sometimes they move, seemingly for no reason at all save a desire for new scenes. They travel for many miles in herds of from half a dozen to many score, until they reach some favorite spot, in which they will stay until the impulse seizes them to move on or to return whence they came.

The question of elephant migration is one of the most interesting of the many vexed questions concerning animal life that are argued over by scientists and hunters. There is surprisingly little real knowledge concerning the lives and habits of animals. Most of the men who have lived and hunted in British East have opinions, decided opinions, backed by definite, concrete experience. But somehow the opinions rarely agree. I know one hunter, who is also a scientist and knows a tremendous lot about elephants, who is convinced that there is nothing, in the stories of herds of elephants making migrations of hundreds of miles. He thinks that the animals live and die within comparatively restricted areas. On the other hand, I know other hunters who also know a lot about animals who believe that the great beasts go on long treks. In this, as in other disputed questions concerning animal habits, I keep an open mind. I did not presume to say whether or not the elephants migrated; but I knew that, if they did, to see them doing it with Percival, who not only knew the country like his pocket but was one of the finest men it had been my good fortune to meet in many years, was a rare privilege, and I accepted the invitation with alacrity.

We made our real start from Kiu, about a half-day's railway journey from Nairobi. In our party were Osa, Percival, and myself, our personal attendants, and some forty porters. We spent the night in the station and set out early next morning, under the guidance of the game-reserve patrol.

The game-reserve patrol consisted of a half-dozen Masai tribesmen. Since the Masai kill no animals save the lion, they make excellent game-wardens. Those that met us were fine, big men. Their leader, Nakuru, named after a lake near the game-reserve, wore a uniform consisting of khaki "shorts," shirt and jacket rather the worse for wear, rolled puttees, and a visored cap with ear-laps. He wore the

visor over one ear, and, since the climate did not require them, he did not pull down the ear-laps. The other members of the patrol were differentiated from the usual Masai tribesmen by the fact that they wore, in lieu of skins, faded red blankets, fastened on one shoulder like a Roman tunic. One of them even had an undergarment. He looked as if he had been called to the telephone in the midst of his bath and had hurriedly caught up his blanket and a (very dirty) sheet and knotted them on his shoulder.

Led by this picturesque patrol, we were on our way before dawn. We walked until noon across the shadeless plains. We saw numerous herds of animals—zebras, antelopes, occasionally gnus and elands. And once we saw giraffes in the distance. From time to time we came on a huge whitened skull or scattered bones that told where a rhinoceros had met his fate. Percival told us that we stood small chance of meeting more than the skeletons of rhinos, for during the war the soldiers had killed off most of the rhinos in the reserve. A rhino is easy prey for a good shot. His sight and hearing are both bad, and he is so stupid that he often runs into danger instead of away from it. And the soldiers, testing their marksmanship, killed rhinos wantonly. I was afterward to meet one who boasted of having done for ten in a day.

The ground gradually sloped down, as we advanced across the plains, and we felt the change from the higher, bracing altitudes to which we had grown used. At about noon we came into wooded country, covered sparsely with mimosas and acacias. A little later we reached the dry bed of the Ol Gueri River and found elephant tracks not yet twenty-four hours old. We followed them for a little distance down the river and then decided to make camp for the night and proceed with our quest on the following day.

We had seen no signs of animals in the vicinity of our camp, but as soon as night fell lions began roaring all about us. Never before nor afterward did I hear so many lions as I heard in the Southern Game-Reserve; for lions hunt where game is plentiful and pay no heed to game-laws and game-wardens. Each night they circled about us, roaring at the fires, which we kept piled high with thorn-bush. At first we found it difficult to sleep. Then we became used to the roaring; the uncomfortable feeling of being Daniels wore off; and tired with the day's activities we dropped off almost as soon as we touched our pillows. But always, when I woke in the night to hear a long-drawn-out sepulchral roar coming from out of the dark, a little shiver ran down my spine. There was in that shiver not only fear but a pleasurable realization of the wilderness.

Next day we followed the tracks of the elephants from dawn until dark. The great beasts had crossed and recrossed the river in a tedious,

winding line. Where they had gone in the damp clay of the river-bottom, their footprints were so clear that every minute line was visible; a palmist could have told wonderful elephant fortunes from them. Apparently there were from twelve to fifteen grown animals and three young ones. Mr. Percival said that some hunters claimed to be able to tell the sex of an elephant by the shape of its tracks: the hind feet of the female were supposed to be oval in shape and those of the male to be round. We studied the tracks assiduously for a while and decided that there were five female elephants and ten or more males in the herd. Then we changed our minds; there were four males and the rest were females. Finally we decided that the test was all buncombe and that there was no telling how many of the elephants were bulls and how many were cows. The only thing to do was to find them and see.

The farther we went the thicker the game was. We passed through countless herds, and in marked contrast with the situation in regions open to the hunter, nine tenths of all the animals were females and *totos*. I climbed to the crest of one hill and saw before me one of the largest single herds of giraffes I was to see in Africa. Thirty-seven of the great, ungainly creatures were feeding directly in front of me. But before I could get my cameras up, they caught my scent and went off, bringing their hind feet between their front feet with every step, but making good time in spite of their queer telescopic gait. I got them outlined briefly against the sky as they passed over the crest of the opposite hill and disappeared.

We camped that night on a high bank, where the river made a sharp bend. Below, in the river-bed, Masai herdsmen were watering their cattle. They had dug a deep hole in the bed of the river, waited for the water to filter in, and then with rude wooden buckets that looked like hollowed bits of firewood had filled the troughs, roughly hollowed out of logs, from which the cattle drank. The herdsmen complained that in the morning an enormous herd of elephants had come unexpectedly around the curve of the river, pushed aside the cattle, which fled in terror, drunk the troughs dry, and then broken them to bits. It had taken all day to round up the cattle and repair damages. In spite of the fact that the Masai swore there were hundreds of elephants in the herd that had wrought the havoc, we knew it was our herd that had passed. Fifteen for hundreds meant no more than the usual rate of discount for native stories. We were pleased to find that we were so close to the elephants, and hoped that by getting under way at dawn on the morrow, we might catch up with them.

We could scarcely see the great tracks when we set out in the gray light of early morning; but luckily the beasts had kept to the

river-bed, and we managed to follow the trail. At a little after sunrise, we came to a place where the elephants had turned abruptly away from the river and proceeded straight toward the former German border. We followed their trail for ten weary miles, and then we came to the wooded foot-hills of Kilimanjaro and knew that it was useless to go farther. Natives of whom we inquired said that we had seen the last of the migration. “A week ago,” they said, “you could not count the elephants here, but now they have gone back to the mountains and will not return until the next rains.”

Bitterly disappointed, we made camp where we had abandoned our search, and the next day we returned to the river, for I wanted to get some pictures of the herds of eland, which were here more numerous than I saw them anywhere else in Africa. The eland is the largest member of the antelope family. It stands from five to six feet at the shoulder and measures sometimes nine feet from the horns to the base of the tail. Old bulls sometimes reach a weight of fifteen hundred pounds, and an average animal weighs as much as nine hundred pounds. The eland pays the penalty paid by all gentle creatures in a predatory world. Its guilelessness and lack of suspicion make it easy prey for the men who seek it on account of its tender, juicy flesh, and so it is gradually disappearing from the more frequented parts of Africa. Here in the game-reserve I saw the only large herds of eland I saw in British East, and beautiful creatures they were, with sleek, fawn-colored coats, shading to gray under the belly, and wide spread horns.

We got to the river early in the day, and I went at once to pick out a site for a blind. I chose a spot by which, logically, the animals should have passed to drink.

“I wager you won’t get a single animal there, Johnson,” said Percival. “Beasts aren’t logical, you know—not according to a man’s way of thinking. But go ahead with your blind. The location has one good point: from it you can see all up and down the river.”

I sat in the blind all the next day and found that Percival was right. Not an animal came within range of my cameras. But from my vantage-point I could see the animals going down to the river some distance away and drinking at water-holes which they dug with their hoofs.

On the following morning, I had the boys build a new blind where Percival directed, at a point directly opposite the place where we had seen the animals drinking. It was closer to the river than I would have constructed it. But Mr. Percival reassured me. “The animals in the reserve are not man-shy,” he said. “They are so used to the Masai and their cattle that you can all but walk up to them and pet them.” And so it turned out.

By the time the blind was completed, the Masai were watering their stock at the holes the animals had dug, and we had to wait for them to finish and move on with their cattle before we could expect to see any animals. As we watched the natives at their laborious process of drawing water and filling the troughs for their herds, Percival told us of the way in which the Masai conserved the scant pasturage of the plains. During and after the rainy season, when the grass was green and moist, they divided the pasturage into segments of a large circle, which converged to a common center at the watering-place. Then each herdsman led his cattle to the outer edge of the segment allotted to him, about a day's march from the water. After they had fed for a day he drove them back to drink and then drove them out again. In the beginning the cattle could have water, only once in three days, but since the grass was still green and full of moisture they did not suffer. As the grass dried up or was grazed short, the herdsman pastured his animals a little nearer and still a little nearer to the water-hole. The circle narrowed down gradually until, by the time the next rains came, the cattle were feeding on the grass along the river.

It was noon on the day of which I write before the Masai finished watering their flocks. But long before they had done, the animals began to congregate on the river-banks a little way off, waiting for their turn. They came hundreds strong, zebras, kongonis, impalas, gnus, elands, hanging their heads like tired horses. Each herd had a leader. When he advanced a few paces, the other animals followed him. When he stopped, they stopped. And as the Masai drove their cattle past our blind off into the "blue" the game moved in.

Soon, as far up and down the river as we could see, were herds of animals, pawing the dry riverbed with their feet to make little holes into which the precious water would seep. A half-dozen or more different species rubbed shoulders with each other. Wart-hogs rooted in the mud. But even at such close proximity, each species kept pretty much to itself. The first business of the day was evidently to get a drink, but once their thirst was partly satisfied, the animals became playful. The zebras gambolled about and nipped one another, and the young stallions, rising on their hind legs, struck out at one another in mock battle. The gnus played tag in and out among the other animals, chasing each other, in circles, and butting each other vigorously with their great, ugly heads. And none of the animals paid any attention to the blind we had built or to the strange *click-click* of the camera. It did not look or sound like lion to them, and lion was all they had learned to fear in the sheltered precincts of the Game-Reserve.

As we sat about the fire that night, Mr. Percival told us of the struggles he had had to keep a few reserves in British East where the animals might live unmolested. Civilized men and wild creatures, men

or animals, cannot live as neighbors without a clash of interests, and when such a clash occurs, it is almost inevitably the interests of the wild creatures that are sacrificed. Of course it is obvious that lions and leopards and hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses and buffaloes and elephants make poor neighbors for men. If you are to have settlers and plantations, you must drive off or exterminate the beasts that prey on man and trample his fields. And however friendly you may feel toward the gentle plains animals, you must inevitably drive them off, too. Every fence you build is a stroke in the death-knell of the antelopes and gazelles and zebras that must run wild and free or else perish. In the course of years, British East will probably become as tidy and well organized and ugly and generally unfit to live in as other civilized countries, and there will be not an animal left—unless a few hundreds of the millions of acres they once enjoyed are kept for them to live in undisturbed.

It seems incredible that there is a faction in British East even now that is active for the abolition of the two reserves—a very small percentage of the great area of the country—set aside for the animals. The members of this faction say, "British East Africa is no longer 'nature's zoo.' The game must go to make room for men." They ignore the fact that there is much land outside the game-reserves that has not yet been taken up by settlers, and that the game-reserves themselves are from an agricultural point of view the least desirable territory in Africa. They are simply possessed by the mania for "civilizing" the country, and so they say, "The game must go."

In spite of their efforts, the game-reserves will probably continue in existence for years to come. For there is another faction in the colony that loves the animals and wishes to see them protected. Among the most prominent citizens are men who came out to East Africa as big-game hunters and fell victim to the beauty of the country and the fascination of animal life and took up permanent abode there. As long as such men live in the colony, the animals will have a chance for life and will wander tamely wild on their preserves.

On the day after our first experience with the blind we dug a big water-hole half-way across the river in order to bring the animals closer. On the third day we dug another water-hole directly under our cameras. The animals were so unsuspicious that it seemed almost unsportsmanlike to take their pictures, but take them we did, and those pictures from the Southern Game-Reserve were some of the best we brought back from Africa. We built a little addition to the main blind from which Osa could take motion-pictures from an angle slightly different from that of my camera, and Mr. Percival took stills, getting marvellous results with an old camera that I put in shape for him.

It is a strange fact, and one worth noting, that though we had seen giraffes feeding on the plains, no giraffes came to drink at the Ol Gueri River. And Percival told me, and the Masai corroborated him, that he had never seen giraffes drinking anywhere in the Southern Game-Reserve. Though they frequented the water-holes in other parts of Africa, here, on account of some inexplicable animal whimsy, they were teetotallers.

We did not spend all our time in the blind. Every day or so we made an expedition into the plains to stalk animals in the open and visit the villages of the Masai. They are strange villages of huts built entirely of dung, forming a hollow square into which the herdsmen drive their cattle at night. Around the outside is a barrier of thorn-bush, but in spite of that and in spite of the watchmen who stand guard the night through, a lion or a leopard sometimes gets into the *kraal* and works havoc among the cattle.

The entire life of the Masai centers around his flocks and herds. As a child, he tends the big-tailed sheep and comical long-eared black goats. In later years, he becomes a herdsman of cattle. In between, he has a period of delicious swank and entire idleness as one of the standing army of his part of the tribe. As soon as a boy reaches a man's estate, he becomes a warrior. But he is not recognized as a man until he has speared a lion. Bravery is a prime virtue among the Masai. And indeed it takes bravery of the highest type to hunt and kill a lion with no weapon save a native spear. I had the greatest respect for every man I saw wearing proudly the lion's mane head-dress that proclaimed his manhood.

Once his lion has been killed, the Masai warrior lives at ease. He is a fierce-looking specimen. His hair is streaked with red clay, and he is armed with a spear or bow and a shield of buffalo-hide. He does not make the shield himself. It is a product of some Wakamba armourer, for the Wakambas are shield makers for most of British East, and exchange their wares against the cattle and women of other tribes. More for show than either spear or bow is the knobkerrie of the Masai brave. Used sometimes as a throwing-stick, sometimes perhaps as a club, the knobkerrie is mainly ornamental. A black dandy carries it as a white man carries a cane. He does little fighting; the British authorities frown on fighting and deal harshly with those who refuse to live at peace with their neighbors. He just swanks about, and rarely he goes off with his confrères on mysterious expeditions that last for weeks. They drive with them a number of fine steers to feast on in the wilderness. The every-day food of the tribe is the blood of cattle and milk and *ghee*, or fermented milk similar to the *lebban* of the Arabs. The women probably never taste flesh their lives through, unless it be the flesh of a cow that has died of old age or sickness or injury.

A brief period of warriordom, and the Masai returns to his flocks and ends life as he began it, driving out herds to pasture. He has few wants. Life in his village is regulated by a communal plan. His years are a series of goings out and comings in with the flocks and the herds, unbroken by any event save an occasional skirmish with the men of a neighboring village, the occasional visit of a *safari*.

Percival had a runner who went every day to Kiu and back, a distance of twenty miles each way, for mail. One day the boy brought a letter calling Percival back to Nairobi. He set off at once, taking only a few boys, and planning to return as soon as his business was attended to.

While Percival had been with us, the discipline of our camp had been extraordinary. A native has a certain awe for any white man, but his awe for a white man connected with the Government is something overwhelming. I had not believed my boys capable of such alacrity of movement as they evidenced in the presence of Percival. But as soon as he had departed they relaxed. The strain of good behavior had been a great one. Now they slumped into laziness.

On the night of his departure, I was awakened with the roar of a lion seemingly right in my ear. I leaped to my feet and grabbed my rifle. After a moment's tense waiting, the roar sounded again, some little distance off. I shuffled into my slippers and looked out of the tent door. It was dark as Egypt. The campfire had been allowed to go out. An angry blast on my police-whistle brought a sleepy Jerramani to the tent. I berated him soundly and asked him to have the fires built up. He went away, to return in a few moments with the shamefaced report that there was no fire-wood. It was his job to see that the porters brought in firewood, and he had neglected it. I ordered him to rouse Ferraragi and with him to patrol the camp until morning, and then I went back to a fitful sleep, disturbed by the roaring of the lions that circled about the camp. Percival had set my mind at rest about man-eating lions. He said that he had never heard of a man-eater. Lions occasionally killed a man, usually in self-defense, but invariably they were frightened away from the body before they had a taste of human blood. During the construction of the railroad, he said, the bodies of the coolies that died while working on the track were not buried, but were carried off into the forest and left there for beasts to prey on, and so the man-eaters of Tsavo got the first taste of human blood that made them hunters of men. But aside from the man-eaters of Tsavo, he had never known of a single authenticated case of a lion that had turned man-hunter.

With the roars of lions coming from all sides, however, I could not feel very easy, and I rose in the morning, tired and cross at having been deprived of my sleep. I called Jerramani and Ferraragi to me and

gave them as much of a lecture as my limited Swaheli would permit. Jerramani, a chronic laugher, struggled to keep from bursting into laughter at my efforts. But he soon sobered down. As a punishment for their neglect, I told Jerramani and Ferraragi that they could not accompany us that day. They should stay in camp and see that sufficient wood was brought in to last overnight. If we ran out during the coming night or any succeeding night, I would discharge the whole outfit without recommendations and report them besides to Mr. Percival and the Bureau of Natives Affairs as inefficient and incompetent. It was an impressive harangue, put together with little regard for grammar and with a liberal sprinkling of unintelligible English words that made it sound to my head-men more threatening than it was. To humiliate them further, I chose two men from the rank and file of the porters to act as our gun-bearers for the day, and Osa and I set out.

It was late when we returned. And the first thing we saw was a pile of wood as big as the room in which I write. Struggling to keep from laughing, we pretended not to notice it. Jerramani hung about for a while, trying vainly to attract my attention. Then he came boldly up to me. He saluted respectfully. “Plenty of wood, *bwana?*” he asked in a voice stifled with laughter.

“It will do,” I replied, making a tremendous effort to keep from laughing myself. And he had to be content with that.

At nightfall we divided the boys into watches, two boys to a watch, to feed the fire the night through. There was little sleep among the boys that night. They lingered about the fires, telling stories in low tones and playing jokes on each other, while they piled wood on the fires until they roared and crackled. There was little sleep in the master’s tent, either. But never again during all our *safaris* was the campfire allowed to burn out.

A few days later a runner came from Percival saying that he would not be able to return to the reserve, and so we moved slowly toward Kiu, exploring where the mood took us and stopping wherever there seemed a promise of getting good pictures. Our return was marked by few incidents.

One evening we met an elderly Masai, with his spear dripping blood. A lion had been trailing his cattle. He had speared it, but the animal had escaped, wounded. The Masai wanted to pursue it, but did not dare to do so single-handed. Would we help him? I remembered a dictum of Percival’s, “Never go after a wounded lion, unless you know where it is,” and I refused. The Masai went off, thoroughly convinced that I was a coward. To refuse to face danger or to run away from it is with the Masai the greatest disgrace.

Next day I lost caste also with Osa. It was toward evening. Osa, as

usual, was well in advance of the party. Suddenly she started running, gun in hand, in the direction of two lions, which were making off as fast as they could. I called to her to stop. She went on. I had visions of her violating the trust that had been placed in us by the authorities who had consented to our visiting the game-reserve, in return for our promise that we would shoot only in self-defense. I shouted again in tones of husbandly authority. This time she stopped, but when I came up with her, she put into words all the scorn that the Masai had expressed only in their bearing. “Are you afraid?” she asked me. When my explanation that I merely wanted some day to come back to the Southern Game-Reserve had been accepted rather coldly, we proceeded to Kiu without further event.

CHAPTER VII

A MOTORIST'S STORY

I HAVE noticed that most motorists tell the story of a journey in terms of good and bad roads, engine-trouble and tire-trouble, accidents and narrow escapes. They seem to see no further than the caps on their radiators, and as a result their stories are as tiresome as a silly woman's account of her own emotions. But I myself fall into that same style of narrative, when I tell about our *safari* to the Amala River; for we went over roads—and no roads—that seemed impossible for anything to traverse and put our automobiles to tests that seemed beyond the power of any car to withstand.

It was shortly after our return from the Southern Game-Reserve that we received news that elephants were in migration in the Amala River district, about two hundred miles southwest of Nairobi. We learned that we could go there by motor, partly by road and partly across the plains, and so we at once began to prepare for a three-automobile *safari*, consisting of our two *safari* Fords and the one-ton truck we had leased from the outfitters.

We were interrupted in the midst of our preparations by an event that upset the entire capital for three days. I went to town one morning to find the streets full of Kikuyus. Some of them had obviously come from a distance. They were dressed in the height of village style. They wore huge earrings of wood, carved or plain, of stone, or of anything they had happened to pick up, thrust through the cartilage of their ears. They wore bracelets and anklets of beads or wire, and necklaces and belts made of all sorts of odds and ends; and they all wore, in addition, the single garment of skin that the etiquette of the capital demanded. On inquiry, I learned that the natives were in Nairobi in protest against the arrest of one of their tribesmen, a man named Harry Thuku, who had acquired in mission-schools that little knowledge which is so dangerous a thing. Harry Thuku had gone up and down the countryside preaching rebellion against the British Government. He had a good talking-point. The Government had been seizing land against unpaid taxes. Since the natives could see little reason why they should be taxed at all, they naturally could see less reason why their land should be taken for non-payment of taxes. So Harry Thuku's urging toward rebellion fell on fertile ground, and

finally the British authorities were compelled to arrest him.

They brought him to Nairobi and put him in jail. And then his fellow-tribesmen organized a demonstration in truly civilized style. All day long they poured into town. On the day after that, the streets were so crowded that I could hardly make my way through. All the Kikuyu servants in town were called out to join in the demonstration. My two *shamba* boys disappeared before I was up. At a little after noon, as I was going with the Toto and Dad and Osa on an errand in the center of town, we heard the sound of shouting. "Better turn back," shouted a man passing on a bicycle. "The Kikuyus are storming the jail. Looks nasty." But if there was going to be a row, I wanted to be on hand; so I kept on, and the Toto, gray with fear, but too frightened to turn back alone, stuck by me. We arrived on the scene just in time to see the last volley fired by a company of the King's African Rifles, drawn up in front of the jail. The street was a turbulent sea of Kikuyus, falling over one another in an attempt to get away.

Piecemeal, from acquaintances met in the streets, I learned what had happened. A delegation of the natives had gone to the governor, who had explained to them to the best of his ability the duties of citizenship and the necessity of preserving the authority of the Government against agitators such as Harry Thuku. The explanation had been neither as intelligible nor as pleasing to the natives as the preachings of Harry Thuku had been. The report of the delegation had been received with murmurs of disapproval, and the crowd had pressed in threateningly about the jail. It was not a fierce attack. It was simply a quiet closing in. But by sheer weight of numbers the Kikuyus, unarmed as they were, could have forced the jail. The officer in charge, a man who had put down Masai rebellions in years past, warned the crowd back. If they advanced, he said, the garrison of the jail must open fire. But the crowd did not believe that the white man, usually so tolerant, would give the order to fire, and they pressed in closer, as a precaution putting a shield of women in front; for the white man's softness concerning women was well known. Suddenly the jail gates opened and a company of the King's African Rifles stepped out. The Kikuyus had not known they were there; they had been spirited into the jail during the night. The soldiers fired into the crowd, as I have described, and the "rebellion" was over. It had cost the Kikuyus a few dead and a number of wounded, and had accomplished nothing.

Soldiers with drawn bayonets were now clearing the streets, for the order had gone out that not a black, save servants, should be allowed in the town until the following day. I am sure that there was not a native who wanted to be in town. The Kikuyu braves melted away like frost in the sun, and when I reached home I found my

shamba boys working—even Dumo-as they had never worked before, to give the impression that they had not been off the job a minute. The Toto, having recovered from his scare, was a hero. All that day, over and over again, he repeated the story of the great riot to an admiring circle of our own and the neighbors' servants. But in another day or so all black Nairobi had either forgotten the incident or else referred to it laughingly as a piece of foolishness. The African blacks are children of the day. No emotion, hate nor love nor fear nor anger, lasts long after the stimulating cause of it has been removed.

When the town finally settled down again to its accustomed routine, we completed our preparations and set out. Osa drove the new Ford; I drove the old one, and Cotter drove the truck. We travelled light, arranging the Fords to serve as sleeping-quarters, and taking only a handful of boys; for we knew that we should have rough going, and we wanted to make up for lost time.

We reached the Kedong valley, roughly about ninety miles from Nairobi, without event, and made camp at a place called Quarantine. It had once deserved the name, for the Government had maintained there a quarantine station for the inspection of cattle coming from the south; but it was now waterless and abandoned. The scene that stretched out before our camp is one that I shall never forget. It was nearing sunset. The bare red hills already cast their shadows across the valley, but forms and colors were sharper, more distinct in outline, more intense in hue, than they are at noon. And the valley was simply teeming with animals. As far as I could see, it was dotted with grazing herds, more than I had ever seen before. Especially remarkable was the number of gnus.

I hated to go on without getting some photographs in the Kedong valley, but I was afraid of missing the elephants if I delayed; so we made ready to push on into the hills early next morning. We were up before dawn. But then our story of motor woes began. Our second-hand Ford refused to start. Cotter, who was a genius with engines, worked, I helping him, until long after noon, before the engine got to hitting regularly.

It was three o'clock when we at last pushed into the hills. The heat of the day was not yet over. The reflection of heat and light from the tawny rocks was almost unendurable. Before we had gone half an hour, the water was boiling in our radiators. Since we had been warned that we should find no water for a long stretch in the heart of the hills, we had filled every utensil with water, but we soon saw that our motors were drinking it up at a rate that made it extremely uncertain whether our supply would last us. At four o'clock we stopped to give our engines a chance to cool. From where we stood we could overlook the valley and its feeding animals. In view of the fact

that we saw no sign of a living creature, save only an occasional lizard, in the hills, the view seemed strangely unreal.

The road led upward for twenty-five miles before it dipped. We crawled up every rod of it on low gear. About dark we met a party of English prospectors coming down in a Ford that was steaming like a tea-kettle. They hailed us and asked us if we had any water to spare, and since their plight was obvious, I determined to give them a little from our precious store. They thanked me warmly. “We broke down a little way back,” they explained. “Been standing around for hours and haven’t had a drop of anything to make tea with since last night.” I am not a tea-drinker. I suppose if I had been, I might have felt a bit more sympathetic; as it was, I was half angry, as I drove on, eager to get as far as possible toward water before making camp. Our camp that night was a dry one. Our supply of water now looked dangerously insufficient. No one was permitted to use any for washing, and drinking-water was given out only in small rations. But in spite of our precautions our radiators ran dry long before we reached water. Next day we topped the range. Before noon, among the foot-hills on the other side, we found ourselves waterless. But we scouted about among the rocks and found a muddy pool from which we spooned up enough water to get us over the ground to the Narok River.

We had lunch with the hospitable district commissioner at the tiny white settlement of Narok and camped that night on the Southern Guaso Nyiro, where Osa caught a mess of catfish for supper. Next day we were in the Loita plains. Though there were as many animals there as in the Kedong valley, just the other side of the range, strangely enough, there was not a single gnu among them. Stoutly resisting the temptation to stop and take photographs, we drove on, and at half-past three found ourselves on an elevation where the roads divided. One of them, a fairly well travelled thoroughfare, led to the “capital” of the district. The other, a mere track, led off toward the Amala River, which we could see, a faint line winding through a great forest. I left the others and pushed on alone to the district commissioner to ask the way. The commissioner and the district ranger, just back from the river, said we were too late for the big herds of elephants, but that we might run into some laggards, and they provided me with a guide —a Masai in the blue sweater of a native policeman and little else— who promised to get us to the Amala River by dark.

Before we had finished talking, Osa came dashing up with a beautiful, chestnut-colored topi in her Ford—the only specimen we secured during our travels. When the animal had been duly admired, we started back to the forking of the roads. I was in the lead. Suddenly I became aware of a great snake stretched across the road. I stopped the car with a jerk. A feeling of cold terror and disgust went shivering

down my spine. The snake was fully twelve feet long and big around as my leg. It had raised its ugly head in startled attention at the sound of our approach. The guide, who was in the front seat with me to point the way, said, “Mamba!” and at that word I reached for my shot-gun. For the mamba, a relative of the cobra, is the deadliest of snakes. I let go both barrels, one after another, aiming for the serpent’s head, but my hand was not steady. With incredible speed, the monster shot into a hole at the foot of a stump. I stood with my shot-gun ready while the boys tried to poke it out of its lair. I was anxious to kill it; for it is a vicious enemy of men and animals, but it had found safe refuge in some damp, underground chamber, a suitable abode for anything so hideous. For hours, I was unable to shake off the chill of the encounter.

When we again reached the fork in the roads, we struck off along the faint track that led toward the forest. But before we were among the trees it had ceased to be even a track. We entered the forest on a wide trail blazed by the Masai for their cattle. It was not a very good trail. It was so narrow that we could just scrape through it. Any rock that a cow could possibly step over had been left in it, and occasionally we had to get out of our automobiles and remove logs left lying across the way. On every hand were trees with freshly broken branches and saplings snapped off short by feeding elephants.

Rough as the way was, we were drawn up on the hanks of the Amala River by dark. We made our camp near the stream in the beautiful forest. Save that it was larger in extent, it reminded us of the woods that grow along Middle-Western streams in the United States. In size and general characteristics, the trees were about the same. And the game-trails that led in all directions to and from the river were not much different from cow-paths.

While the boys were putting up tarpaulins and getting supper, I struck off into the forest by myself, my .470 Bland (which though known as an elephant-gun was fast becoming my favorite rifle for ordinary use) under my arm, to see what I could see. I had not gone three hundred yards from camp when I heard a slight noise in front of me. My first thought was “Hyenas.” I stood still and peered into the dusk. Suddenly a big, black-maned lion looked out of a clump of bushes. All I could see was his great head, turning to right and left to see what had disturbed him. If I had been sensible, I should have taken to my heels; but, instead, I pointed my gun at the lion. For some reason, I could not get a line on him. But nevertheless I fired. I missed. The lion leaped from the bush into the open and stood there, waving his tail. He was followed by a lioness, sleek and graceful as a cat. For a moment they were uncertain, and I, sure that they would end by coming for me, tried desperately to take accurate aim. But before I

could fire the lion whirled and sprang headlong into the bushes, and the lioness went after him. Then and then only did I discover that I had forgotten to remove from the sight of my rifle the cap that protects it when it is not in use—an oversight that might easily have cost me my life.

I went back to camp with my story of the lion that got away and found that Osa had had better luck. She had contented herself with fishing in the Amala River. She was still at it, pulling in big catfish weighing from two to ten pounds each as fast as she could throw her line, and she would not stop until 'Mpishi announced that supper was ready.

After supper, the Masai, whom the district commissioner had appointed to be our guide, asked for a gun; he wanted to visit some friends in a *manietta* (village) not far distant and was afraid of encountering a lion on his way. Since, as I have said, he wore the blue sweater of an *askari* (policemen and soldiers are the only natives who are permitted to carry rifles) I stretched a point and let him have a .32, and he went off happy. Next morning, he appeared bright and early, trailed by a group of his friends, Masai tribesmen with shaved heads and skins for clothing. He told us that, according to these people, we had just missed the elephants, but that we could soon catch up with them if we followed them by motor. Follow them we did, our guide in the seat beside me, pointing the way, and his friends hitching on to the cars wherever they could cling. That evening we camped in the vicinity of another *manietta*, and again our guide went off, rifle on shoulder, to look up old acquaintances. Next day the same story was repeated. Finally, after five days of fruitless bumping through the forest, it dawned on us that our guide was out for a joy-ride. To him, the expedition was simply an opportunity for visiting old friends and showing off a bit, with our rifle over his shoulder and our automobiles to furnish free rides.

Through Zabenelli, I made it clear to him that the comedy would have to cease. He had been assigned to us to guide us, not on a sight-seeing tour of Masai *maniettas*, but to a place where we might be able to find elephants. If he did not produce elephants on the following day, I concluded, we would go off in our motor-cars and leave him to find his way back to the district commissioner on foot and in disgrace.

On the following day, our guide appeared with the welcome news that there were elephants about three miles distant from camp. We drove out in our motors, across a little plain, toward a point in the line of forest which our guide and his skin-clad friends indicated as the place where the elephants were feeding. Suddenly we stopped our cars abruptly; for there arose in the forest the most fiendishly shrill cry you can imagine. We thought that a whole herd of elephants was

ready to charge out upon us. But the elephants had no intention of doing any such thing. They were merely trumpeting an alarm to each other. Before we left Africa, we were to hear the great animals screaming with rage—a far more terrible sound than this clarion of alarm. But in our inexperience we thought this cry the call to battle. I seized my elephant-gun, leaped from the car, and waited. Osa, white with fear, but as usual game, stood at my side with her .405 Winchester. And we did not see an elephant. We saw only the trees waving as the herd went off through the forest and the great cloud of dust that rose in its wake. The stupid natives had brought us to the windward of the herd. If they had been a little better versed in elephant ways, they would have simply stationed us at some spot overlooking the plain and well in the lee of the elephants, to wait until late afternoon, when the elephants, as is their habit, would have come out to feed in the open.

There must have been scores of elephants in that herd. For more than an hour we heard them crashing through the forest and saw the signs of their flight, growing more and more distant. Then they were lost to us. Though we waited three days, searching the locality thoroughly, we saw no further signs of elephants.

In the course of our search, however, we had snake adventures. I shall always associate the Amala River region with snakes, for we saw more there than in any other part of Africa. Snakes are not frequent in East Africa. We met with very few on our travels. But most of those we met with were of the most vicious and deadly varieties. One day, as we were creeping through the forest on the lookout for elephants, Jerramani gave a warning shout. Since I had enjoined silence on the party, I was angry; but when I found the cause of the shout I readily forgave it. Held down with a forked stick, Jerramani had in captivity the ugliest reptile I have ever seen, a puff-adder of unusual size, about four feet long and bigger around than my arm. It had an ugly heart-shaped head, and its body, instead of tapering off gracefully as the bodies of most snakes do, stopped short and was finished with an incongruous little horny tail. It was a vicious creature. I took some pictures of it, and in order to get it into a natural pose I asked the boys to release it for a moment from under the pronged stick that held it. As soon as it was released, it darted like lightning for me. Only the density of the grass, impeding its progress, made it possible for the boy to catch it again before it reached me.

On another occasion I felt a sharp stinging on my cheek. I looked for the cause of it and saw nothing, but I noticed on my sleeve a shining trail of wet. I paid little attention to the incident at the time; but that evening, in camp, my cheek began to itch and burn, and I told what had happened. Cotter at once set to work to make a solution

of permanganate of potash for bathing my cheek. “The ‘spitting snake’ got you,” he said; and I learned for the first time of the reptile, close cousin to the mamba and the cobra, which has the ability to eject its venom in a fine spray for a distance of some feet. “Lucky for you it didn’t go into your eye,” Cotter said. He himself had once had that misfortune, and had narrowly escaped the blindness that often follows an attack of the spitting snake.

On the third day of our search for the elephants, it began to rain, and we felt that we might as well give up. On the morning of the fourth day we turned our faces again toward Nairobi. Our trip back to Nairobi is a dismal story of skidding up and down steep hills, of plowing through mud up to the hubs of our wheels, of wet and cold and uncomfortable one-night stands. Everywhere we came on traces of the elephant migration, which had followed, for the most part, the dry courses of rivers, from the high banks of which I might have taken marvellous photographs of the herds below. Every day or so Jerramani came to me with tales of having seen an elephant, and I would go out with him on what always turned out to be merely a wild-goose chase. After a few such experiences I discovered that he simply lied about having seen elephants; for not only did he fail to bring me where they were, but every sign of elephants we came across was several days old. I berated him soundly, and he took the scolding with an air of injured innocence. He had lied, but he had lied out of a gracious desire to tell me something that he knew I wanted to hear, and with no idea of deceiving me or putting me to trouble. It was hard, after a vain march of several miles in search of animals that had never been anywhere in the vicinity, to excuse the deception for the sake of the good intent, but I was growing fond of Jerramani and could forgive him much.

We camped on our first night out near a sparse forest of gnarled and thorny trees. Lions were roaring all about us, and I conceived the idea of getting a picture of the King of Beasts with the aid of the search-light from the automobile. Next morning I had the boys build a *boma*, or hut, in a tree and set the search-light, attached to a battery, on a branch in such a way that I could direct its rays directly on a wildebeest that I had killed and put out as bait. Shortly after dark, Osa and I, accompanied by half a dozen of the boys carrying cameras and blankets, set out for the *boma*. The dark had distorted things to such an extent that we had some difficulty in locating our tree, but at last we found it, and the boys went off, all save Ferraragi, who took his place with us in the *boma*. Though the wood was very still, it was yet alive with sound. We heard, or fancied we heard, stealthy footsteps, the sound of the breathing of animals, and saw, or fancied we saw, dark forms moving about us in the dark. Occasionally a lion roared in

the distance. Once a leopard coughed quite near at hand. At about ten o'clock we heard a crashing in the woods some distance off. Our first thought was "Elephants!" The noise of breaking branches came nearer and nearer. We were in a quandary. Much as we wanted to see elephants, we had no desire to be caught in a tree in a dark forest by a herd of the great animals. Should we stay or should we return to camp? A cold drizzle set in that sapped what little courage we had left. We decided to go back to camp. We loaded ourselves with guns and cameras and blankets (for we knew that anything left in the blind was in danger of being torn to pieces by baboons before we could get back to it in the morning) and set out. It was eleven o'clock, and camp was just a mile distant. But we did not arrive there until one. For two wretched hours, we wandered about in circles. Lions roared all about us. Occasionally something crashed away from under our feet and went off into the forest. At last by sheer accident we stumbled upon our automobiles. The boys had gone to sleep, leaving the fire to burn low. We berated them soundly, and with the roaring of lions still in our ears, had them heap it high with wood and threatened them with dire penalties if they again allowed it to die down.

When morning came, we went back to look for traces of the elephants we had heard, but, having found no signs of elephants, were forced to conclude, rather sheepishly, that we had been frightened off by baboons.

After that, we pushed on to Nairobi pretty steadily. We passed through plains where the game was plentiful and very tame. We visited a water-hole or two to which we resolved some day to come back. At one of them, I built a blind and got some fine pictures of plains animals. But the picture I wanted most to get, I lost. I had taken my place in the blind before dawn. Just as it was beginning to grow light, I made out a huge, bulky figure coming down to the water-hole. It was undoubtedly a rhinoceros, the first I had seen. I was elated. Here, as in the Southern Game-Reserve, we had come across the bones of rhino war victims. We had even happened once or twice on what was, if the boys could be trusted, rhino spoor. But we had neither seen nor heard a rhino. I waited now, breathlessly, for my first camera encounter with a rhino, hoping that he could come within easy range of my lens. But something made him suspicious, and I did not get so much as a good look at him. He disappeared almost immediately. After he had gone entirely I was not quite sure whether I had seen or imagined that great hulk dimly visible in the dusk.

Two days later, we interrupted our march to go hunting for game to supply our table. I remember one morning we went out for wart-hog. The warthog, like most other kinds of hog, is decidedly unpleasant to look at but fair eating, and we were hungry for a taste

of pork. After walking for several hours and seeing no signs of wart-hog, we returned to camp, cross and disappointed, to find a wart-hog, all neatly skinned and cleaned and ready for cooking, hanging outside 'Mpishi's tent. That worthy, armed with an ax in place of the gun, which the Government forbade him to carry, had gone for a stroll. In a little swamp at the river's edge, he had seen a wart-hog rooting, and by a lucky fluke he had killed it by throwing his ax at it, tomahawk fashion, he considered it a great joke that, where we with our guns had failed, he had succeeded with his tomahawk; and, seeing that we had wart-hog, we did not greatly resent the fact that the joke was on us.

A few days later we found ourselves again in the Nairobi bungalow, hard at work developing the films we had made. To my great delight, I discovered that I had as fine a lot of good, clean-cut negatives as anyone could ask. Though most of them were taken with long-focus lenses, there was not a "fuzzy" outline in the lot. I felt that at last I was "on" to the idiosyncrasies of African atmosphere. I was becoming a fairly good shot; Osa was a still better shot. After a brief consultation, we decided that it was safe now to start on our long *safari* out across the Kaisoot Desert to that mysterious somewhere in which Lake Paradise lay hidden.

CHAPTER VIII

INTO THE "BLUE"

WE planned to be gone until we had got the pictures we wanted; it might be three months, it might be nine. We did not intend to hurry. It is impossible to get good pictures if you are in a hurry. You have to be able to stop, to turn aside, at any place along the road where an opportunity for getting a picture offers itself. You have to be able to follow animals for days on end, or to wait indefinitely for them to show up at one of their trysting-places.

Since we were to be gone, no one knew quite how long, our *safari* was necessarily a large one. Though we could travel part way by automobile and could transport supplies by ox-wagon as far as ox-wagons could go, we knew that ultimately everything would have to be carried on the backs of porters. We estimated that we should need at least a hundred men. A dozen of them we secured in Nairobi, experienced *safari* men. The rest we planned to get at Meru, a government station two hundred miles from Nairobi. They would be raw savages from the hills, untrained in the white man's service, but they would be meat-eaters. It would be impossible, since a porter can eat up in a month all the mealy-meal he can carry, to take along enough *posho* (provision) for a *safari* composed entirely of vegetarians; but we could supply the Meru men with game as part of their diet, and so manage to transport sufficient stores to last us.

For two weeks we worked day and night—Osa, Dad, Cotter, Jerramani, Ferraragi, Aloni and I. Everyone was enlisted into service, packing in sixty-pound packages all our belongings, tents, ammunition, photographic supplies, food, clothing, all the supplies we should need for the long journey.

At last we were ready. Our *safari* made its real start from Thika, whither we had relayed our supplies by motor. We went down with the last load and supervised the packing of four ox-carts, drawn by twelve oxen each. Each load was carefully arranged. The petrol tins went in first. They were covered closely with straw, and on top of them went perishables—the chop-boxes and my camera supplies. The last layer consisted of bags of flour and sugar. Over all two thick tarpaulins were stretched and firmly roped into place. In addition to what the ox-wagons held, we had supplies enough to load our two

safari Fords and the one-ton truck until they rested on their axles. What was left over the porters we had engaged in Nairobi took on their backs.

At last, early one morning, our *safari* got under way. The wagon-boys shouted at their oxen and cracked their long whips; the great carts started with much creaking and groaning. The porters picked up their loads, laughing like excited children to be off and shouting farewell to the native villagers who had come to Thika to market their goats and sheep and gourds and the vegetables from their meager gardens. Then, under the guidance of Jerramani and Ferraragi, our *safari* moved off into the "blue."

Osa and Dad and Cotter and I remained in Thika for two days, to give the slow-moving portion of our expedition a start. The time passed quickly with long days of rest—much needed after our strenuous weeks of preparation—and nights of delicious sleep tuned to the roar of the waterfalls. Osa spent most of her time fishing. She is an inveterate fisher-woman. I have not the patience for it, but she can sit for day after day, forgetful of everything (even of the sunburn on the end of her nose) save only the fish she wants to lure to her bait. Here, as throughout Africa, fishing was good; for no native ever bothers to catch fish, and the white population is not yet numerous enough to have depleted the streams.

After two days of picnicking, we started in the wake of our ox-wagons. Osa, accompanied by Dad and 'Mpishi, drove one of the Fords. I, with Zabenelli, drove the other. Cotter, as usual, drove the truck, with Aloni and the Toto as passengers

We set out full of elation. We could not drive fast, for our Fords were so heavily loaded that we feared to break an axle, but we would not have driven fast if we could. There was too much that was new and interesting to see. We were passing through heavily rolling country, wooded only along the banks of the streams that wound among the little hills. Occasionally we passed a swamp in which cane-grass grew almost to the height of scrub trees. We saw few animals. But we saw more natives than we had ever seen before. We were in the heart of the Kikuyu country. A constant stream of people passed at the side of the road—dandies painted and decorated, and women with loads of "mealies" and of bananas, yams, and other garden-truck. The gardens themselves were hidden from view, tucked away, I suppose, in the valleys between the hills, but we passed many native villages. The biggest of them was scarcely large enough to be called a village: we rarely saw more than three or four huts in a group. Usually they were set in a field of elephant-grass so high that it almost hid the pointed grass roofs from view. Though people were born and lived their lives and died in those houses, and passed them on to their

children after them, the houses all gave the impression of being temporary shelters of leaves and grass, thrown up for a night.

A few miles beyond Thika something went wrong with my automobile, and I stopped in front of an Indian *duka* to tinker with the engine. The *duka* was even more ramshackle than *dukas* usually are. It was built in the characteristic *duka* style of architecture, foursquare, with walls of flattened petrol tins nailed to uprights and a roof of grass. But the tins were hanging loose in places, and the grass roof was badly in need of repair. The proprietor was a gaunt, emaciated man in tattered khaki clothes. Both he and his wife and their half-dozen dirty youngsters looked half starved. But for that matter the majority of Indian storekeepers in Africa look half starved. Whether they are or not, I do not know. I wondered sometimes how they could be anything else, for they did most of their business in pennies. The natives who hung about the store watching me as I worked on my engine had come in to buy a penny's worth of sugar. Probably the biggest sale that Indian made in a year was a few yards of cheap calico at a shilling a yard, or a "trade knife"—a highly inferior brand of cutlery that sold for a florin or two.

Yet many Indians have got rich in East Africa. The twenty thousand or so Indians in Kenya Colony, with some seven thousand Arabs, hold most of the best jobs. White men, of course, run the government and head most of the larger enterprises. But the Indians are the petty merchants, the skilled artisans, the small independent farmers, the better-class servants. They have large holdings in the rich coast lands that are too unhealthy for white planters and which the natives lack energy to cultivate.

In South Africa, as white settlement has advanced, the Indian population has become a "problem." Indian workers, particularly in the skilled trades, have become, by reason of a very simple standard of living, serious competitors of white artisans, with the result that the Indians imported in great numbers to help build up the country are now being deported at the solicitation of the white population. In Kenya Colony, too, there is an Indian problem. There the Indians were among the first settlers. Brought in as coolies to help construct the Uganda Railway, they stayed, when the railway was completed, as farmers and merchants. And other Indians joined them, chiefly not very desirable citizens. Taken as a whole, the Indian population of British East consists of people of the coolie class, of very low standards of living and of sly and tricky habits of trade. But they are race-conscious and articulate. They have recently been vociferous in demanding equal rights with all other inhabitants, white and black. They have protested against the reservation of the tillable portions of the highlands for white settlers and against the segregation of Indians

in the towns and have asked for proportional representation for all settlers in the government. The Government has decided, first, that Kenya Colony must be considered to belong primarily to the black men who were its original inhabitants, and that in case of a conflict of interests between them and the immigrant populations the rights of the Africans must come first. It has decided, secondly, that segregation must be abolished but that the Indians must be forced to adopt the standards of cleanliness and sanitation set up by the white settlers. It has decided, thirdly, to continue to reserve the agriculture highlands for European settlement, but has offered to reserve temporarily an area in the lowlands for the Indians. As for proportional representation, it has been flatly refused; for the blacks are not yet sufficiently educated to be given a franchise, and proportional representation among the settlers would put the Government entirely in the hands of the Indians, who are far in the majority. The white population, alarmed at the rapid increase in Asiatic population, has asked for a restriction on Indian immigration. That, too, has been refused on the ground that there can be no racial discrimination between the subjects of Great Britain. But since there has been talk of levying a head-tax of fifty pounds on all immigrants, the Indians fear that Indian immigration will indirectly be made impossible. The Indian problem will probably remain unsolved in British East for years to come.

I was not thinking of the Indian problem, however, on that morning when I stopped so long in front of the *duka*, but of my engine. I soon had it hitting pretty regularly, and jumped into the car and started off. Everything went well until I came to a steep hill. Then I turned to tell Zabenelli to push, for I knew that the engine was not sufficiently powerful to pull the heavily loaded Ford over the crest. The car was empty. I had lost Zabenelli, where I had no idea. I backed the car down the road, looking to right and left. I went two miles before I met Zabenelli, tired and dusty and breathless, and frightened. While I was working with my car, he had slipped into the *duka* to buy some cigarettes, and I, absorbed in my engine, had not missed him, when it came time to start, but had gone on without him. He obviously expected, if not a beating, at least a tongue-lashing, and was greatly relieved to find that I took the incident as a joke.

After that we bowled along steadily enough through rolling country of plain and scrub forest, well populated country with numerous villages along the way. Now and again we passed native markets, extemporaneous affairs consisting merely of a group of blacks squatted along the roadside, exchanging skins and vegetables and gossip.

Toward evening we ran into a powwow. About three hundred

Kikuyu warriors were seated in a wide circle near the roadside, engaged in a profound discussion. They wore enormous and fierce-looking ostrich-feather head-dresses, and carried spears surmounted by the ball of ostrich-feathers, a sign that they were, for the present, at peace with the world. Save for a carelessly draped skin, they were naked, but their bare bodies shone with castor-oil and were ornamented with streaks of red clay. I stopped the car, set up my camera, and began making a picture of the group. Suddenly, I heard a great commotion and turned to see another group of natives, also about three hundred strong, tearing down the road in our direction. They came and stood around us, chattering and shouting and gesturing. I had been told that the African natives were, as the phrase goes, thoroughly pacified, but, taught by my experiences in Melanesia, I was on my guard. I asked Zabenelli what the warriors were talking about, and he explained that they were simply talking politics. An old chief had been deposed and a young one put in his place. The latter and his faction were the group in conference. But part of the tribe had remained faithful to the old chief; it was they who surrounded us, protesting that it was beneath our dignity to speak or have any dealings with the young chief, who, they said, was not a chief but an impostor. The latter and his faction pressed forward to present their case. And the young chief unfortunately lost his temper. He snatched the ostrich-feather ball off the end of his spear and made a vicious lunge at his predecessor. Immediately all six hundred warriors were in an uproar. The natives became a whirling, savage mass. I was sure that in a few moments every one of their six hundred spears would be dripping blood; so, hurriedly, Osa and I retreated to our Ford. We started our engines so as to be ready to escape and then turned to watch the slaughter. But the excitement dissipated itself in talk. There was not so much as a black eye (if one can use the phrase) among the whole six hundred fighting men. As we proceeded on our way both factions raced after us, demanding bakshish. I threw them a handful of coppers, and the last we saw of the battling braves they were scrambling for pennies in the dust of the road.

It was still early when we reached Fort Hall, the government station where we planned to spend the night. It lay on the plain, with Mount Kenya directly ahead. Rising as it does almost abruptly from the plain, Mount Kenya appears higher than many a greater peak. It indeed boasts no mean height, that of 18,620 feet, and it has the distinction of being the only snow-capped mountain that straddles the equator. It had a special interest for me, for I knew that its magnificent forests harbored many an elephant.

We found at Fort Hall a group of government rest-houses in which to camp, cylindrical huts of split bamboo plastered over with

mud, with mud floors and high grass roofs tapering to a point. We were well received by the half-dozen white officials who made their headquarters there. They gave us news of our boys, who had passed through the night before, made us presents of milk and eggs, and advised us concerning the best way to reach Meru. Their opinion, frankly stated, was that we should not get there at all with our Fords as heavily loaded as they were; but they advised us, if we were bent on trying, to take the road that went through Embu, on the eastern slope of the mountain. Our boys were circling Kenya on the west.

Next morning, we started out at daylight. As we bowled along, the glaciers at the top of Mount Kenya, at first steely blue, took on the rose of the sun rising behind us. But we soon reached the flank of the mountain and, beginning to climb slowly up its side, exchanged the distant view of the snow-cap for nearer but no less lovely vistas.

The scenery was as rugged as that of our own Rockies, and wilder. On one hand we looked down on wooded valleys; on the other we were hemmed in by the walls of rock that rose more or less precipitously above us. The road twisted and turned. Often it followed the courses of mountain streams that tumbled past in rapids and waterfalls. We crawled up spiral inclines miles long, and went hurtling down hills, across narrow bridges, around hair-pin curves, hoping and praying that our brakes would hold. We welcomed each level stretch where we could stop to collect our wits and enjoy the view and let our engines cool.

Wild as the country was, we met many wayfarers, naked warriors with spears and women laden with vegetables. The women scattered like donkeys or sheep at the approach of the motors, climbing up the steep side of the hill or seeking perilous foothold at the edge of a precipice. As we passed them—grinning Kikuyu beauties plastered over with castor-oil and red clay—they shouted pleasantries after us. The warriors were more dignified. Lest they should be thought afraid, they held place almost in the middle of the road, stepping aside with great deliberateness only when I was almost upon them. And the naked little boys who played near the villages acted as little boys act all over the world. They waved their arms and shouted "*Jambo, bwana!* Hello, mister!"

Although Embu is only thirty-three miles from Fort Hall, it was dark by the time we got there, for we made a picnic of the trip, stopping often along the way to explore a native village or to take photographs of some particularly lovely view or some unusually interesting native. We found the station almost a duplicate of Fort Hall, with a little group of government residences, its barracks for the King's African Rifles, its conical rest-houses, its Indian *duka*. Both stations are centers for a considerable, though scattered, white

population, who raise coffee and sisal on the slopes of Kenya, which are perhaps the most fertile portions of the highlands.

When we made ready to leave Embu on the morning after our arrival, a grinning white-toothed *toto* ducked into the seat beside Osa and said he was going to Meru, too. As we argued with him good-naturedly, attempting to make him understand that we were not carrying passengers, the British "agency," as the natives call an agent in charge of native affairs, came up and asked us if we could not take the little chap with us. He did not belong at Embu but had drifted in from Meru some weeks before and was long overdue at home. Since he weighed no more than fifty or sixty pounds, we accepted him as a mascot. And the *toto* had an experience to boast about for months to come. It is not often that a native boy gets a ride in an automobile. This one shouted at every passer-by to attract attention to his proud state. Whatever his words may have meant, his tone said unmistakably, "Hey, you, look at me a riding on the front seat of an automobile as if I were the 'agency' himself!"

It is about ninety miles as the crow flies from Nairobi to Meru, but the road is two hundred and five miles long. On this day we twisted and turned even more than we had the day before. Once we went for ten miles without advancing a rod. We emerged into the open after a hard climb through the forest and saw, a stone's throw across a deep valley, the road we had left an hour earlier.

We travelled through splendid stretches of forest. Some of the trees were mammoth, and the foliage was of beautiful and intense and varied greens, such as you see nowhere else in the world. As we neared Meru, the forests became less dense and clearings more frequent. We passed native gardens and banana plantations that were thriftier in appearance than any we had yet seen. Some of them were perched so precariously on the steep sides of the hills that it seemed as if the farmer cultivating them must turn giddy and be dashed to pieces in the valley below. Here and there we saw *totos* with small herds of sheep or goats or scrawny cattle, and we frequently came upon groups of huts similar to those of the Kikuyu natives. The road from Fort Hall to Meru is the work of the local head-men, and we found their repair squads—girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, working in gangs of from fifteen to thirty—at intervals along the way. They were plump, pretty tomboys, who shouted to us as we passed and hitched on to the motor-cars wherever they could find a brief hold. Over and over again during the ride I was struck by the contrast between the African blacks and their Melanesian cousins. Melanesia is a gloomy, haunted place of dense and stinking jungle, of heavy tropical air; its inhabitants are cruel and treacherous and degraded. Africa is a land of sun and clean air, and its people are cheery, happy children.

We kept up a good pace all day and made only very brief stop for luncheon, so as to arrive in Meru in good time. In the late afternoon we rounded a curve, and there across a little valley lay Meru, spread out green and beautiful, on a high plateau against a background of forest.

White men, especially Englishmen, exiled in out-of-the-way parts of the world, have a way of trying to reconstruct a bit of the home land in the midst of a strange environment. In a country abounding with beautiful native fabrics, the drawing-rooms of the English residents will have curtains of chintz imported from Manchester. No matter how they may differ in architecture and surroundings from the typical English dwelling, there is always something vaguely reminiscent of an English country-house about the British residences and plantation homes in the tropics.

Of many beautiful stations of the British Empire, Meru, on its plateau overlooking a wild and rugged scene of mountain and valley, was the loveliest I had ever seen. The office of the commissioner was set in a rolling lawn of close-cropped blue-grass. The forest, in the immediate neighborhood of the station, was kept like an English park, cleared of all underbrush, and intersected by roads that led to the clearings in which stood the bungalow of the commissioner and the other white officials stationed at Meru. The station was not the work of the men who lived there but of a settler named Horne, now in charge of another station. He went to Meru years ago and established himself among the savages, then wild and unfriendly. Single-handed, he pacified his neighbors and put them to work planting and rolling his lawn, making a polo-ground and a golf-course where he played, save when a rare white visitor appeared, with Bogie for a partner. After a time, he was given the title of district commissioner, which he retained until a year or so ago, when he was transferred to another part of British East. He ruled his district like a czar, answerable to no one. And when he left, his successor in office, Mr. Crampton, fell heir to one of the most orderly regions in Africa.

Mr. Crampton received us most hospitably, and Colonel Llewellyn and Major Muirhead, the two officers in charge of the Northern Frontier Region, who made their headquarters at Meru, invited us to stay for the night in their bungalow. We accepted gratefully, and under their guidance made a tour of the station. The pride of the post was a garrison of the King's African Rifles four hundred strong. The soldiers were all fine, upstanding Meru men, and they had a good drill-ground and rows of neat grass houses for barracks. More picturesque, though perhaps less efficient than the K.A.R., were the chiefs sons, who lolled in the vicinity of the commissioner's office. In the old days Mr. Horne had found it impossible to secure the

cooperation of the chiefs until he hit upon the plan of employing their sons as pages at the station. Each was given, on the occasion of his appointment, a fine blanket with the letter M big in the middle of it, and an arm-band with a number to which he must answer when called. And to this day the sons of the Meru chiefs, honored by an appointment received by no lesser men, sit outside the district commissioner's office waiting to be called to run an errand. They are not only thus kept from tribal intrigue but are made to serve unconsciously as propagandists for the Government among the tribes. And unconscious of Western prison tradition, they are prouder of the numbers by which they are called than they would be of any title that could be bestowed upon them.

The rest of our *safari* had not yet arrived and could not be expected for several days. We decided to improve our time by hunting elephants, and with that end in view on the day following our arrival, we borrowed tents and engaged twenty porters—all of them of some experience—and moved into the forest. For ten days we searched for elephants. We walked miles and miles over game trails, at first with our hearts in our throats and then, as the days passed without any encounters, with a boldness that would have served us ill in case of an unexpected meeting. But the woods were almost deserted. The chill rains had already set in, and the elephants had migrated to the south side of Mount Kenya, where less rain fell. Though some months later, in the neighborhood of Meru, we were to find elephants so thick that we did not dare make camp in the forest, now we did not see a single one. Only signs told us that the great beasts had been there. We came on native villages that lay in ruins and *shambas* in which the vegetables were trampled and pulled up by the roots. The owners of the houses and gardens, who had fled in terror at the approach of the elephant herds that had done the damage, had not yet dared return. But we were assured by the officials at Meru that they would return and patiently repair their houses and replant their gardens, with the certainty that next year all would be destroyed as it had been destroyed this year and last year and as far back as the old men could remember.

In spite of our failure to come up with big quarry, the time at Meru passed pleasantly enough. Time never hangs on your hands in Africa. Every day has its incidents—its discovery of strange native habits and customs, its meetings with new types of animals. I have forgotten many of the happenings of those ten days of waiting at Meru, but I remember three. One is the first sight of a *duiker*, or "diver," as the name would be in English—a beautifully shaped miniature gazelle so christened by the Boers because of its habit of plunging headlong into the cover of bushes or grasses when it is

alarmed. The second is my meeting with a chief. I have seen many celebrated personages in my time and talked with them and sat at table with them. But the most imposing, the most truly kingly figures I have met with, have been naked blacks. I can imagine no more royal figure than Nagapate, the chief of the Big Numbers people on the cannibal island of Malekula. Filthy, hideous of countenance, cruel of expression, he has yet a commanding aspect that no white, educated in the schools of civilization to a realization of his own ultimate powerlessness, could attain. And I found something of the same primeval dignity in the deposed chief of the Masai, who lived in exile at Meru. Clad in the single blanket which post etiquette demanded, he received me and consented to permit me to photograph him and his very pretty young wife with a regal air that no mere pretender, no impostor, no head of a limited monarchy even, could equal. He had been deposed and exiled because he belonged to the old school that regards fighting and manhood as synonymous, and will have none of the namby-pamby British laws that forbid intertribal warfare. But he was still a king.

The third outstanding memory of my stay in Meru is my discovery of the endurance of native runners. We wanted butter and eggs, and there were none to be had in Meru. The assistant district commissioner, Mr. Remington, offered to send for some to Nyeri, on the other side of the mountain, where a little colony of whites was established. He despatched two boys early one morning, and they returned with ten pounds of butter, a ham, and two dozen eggs on the evening of the following day. In less than forty hours they had covered a distance of a hundred and twenty miles. On this and other occasions I found that while a native is generally of no use whatever as a sprinter, he is capable of covering a great deal of ground in a comparatively short time, going at a steady dog-trot. I have heard of men travelling two hundred miles in three days, during which time they scarcely stopped for food or rest.

Our *safari*, almost unrecognizable under a coat of red dust, reached Meru two weeks after our arrival there, and the district commissioner at once sent into the hills for seventy porters, who, added to the thirty-odd we already had, would bring our carriers up to a hundred. We wanted hill-people for the work because they were hunters, not agriculturists, and were used to a meat diet.

After three days, the chief's sons, dispatched after our recruits, came in with seventy strapping warriors, feather-crowned dandies all got up for their new job in their best war-paint. They were decorated with elaborate designs of blue and red, and their hair was stiff with red clay. When we got through with them many months later, of all their glory nothing remained. They were as disreputable-looking a

crowd of negroes as you can well imagine, but they were happy and healthy and hard as nails, and each of them had a pouchful of silver to buy civilized finery with which to make a great splurge in their villages. They arrived at Meru late in the evening, and I ordered them, through an *askari* assigned to us by the district commissioner as interpreter (for not even Zabenelli knew the language of the Meru hill-tribes), to build themselves grass huts. But the men were too tired after their long march and disinclined for extensive building operations. They simply threw up a little hedge of thorn-bush to keep off prowling animals, built themselves a fire, and lay down on the bare ground. That night at about nine o'clock there started a cold drizzle that lasted the night through. I, in my tent, shivering under half a dozen thick blankets, thought of the poor wretches outside cuddled up together without a square yard of clothing among them. I got up early next morning expecting to find them all down with pneumonia, but none of them so much as sniffled. They were used to sleeping on the ground in the rain. I took them to the Meru *duka* and bought them shoddy blankets at a dollar apiece, not so much to protect them from the cold as to cover their nakedness. The blankets were bright red and so pleased the hillmen, but they wore them at a rakish angle that made them, as clothing, rather ineffective. We purchased at the *duka* a supply of flour, potatoes, and mealy-meal, and, laden with this, my new porters made their trial-trip, from Meru to Isiolo, where I planned to establish a cache.

CHAPTER IX

ISIOLO

ISIOLO is a quarantine-station. The nomadic tribes of the Northern Frontier Region, Samburus and Borans, are, like the Masai, breeders of sheep, goats, and cattle, and also, unlike the Masai, of camels, which they keep not as beasts of burden (they have women to serve that purpose) but only for the sake of their milk. These primitive tribes do a considerable amount of trading with the more settled tribes, bringing their cattle to exchange for weapons or for such fruits of civilization as sugar or salt or coffee or calico; and the traders must stop at Isiolo, on the highway between the desert and civilization, and receive a clean bill of health for their animals before they are allowed to proceed. For there are many cattle-diseases in Africa, chief among them the rinderpest, the "hoof and mouth disease" that caused such havoc in the United States some years ago. When it first came into Africa it entered by way of Somaliland, and now officials are constantly on guard against its reappearance from the same region of primitive cattle-raisers. Rinderpest is fatal not only to cattle. Wild animals—buffalo, koodoo, eland, giraffe, wart-hog, and many species of antelope, besides—all are subject to it. On Ol Donya Sabuk, that strange wooded mountain rising like a sugar-loaf out of the plain, we were later to see the whitened skeletons of many buffaloes that had fallen victim to the disease. Our only glimpse of real buffaloes we had through mist and rain; they looked like the ghosts of the herds whose bones rattled under our feet. But that is another chapter.

Dr. Macdonough, the veterinary in charge at Isiolo, to whom I had announced our coming by runner, had cordially agreed to store our supplies if I would send them to him in relays. This I did. Our porters made the trip down from Meru in a day and a half and the trip back in a day. In a little over a week we had delivered at Isiolo all of the extra stores we had purchased in Meru, our ox-wagons had started down the mountains, and we were ready to set out from Meru in our Fords. We went for ten miles through the forest; then we came to open plains, rolling down, with only clumps of thorn-bush for shade. Those plains were literally covered with game. Our fifteen-mile trip across them to Isiolo was a great adventure. There we saw the first oryxes we had seen, grayish animals not unlike horses in build, and with long,

straight, black horns that glistened in the sun. It was probably glimpses of these animals that gave rise in ancient times to the myth of the unicorn, for, seen in profile, the two horns look like one. As we sped along, we saw also our first gerenuk, a grotesque little animal with a giraffe-like neck and long, thin legs. In our progress toward the desert we were to see many more of them, for they live by preference in waterless country. I never met anyone, white hunter or native, who had ever seen a gerenuk drink. From both sides of the road we started game-birds, which took to wing at our approach—quail and sand-grouse, guinea-fowl and spur-fowl as big as chickens, lesser bustard, korhaan, vulturine, and all of them good eating. We stopped to bag a few, as a delicate attention to Dr. Macdonough, and reached Isiolo very proud of ourselves, with twenty-five assorted birds, to find that Dr. Macdonough had been out and got a hundred and fifty; he had sent most of them to friends in Meru, but had kept a few for us.

He had prepared a hospitable welcome for us. We found our tents all set up, waiting for our occupancy, and a big, new grass house specially built under his direction as storehouse for our supplies. It was now late in December. We were urged to make Isiolo our headquarters until after Christmas and gladly consented. Besides Dr. Macdonough, there was one other white resident, Lieutenant Douglas, at the post. Our arrival increased the whole community to really respectable proportions, and Isiolo plunged into a whirl of gaiety. There was a dinner-party every night, one night in our tarpaulin dining-room, the next at Dr. Macdonough's and Lieutenant Douglas's. The two cooks tried to outdo each other. We feasted royally, reaching a climax on Christmas day, when we pooled forces, both parties contributing treasured tinned delicacies, kept for an occasion. As a welcome change from game, we bought and killed a steer, from which we had fine, juicy steaks. We introduced our English friends to hominy grits, and they contributed an English plum pudding. In the strange environment of that high equatorial prairie dotted with herds of wild animals, we had real Christmas cheer.

On the day after Christmas, Major Pedler, the head of the transport department of the East African army, came down on a tour of inspection: for several hundred head of oxen and mules belonging to the department were herded at Isiolo under Lieutenant Douglas' supervision. We decided, in view of the new addition to the party, to go on a lion-hunt. For some reason, probably because of the herds and flocks always in quarantine there, Isiolo is one of Africa's favorite haunts of lions. In anticipation of the hunt, Osa and I, with Jerramani and Ferraragi, the indispensable Kavairondo, and another camera-boy in attendance, went out on mules lent us by Dr. Macdonough to place a "kill." We shot two zebras at the entrance to a little valley about

three miles from camp and left them where they fell, the assumption being that the lions would overeat on zebras and crawl into the valley to sleep off their meal, and that, next morning, we could catch them napping. The herd scattered when we fired, and we noticed among them a couple of the rare Grévy's zebras, bigger and bonnier than the common variety, and with great, round, hairy ears. We wanted one of the handsome heads for our collection of trophies and urged our mules forward, our boys following at a dog-trot; but though the zebras soon forgot their fright and stopped to graze, they managed always to keep just out of gunshot. We followed persistently until we noticed that it was beginning to grow dark. Then we turned homeward. We had gone farther afield than we had thought. Before we were halfway to our tents it was completely dark. Since we did not know the way, we gave the mules their heads and told the boys to follow as close as they could.

It was an eery ride. There was no moon. The night was softly brilliant with the light of the low-hanging tropical stars, but the light was not intense enough to dispel the earth shadows, every one of which seemed to us, as we rode, our nerves strained for animal enemies, to harbor a living thing in its deep blackness. From all sides the noises of the plain beat on our ears. The laughter of the hyenas, which so often, when we were safe in camp, had been contagiously comical, sounded mocking, threatening. Somewhere in the distance a Grévy's zebra brayed; the sound was as anguished and terrible as the braying of an ass. And at intervals, now from afar, now from near, came the roaring of lions. Our way lay through grass almost as tall as our mules, a fine ambush for lions. It was a great relief when we finally saw the faint points of light that marked our camp, and, once there, our tired nerves relaxed into a weariness far greater than that following a hard day's marching.

We felt a bit worried about the boys, plowing along on foot in our wake, but comforted ourselves with the assurance that they had our guns to use in extremity. About half an hour after we had reached camp, Kavairondo came with the news that Ferraragi had indeed used our gun: he had shot himself with it. We lighted lanterns and, led by Kavairondo, took the back trail, on which, in a little while, we met Ferraragi. His face and arms were red with blood; his clothes were in tatters. Moaning and groaning and occasionally breaking into a wail, he half walked, half crawled along, assisted by Jerramani.

We took him at once to Dr. Macdonough, who found his wounds to be caused, not by a gunshot, but by myriads of pebbles. Bit by bit, the story came out. As the boys had hurried along, they had heard, quite close at hand, the roar of a lion, and Ferraragi had cocked the gun he carried to be ready for emergency. A few steps farther on, he

had stumbled over stone, the muzzle of the gun had gone into the ground, and both barrels had gone off, sending a shower of sharp pebbles up against Ferraragi (one went clear through his arm); in the recoil, the stock of the gun hit him in the forehead, cutting and half stunning him.

Ferraragi was sure he was going to die. But Dr. Macdonough cleaned out his wounds and dressed them and gave him an opiate, and next morning Ferraragi was stiff and sore but hopeful of recovery. He hung around in the rôle of an interesting invalid, while we made ready, just at daylight, to start on our lion-hunt. But when we asked for the rifle he had carried, his *sang froid* deserted him. Reluctantly, he brought it out. It was, as usual, in the prime of condition, with never a fleck on its well-oiled, well-polished barrel (Jerramani and Ferraragi never neglected the guns they carried). But the stock was broken.

My anger at seeing my beautiful new gun ruined (I had two .405 Blands, and the one Ferraragi had carried I had never shot) outbalanced my sympathy for Ferraragi. Before the assembled boys—we were taking more than a hundred porters to serve as beaters—I read a lecture on the folly and danger of carrying a cocked rifle. Only a coward would do so, I concluded, and a coward does not make a good gun-bearer. And I discharged Ferraragi on the spot. I did not take him back into service for three full days, during which he moped about camp, the image of grotesque despair.

There are some days that start wrong and never right themselves. That was such a day. I was still angry when I set out with the rest for the *donga* where we hoped to find our lion. There were not enough mules for the entire party, so I insisted on being the one to go on foot, and trudged along with the boys, feeling like a very bad-tempered martyr. By the time we reached the *donga*, I was tired. I told the others to go ahead, while I rested a bit. I sat down under a thorn-tree, and they disappeared in the wooded valley. Five minutes later I heard the sound of shooting. I did not budge. I had missed being in at the death of the lion. I had no interest in rushing on to look at his carcass. I felt more like a martyr than ever. But in a moment Osa came back, white-faced, to where I was sitting.

“Major Pedler has killed a rhino,” she said. “Come and look at it! It almost got Dad but Major Pedler dropped it just in time.”

So I had missed a rhino, the first rhino with which we had come to close quarters! The story of the encounter was amusing, though it might easily have been tragic. Dr. Macdonough’s gun-bearer, in the lead of the party, had frightened up the rhino from a nap in a thicket. It ran out toward the others, who quickly dodged behind trees. In all probability the rhino would have withdrawn peaceably if it had not been for Dad. His tree seemed to him inadequate. A little way off, he

saw a bigger, better, safer tree, and decided to make for it. As he did so, the rhino made for him and undoubtedly would have got him before he reached the tree, for the rhino is capable of extraordinarily quick rushes, but Major Pedler by a quick-witted shot laid the animal low. I found Dad a bit shaken up but on the whole rather pleased at having been the hero of a narrow escape. There is something in putting off your adventures until you are seventy. You come to them then, at an age when many people have lost interest in life, with all the freshness of a boy. I hope that I, who have lived in what the world calls adventure from my sixteenth year, will go to meet it as eagerly as Dad when I am seventy years old.

But aside from the rhino encounter, there was no more adventure for us on that ill-starred day. We reached the place where we had left the zebra bait, and found scarcely a hair of the zebras, but three dead hyenas. The lions had been there. They got there, however, only in time to punish the hyenas for eating up their kill. When the lion gets to a meal first, the hyenas wait for him to finish and then eat his leavings; if the hyenas get there first and the lion catches them, he breaks their necks to show them who is King of the Animals. Though we beat about in the valley for some time, we saw no further trace of a lion. When we emerged from the valley, I made out with my glasses what I thought to be either a rhinoceros or an elephant far in the distance. A rhino is not a rarity in Isiolo, but an elephant is, and we made for the distant animal on the chance of establishing a record by finding an elephant so far from its usual haunts. When we got to where we thought we had seen it, outlined on the brow of a little hill, we found the plain as empty as a hole. From the hilltop we could see for miles in all directions, but the glasses disclosed nothing. We sent the boys out in a huge, semi-circular line to beat up whatever game might be in the vicinity, but neither rhino nor lion emerged from the thickets of thorn and the clumps of grasses that afforded the only hiding-places. Jerramani swore that, by the spoor, rhinos had been there recently, but green as I was, I had at least intelligence enough to know that the spoor was several days old and that Jerramani, if not merely ignorant, was as usual lying.

On our way home we saw several lions bounding over the open plain—a most unusual sight; for lions rarely venture into the open in the daytime. It gave me a strange feeling to see them; there were six of them running single file. When you have lived all your life without seeing wild animals, you get used to thinking of lions and tigers as unrealities, belonging in the same category as witches and ghosts and other childish nightmares. And now here I was, wide-awake, alert, in the full bright light of an equatorial afternoon, watching lions as calmly as if they had been jack-rabbits started from the autumn woods

of Kansas.

As we neared camp, we came close to a herd of Grant's gazelles, and I dropped one, a beauty, with what I thought must be record horns. The boys carried it back to camp, and Japanda got it skinned before dark and stretched it on the sloping grass roof of the cook-house to be dried by the morrow's sun. But I was to have nothing out of that day. During the night the hyenas came and stole my trophy, hoof, hair, and hide—and record horns. How they ever did it will always remain a mystery to me, for the boys were lying, a full hundred of them, all about the cook-house, so close together that I could not have stepped among them without waking them. But the hyenas are clever sneak-thieves. I have known them to carry off the meat that the boys were smoking over their fires, leaping over the dozing owners to get it.

Next morning, Rattray, Dr. Macdonough's nearest neighbor, who lived seven miles distant on the Isiolo River, came to pay a call and to pick up some supplies he had sent down from Meru. He told us about some wonderful water-holes in the Chobe Hills, where we would find, along with the common plains animals to which we had grown used, the beautiful, reticulated giraffe of the north, the Grévy's zebra, and all the rhinos we wanted, and perhaps more. Fired by his description of the region, we decided to turn aside for a little from our quest for Lake Paradise, and see what the water-holes of Chobe offered for our cameras. A day later we moved on to Rattray's place.

CHAPTER X

THE BIG CATS AT RATTRAY'S

I HAD a letter from Rattray the other day. “This is the first time I have been able to hold a pen in my hand for over a year.” And the memory of our adventures at Rattray’s place comes back to me with as much vividness as if we had experienced them yesterday.

Certain place-names in Africa at once suggest certain animals to me. Say “Ithanga,” and I at once think, “Buffaloes”; for it was in the Ithanga Hills that Osa and I had our first encounters with the great, fierce, black African buffaloes. “Chobe” suggests giraffes. I saw and photographed giraffes in many other places, but it was at a water-hole in the Chobe Hills that I got my best pictures of the reticulated giraffes, strange survivors of prehistoric times, eighteen feet tall and sometimes taller, orange tawny, and covered with a showy network of black lines. “Lake Paradise” of course calls up elephants, for it is the elephant region *par excellence* of British East Africa. And “Rattray’s place” means cats—the great savage cats of Africa, lions and deadly swift spotted leopards.

Rattray’s place is simply a trio of clay houses with conical grass roofs surrounded by a group of paddocks. Rattray himself is one of the British freelances you are always running into doing strange things in out-of-the-way parts of the world. His idea is the domestication of zebras. He dreams of the day when zebras will be used in government transport work all along the northern frontier. Not the common zebras. They cannot be domesticated. They are too small and have too little resistance to be useful in harness. And they pine and die in captivity. Nine out of ten of them, I have been told, like the giraffes, die of fear and heartbreak within a few hours of their captivity. But the rarer Grévy’s zebra is quite another animal, almost as big as a truck-horse, very strong and not so temperamental as his cousin. Rattray has broken a number of them to harness, and when I go back to Africa I am going to try to get hold of some for my *safari*. I can take them to regions into which I could not take horses or mules or oxen, for the zebras are immune to the tsetse-fly, and they have the further advantage of being able to live off the country; they grow fat on the sparse, dry vegetation of the plains.

We arrived at Rattray’s place at about noon. He was on the

lookout for us, a tall, lean, powerful, silent man, bronzed as an Indian and hard as nails. He was full of enthusiasm concerning his zebras and took us out as soon as we were settled to show us his "plant." His first task naturally had been to catch his zebras. For this purpose, he had constructed a great V-shaped trap. Its converging sides of thorn-bush were each a mile long, and at the open end it measured two miles across. He had at first made the sides of white cotton cloth, but with the result that every animal in the region fought shy of the vicinity. Familiar thorn-bush was another matter. The point of the V led into a *boma* (anything surrounded by walls is called a *boma* in British East) which Rattray designated as his "catching *boma*." It was surrounded by a high stockade of logs, and its entrance was closed by a trap-door suspended above the opening and operated by means of ropes and pulleys. At the further side the catching *boma* opened into a smaller *boma*, by means of a door just wide enough to admit a single animal, and at intervals in the walls were "emergency exits." All around the stockade of this second *boma* ran a platform from which Rattray and his native assistants could overlook the pen.

As we surveyed the setting, Rattray told us the dramatic story of the great drive through which he had secured his first lot of zebras. He had marshalled his own fifteen porters and all the porters he could borrow from accommodating neighbors (anyone within fifty miles of you is a neighbor in British East), armed them with tin pans and other noise-producing implements, and taken them to a point some ten miles beyond the opening of the V. Then, assisted by a trio of neighbors, he led his army forward, and they drove into the V every animal in their path. It must have been a fearful and wonderful sight, those terrified animals driven by naked, howling blacks and three white men mounted on mules. When the trap-door of the catching *boma* was dropped, there were fully five hundred animals inside, packed as close as the wooden beasts in a child's Noah's ark. There were common zebras, Grévy's zebras, antelopes of half a dozen kinds, ostriches, even lions. The lions frightened the other animals even more than the pursuing natives did. They themselves, when they found they were trapped, gracefully leaped over the stockade and disappeared, but they left panic behind them. The ostriches added to the terror of the maddened beasts by flapping their wings and striking out their powerful legs. But it was the oryx that caused the most trouble.

The oryx belongs to the antelope family, but he is built more like a horse than like the slight and graceful animals we like to think of as antelopes. He can do great damage with his long, pointed horns. He has even been known to kill lions with them, and he fights fierce duels with his fellows, using his horns as rapiers.

When they found themselves in a stockade surrounded by

struggling, panic-stricken animals, the oryxes at once began to put their horns to use. The result was a slaughter fearful beyond all words to describe. Rattray had stationed boys armed with long poles on the platform near the door of the inner *boma*, in the expectation that they would be able to prod the Grévy's zebras through the opening. But the compound was so crowded and the opening so narrow that the prodding had little effect beyond terrifying the frightened beasts still further. The emergency exits had not yet been made, but Rattray opened the trap-door to give the maddened animals a chance for life. In the end half of them lay dead or mortally wounded inside the stockade, the other half had escaped into the wilds again, and Rattray had for his pains only six adult Grévy's zebras and three colts.

We saw the six adult specimens in a paddock near Rattray's house. They were munching hay as peaceably as farm-horses. They nosed Rattray amiably when he walked in among them, and submitted to the halter without any more protest than a horse at grass is accustomed to show. Finally, hitched to a Boer trek-wagon, they went through their paces. Though they were full of life, they were entirely docile and pulled the heavy wooden-wheeled wagon as easily as if it had been a light gig. It seemed incredible that only a few months earlier those same animals had been running the plains, shy and wild and fiercely free with hoofs and teeth.

Rattray explained to us in detail his method of training. He first kept the zebras for several days in the inner *boma* surrounded by the platform. After they had calmed down a bit, he managed, working from the platform, to get over their heads strong halters, to which ropes were attached. Immediately the zebras went wild again. For ten days they fought against the halters, trying by every means to get rid of them. But the buffalo-hide of which the halters were made held out, and the zebras finally gave up the struggle.

Then, by means of the ropes attached to their halters, they were half led, half dragged into a strongly fenced paddock in which were posts, one for each zebra. The halter ropes were passed through holes in the posts and the zebras pulled up until they stood with their noses close against the wood. Now Rattray was faced with the task of making friends with his captives. He entered the compound and walked about. With each visit he drew a little closer to the zebras. He talked soothingly to them. Finally he induced them to take food from him. At last he petted them, and they submitted. When they were thoroughly accustomed to him, he succeeded in putting on them harnesses of eland-and buffalo-hide, the strongest he could have made. The struggle against the harness was not so protracted as the struggle against the halter had been. After several days of putting the harness on in the morning and taking it off again in the evening,

Rattray let the zebras loose to try to roll and scratch off their new appendages. They soon gave up the task as hopeless, and before they knew it they were hitched up, a pair of zebras sandwiched in with three pairs of Abyssinian mules, two pairs in front and one pair behind. Since each of the eight animals had his head held by a strong native, a bolt was impossible, and after a little futile struggle the zebras gave in. When we saw them, they still had more spirit than is exactly an asset for draft-animals, but Rattray assured us that they were daily becoming more adaptable.

With the three colts, education had been easier. They had first been secured by long ropes attached to drags. Then they had been staked out, and finally they had been let loose to run with a herd of cattle. Though they were free to escape into their native plains, they came home with the cows every night. That herd was one of the strangest I ever saw—rangy humpbacked African cattle, the three frisky young zebras, and some baby oryxes that the cows had adopted and suckled as if they had been their own calves.

Rattray was planning another drive. He had staged ten since the first one, but none of them had been successful. Once a rhinoceros had got into the catching *boma* and, using his head as a battering-ram, had made a breach in the walls through which all the animals had escaped. Once several lions were in the catch, and the animals, caught between the devil and the deep sea—an army of howling men and a pack of lions—chose the lesser of the two evils and bolted through the line of beaters into safety. After these experiences Rattray had made several improvements in his trap and pens and was anxious to try another drive before the drought had dried up the grass and the Grévy's zebras had gone off to look for better grazing grounds. I was very glad when he said he would hold it during our stay. I planned to make a picture showing the drive, the capture of the zebras, and the first steps of their training. But an event neither Rattray nor I could foresee was to prevent the taking of that picture.

We had our first experience with cats on the day following our arrival at Rattray's place. That morning Rattray rode out on a mule, as was his custom, to see if there were any animals in the V. He came hurrying back, after a time, to report that there were three lions in the bushes near the catching *boma*. I got my cameras, had Jerramani, my headman and gun-bearer, arm a dozen of my porters with tin pans, and we set out for the place where Rattray had seen the lions. Rattray took his place near one of the wings of the V. Cotter stationed himself near the other, and Osa and I set up our cameras halfway between them, with the boys ranged in a semicircle behind us. From the location of the lions as Rattray had indicated it, I thought that they must pass very close to us; so I put on a three-inch lens.

At a signal, the boys started their hullabaloo, and we waited with bated breath for the lions to appear. They came before we expected them. They leaped out of the bush about six hundred yards in front of us one, two, three, four, five, six of them; five big blackmaned males and a tawny lioness. There was no time for changing to a long-focus lens. I seemed bound to lose the picture. But when Osa, who has something of a *Tartarin de Tarascon* in her temperament, raised her rifle to fire, I stopped her. "Not until they are past the camera." When they were past beyond all hope, we both chanced shots at them and missed.

All that day, I cursed the luck that had kept me from putting on a long-focus lens. When I go back to Africa, failures like that one will never occur, for I have had a camera fitted with four lenses of different focal lengths, so that I can change from a long-to a short-focus lens at a second's notice. I missed too many pictures during my months in Africa not to profit by the lesson.

Next day we went on an excursion to the Gara Mara River. In Africa anything that has ever contained water is called a river. The Isiolo, on which we camped, was a mere trickle; Osa could jump across it. The Gara Mara, though it showed signs of once having been a swift stream, was now nothing but a sun-baked channel, with here and there a shallow pool of water. About half a mile from the river we approached a reed-bed about a mile long and a hundred feet wide, with the reeds growing taller than our heads and very thick. Osa, mounted on a mule, was as usual well in the lead. She rode up to the edge of the reed-bed, stopped abruptly, and with excited gestures beckoned us to come quietly forward.

"A lion!" she whispered, when we were within hearing and held out her hand to Ferraragi, her gun-bearer, for her rifle.

"Don't shoot," I whispered. I stood beside her and peered into the reeds, but saw nothing.

"Another!" she whispered, pointing. "And another!" I still saw nothing, but suddenly I heard a lion growl. He could not be more than a few yards distant. I grabbed my gun and pointed it in the direction from which the sound had come. But a waving line in the reeds showed that the lions were running away. I shouted for my camera. While I was feverishly engaged in setting it up, the lions appeared on the farther side of the reed-bed, first one, than another; it seemed, as I counted them out of the corner of my eye, that they would never stop coming. In less time than it takes to tell it, there were nine of them in the open. They ran about fifteen feet beyond the reed-bed and then turned and looked at us. They were strangely unterrifying. They seemed like huge, mild dogs. They ran on a bit further and then turned and looked again. This time, they decided that we were not to

be trusted, and just as I had my camera ready they turned and disappeared into the reeds some yards beyond where we were standing. We could see the line of their rapid retreat in the waving tops of the reeds and knew that it was useless to follow them.

A photographer is like a fisherman. The fish that gets away always seems bigger than the one he catches. There are two pictures that got away from me in Africa that seem better than any that I got. One was an old rhino that we encountered on the trail between Archer's post and Meru, on the way back from our long *safari*. It was late afternoon. It had rained all day and then cleared, and the air was washed clean and bright as crystal. We were plowing along in our *safari* Fords, mud up to our axles. Suddenly we came on a rhino, close beside the road in a wonderful setting of gnarled and twisted thorn-trees. It sounds funny to say it, but that rhino, ugly as it was, looked beautiful to me. It couldn't have been in a better position if it had been posed, and in that bright, clear afternoon light you could see every scar and wrinkle in its seamy hide. I stopped the car; and then my conscience began to twinge. It was late, and we had still twenty miles to go over muddy roads. We were short of food, and we were tired. I had hundreds of feet of rhino pictures, and there was no legitimate reason why I should hold everybody up for the sake of a few feet more. Reluctantly I put my foot on the starter and went on. Just a mile farther on, the Ford stuck firmly and finally in the mud. I might just as well have had my rhino picture, but now it was too late to go back after it. Right then and there, I determined never to let anything short of actual and extreme physical danger stand in the way of going after a picture that I wanted.

Of course going after it does not always mean getting it. Sometimes, as in the case of the nine lions at the Gara Mara River, luck was against me. That was just such another evening as the evening on which I saw the rhino. The lions were within photographing distance, and I should have had plenty of time to get a good picture of them if my camera had been handy. But, unluckily, my camera was well in the rear on the shoulder of one of my boys.

I say "unluckily." But it was not solely a matter of luck. I should have known that there were lions in the reed-bed and had my camera ready. Though luck decides perhaps ninety per cent of a photographer's successes and failures in animal country, experience is a very important factor. I had to charge up most of my first ten months in Africa to experience. Very few of the pictures I am using now were taken in that period. It was only after I became acquainted with the atmospheric conditions of the country and learned a little about the ways of animals that I was able to do good work.

My principal method of photographing animals during my last

trip to Africa was to scare them out of their lairs and to get them as they ran away from me or toward me. I know now that that method was a wrong one. When I go back I am going to get the animals unawares, not betraying by so much as a flicker of the ear that they are aware of the camera. Last year I took most of my pictures in the neighborhood of water-holes. During the coming five years I shall not be content to photograph animals drinking. I am going to set up my cameras along trails in wood and plain, in forest glades to which come shy animals seldom seen by men.

I know now that a rhino is a creature of habit. He browses about all night, and then, at about half-past nine in the morning, when the sun begins to grow hot, he goes to some nice, quiet shady spot—he has a choice selection of such spots to which he returns day after day—and lies down to doze the hours away until about half-past four in the afternoon, when he is off again into the open in search of food. When I get back to Africa, I am going to search out those rhino lairs and set up my cameras near them while the beasts are absent. Then when Mr. Rhino or, better, Mrs. Rhino and the baby come along for a nap, I shall film them at home, all unconscious of the presence of a stranger. Such pictures will not only be of great general interest but they will have a real scientific value, for very little is known of the habits of wild animals undisturbed by man.

I know now that reed-beds are a favorite daytime hiding-spot for lions. Blaney Percival, the game-warden of British East, who knows more about animals than any other man in Africa, says there is one reed-bed a little way from Nairobi that is simply alive with lions. Hunters have killed a thousand there that he knows of, and still if you throw a stone into it you are sure of starting one or more out of cover. I am going to visit that reed-bed when I return to Africa, and I am going to revisit the reed-bed on the Gara Mara River and perhaps get a picture of the very lions that escaped me.

But it was cursing luck that I entered the reed-bed on that day. We advanced slowly along a narrow animal trail, our hearts pounding and our eyes and ears keen for a warning of the presence of lions. A few yards from the edge of the bed we came upon the freshly killed giraffe that the lions had been feeding on, but we saw no further signs of lions.

We found the Gara Mara River valley literally crawling with other game—zebras, antelopes of half a dozen species, giraffes. We determined to make a halt there on our way to the Chobe Hills and picked out a camp-site in a favorable spot. Then we started on the return trip to Rattray's. We had no adventures until we were within half a mile of our destination. Then, as we were going along through the dusk, a rhino snorted up from under our very feet and went

crashing off in a terror that was only equalled by ours. We could never quite get used to the unexpected apparitions that are part of the daily routine of life in Africa, and rhinos were new to us. We scarcely drew breath until we were back in camp again.

Next morning our boys came with a tale that a rhino had drowned during the night in the river near our camp. We could not believe our ears. We knew that the river was only four feet wide and scarcely ankle-deep. But we soon found that the boys had told us the truth. The river flowed through the deep, sticky soil that is known in Africa as "black-cotton" soil. During the rains, the stream, grown to a torrent, had eaten out a deep, narrow channel. In this a very old rhino —one of the oldest beasts I have ever seen, with a seamed and wrinkled hide hanging loosely on her frame—had sunk in transit. Her efforts to extricate herself had only sunk her deeper into the mud. Finally, she had formed a dam for her own drowning. There she lay with the water trickling over her. She had met her death by drowning in a mere brooklet in the midst of a country that was all but desert.

I did not shoot many animals in Africa. A live animal is worth more to a photographer than a dead one. Besides, I do not take much joy in killing. I saw enough of the wholesale slaughter of innocuous animals—the sort of thing that some travellers regard as sport—to put me thoroughly out of sympathy with big-game hunting. Through watching the animals and their ways, I grew fond of them and acquired a protective feeling toward them such as one has toward children. But still there were times when, for some reason I could not quite explain to myself, I was seized with a desire for killing. There is some savage in me, I suppose, as there is in most men. At any rate, I sometimes get an unwarranted thrill of power out of dropping an animal with a bullet from a powerful rifle. After it was all over and the animal lay dead at my feet, I was usually sorry and ashamed; so much so that I have determined not to kill a single animal when I return to Africa, unless it be in self-defense or for the sake of procuring a rare specimen or for food.

But I went lion-hunting at Rattray's place. Rattray built us a blind. It was a pit seven feet square and four feet deep, just allowing space for us, standing in it, to take aim and shoot above the level of the ground. The top and sides of the blind above ground were covered with thorn-bush, all save a two-foot slit in one side through which to fire.

Osa was filled with enthusiasm at seeing this unaccustomed kind of blind. She insisted that she would spend a night in it alone and bag her lions by herself, and she went off in a Ford to shoot a zebra for bait. I was for letting her do as she liked. I knew her courage to be equal to that of most men. But Rattray warned me most emphatically

against letting her go lion-shooting alone.

"You have no idea," he said, "how terrifying it is to be shut up in a pit with lions roaring all about you. And, besides, lion-hunting is something more than a game. Wounded lions are not to be taken lightly. What if one should roll into the pit? You go along, Johnson."

And go along I did, though when Osa came back, dragging her zebra behind her motor-car to leave a trail of scent for the lions to follow, she protested vigorously against my doing so. We took our places in the blind at about nine o'clock. The boys, who had accompanied us to carry our blankets and our extra rifles, withdrew. I looked out of the narrow opening of our blind. There was nothing to be seen but the zebra, which lay, stiff and unnatural, its legs protruding like sticks, outlined against the sky.

We wrapped ourselves in our blankets and settled down to await events. Our ears were strained to catch the slightest sound. But beyond the usual noises of the African night—the hoof-beats of herds galloping in the distance, the barking of zebras, the shrill laughter of hyenas—there was no sound. The roar of the lion, hoped for—and feared—did not come.

I think that Osa, though she was still a bit on her dignity, was glad of my presence. I know that I was glad of hers. A lion at night is a different proposition from a lion in the daytime. In the daytime his one idea is to avoid trouble. At night he looks for it. He is out to kill, and the darkness is his accomplice. I felt a bit nervous, shut up in that grave-narrow blind. If the lion came, he would have me backed against the wall.

The lion came unannounced. A soft thud, and there was a lioness, her fore paws on the hind quarters of the zebra. I had promised Osa the first shot, and, trembling so with excitement that her rifle shook in her hands, she took aim and fired.

The percussion of the shot shook dirt and leaves down upon us. For the space of a minute or two, we were blinded. Through it all, we heard the lioness roaring and scratching the earth. Even after we had rubbed and wept the dirt from our eyes, we could see nothing. The lion lay hidden behind the zebra and only occasionally showed an ear or a frantic claw. We feared every minute that she would roll into the pit. But at last, after an hour of struggle and growling and snarling, she was quiet.

After that I fell asleep. Years of nights spent in the open have given me the happy faculty of being able to sleep under the most adverse of circumstances. Not so Osa. The next thing I knew, she was shaking me by the arm. "I heard something," she whispered. I looked out of the blind just in time to see another lioness leap upon the kill. It was my turn to shoot. I aimed at her chest and fired, and she went

down without a whimper. I looked at my watch in the light of my flash-light. It was eleven o'clock.

Just as I was composing myself to sleep again, I heard a rustle and looked up. There was the lioness I had killed looking down into the pit. Of course I had not killed her; a hoarse wheeze told me that I had hit her in the windpipe. I was frightened to my feet. Automatically, from the back of the pit, I took aim with my .470 rifle and fired. This time the lioness was done for, but the percussion from the powerful rifle had almost wrecked our pit, and we were blinded and deafened by the report.

I was soon asleep again. But Osa kept watch. At three o'clock she wakened me. I listened and heard an animal sniffing at the kill. It was some time before the visitor showed himself, but finally he hove in view—a big, blackmaned lion. He nosed about for some time without presenting himself for a good aim. It was Osa's turn to shoot, and she was impatient to try her luck, but I advised her to wait until the lion mounted on the zebra and she had him outlined against the sky.

Suddenly, without warning, the lion leaped over the carcass, and looked into the pit. Osa sat down abruptly. Before either of us could gather our wits together he was off into the dark.

That was the last of our visitor. At daybreak we scrambled out of the pit, satisfied to have secured one lion each. But though my lion lay where she had fallen, Osa's was nowhere to be seen. There remained only a trail of blood to mark the way she had taken into the bush. We went back to camp, got our boys, and tracked her to a clump of high grasses, in which, undoubtedly the lioness lay dead or wounded. I sent the boys around back of the clump to beat her toward us, but she chose her own direction for escape. With a blood-curdling snarl, she leaped directly into the midst of the porters. They scrambled pell-mell, one over the other. And one poor devil did not get out of the way quickly enough. With a single sweep of the claw, the lioness tore the flesh from his back and went off in great leaps. In the excitement of caring for the porter, we let her make good her escape.

We gave the boy first aid and then despatched him in an automobile to Meru, where there was a Hindu "dresser" who had been trained for just such emergencies in the government medical school in Nairobi. The great cats of Africa fight with poisoned weapons. The bits of decayed flesh that invariably linger between their claws are likely to render even a scratch fatal. There seemed little chance that our boy could recover. But six months later, when we passed through Meru, we found him up and about and bewailing the fact that in a few weeks he must leave the hospital, where he had been more comfortable and better fed than ever before in his life and had not had to do a stroke of work.

All that day the rest of the boys, eager to avoid a similar fate, kept hunting in the grass and bushes in the neighborhood of the blind for some mysterious object. What it was, I could not get them to say, for the natives are reluctant to expose their customs and superstitions to the ridicule or misunderstanding of white men. Finally, however, one of the boys told me that a lion, when it dies, spits out from its mouth a precious object, the finder of which is forever immune from attacks by lions. None of them had ever found this mysterious thing, none of them knew exactly what it was; but still they searched for it untiringly, until darkness stopped them.

When Japanda, who skinned our animals and dressed their hides, had finished skinning the lioness, the boys clamored eagerly for the heart, that they might eat of it and grow strong. And they drew lots for two floating bones, like the halves of a wishbone, from the chest of the King of Beasts, to carry as lucky talisman. Finally the fat from the carcass was turned over to the men who had taken part in the hunt and rendered into lard, which the natives might rub on their bodies to make them strong. Even white men do not disdain this remedy. When I had a touch of lumbago, a Nairobi neighbor sent me a tin of lion-lard as a cure. In the minds of most people, white or black, there is no doubt concerning the preëminence of the lion among animals.

I myself found the lions of Africa invariably brave and fierce, but for quickness and savagery and sly cunning, I award the palm to the leopard. A leopard turned the last part of our visit to tragedy. It was a few days after the lion-shooting. We had decided to spend another night in the pit. Osa had killed a male lion at the Mackenzie camp, but I had still to win my lion mane. Since the zebra we had used for bait was now unpleasantly stinking, the boys dragged it off to serve as food for vultures, and Osa went out to get a fresh "kill." Her first shot wounded a zebra. He fled into a rocky *donga*, and she followed and despatched him. But since she could not get into the *donga* with the Ford to drag him out, she returned to camp for help. Rattray at once set out with a handful of boys and a team of mules to bring in the kill. It lay about three miles from camp. In a little over an hour one of Rattray's boys came running, I heard him telling the cook in Swaheli that the *bwana* wanted water. The cook brought out a canteen, and the boy went loping off. A suppressed excitement in his manner aroused my curiosity, and I called him to stop.

"Is there anything the matter?" I asked. He replied in rapid Swaheli, of which I caught only two words "master" and "leopard." They were enough. Cursing the stupid boy for the precious minutes he had made us lose, I shouted to Cotter for the Ford and to the cook for hot water. Luckily there was a tin of hot water on the fire. 'Mpishi put it into the Ford, I took my place at the wheel, Osa with the medicine-

kit sprang into the seat beside me, and we raced toward the *donga*.

We were about half-way there when we met Rattray, mounted on one of the mules. He hung limp over the animal's neck, a ghastly sight. His clothes were torn to tatters, and his arms and body were scarred with deep wounds from which the blood was pouring.

We immediately set about washing the wounds with a solution of permanganate of potash and water, in the hope of staying the dreaded infection. As we worked, Rattray told us what had happened. He was weak, but still in the happy state of numbness that often follows injury. Excruciating pain was to come later and render him speechless.

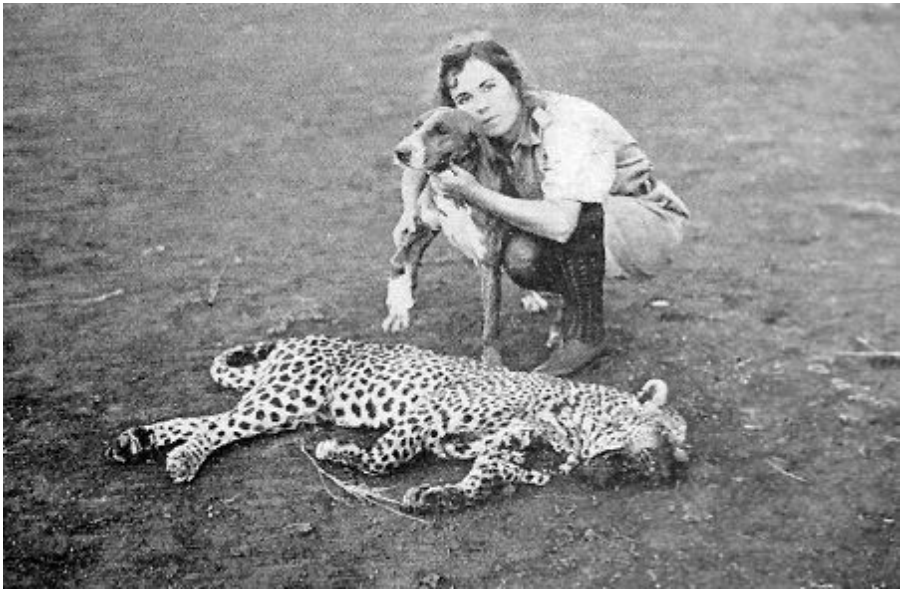
He had found a leopard on the dead zebra. "Strange that," he said. "Leopards almost never come to a kill in daytime. I took a pot at her—missed. She sprang for me. I tried to fire again...Rifle jammed. She sprang...Got her by the throat. Kept her from my face but she clawed me. Boys—silly asses—just watched. Had no breath to tell them what to do...I must have hung on for fifteen minutes. Then I turned weak, let go. Thought I was done for, but the cat crawled off into the bush, glad to get away. I'll go after her tomorrow."

Rattray's voice trailed off. The permanganate was burning into his wounds. His agony was beginning. It was to last for six months. Nearly a year was to pass before Rattray was to get back to his zebras.

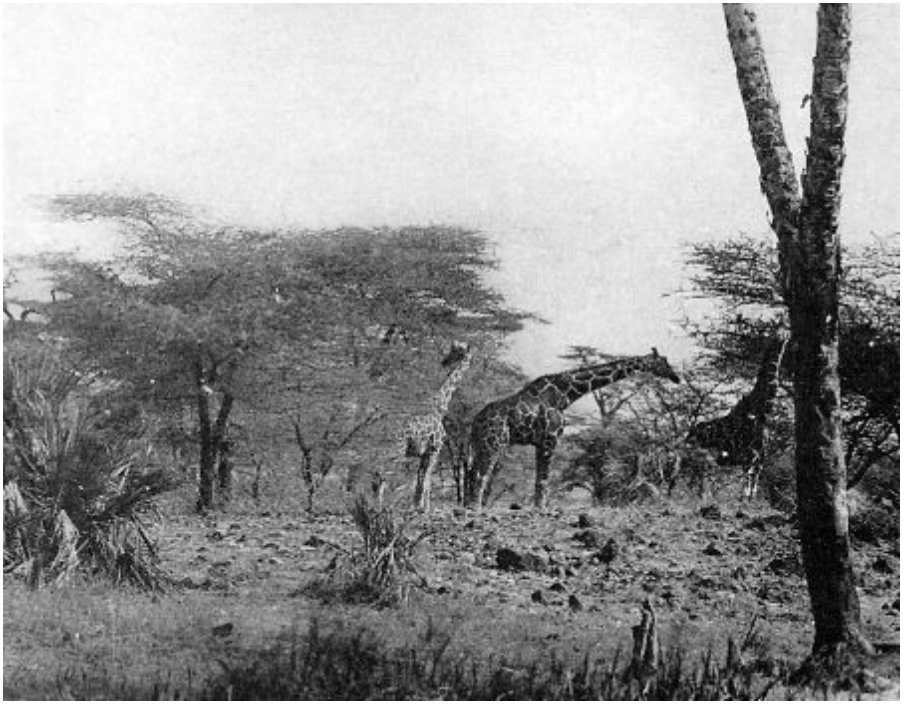
We sent to Isiolo for Dr. Macdonough. With Lieutenant Douglas, he rushed to Rattray's side, dressed his wounds, and gave him a merciful dose of morphine. Then he took him, in one of our *safari* Fords, to the nearest doctor, over a hundred miles distant.

But first Macdonough, Douglas, Cotter, Osa, and I went after the leopard. Rattray's brave little dog found her in the bushes to which she had crawled. She snapped at him and broke his leg. And then we filled her full of lead. She was the only animal that I ever saw die without regret.

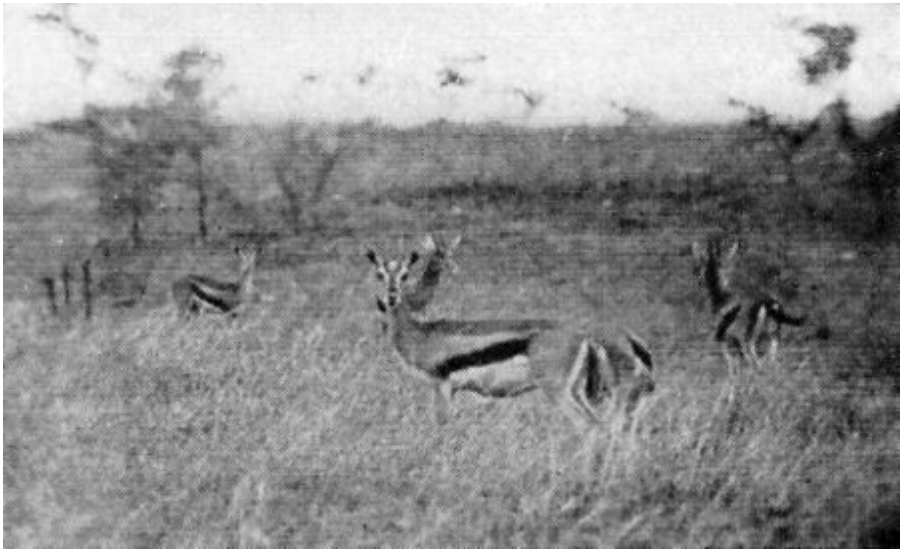
Rattray's zebras in harness



The leopard that nearly got Rattray



Giraffes feeding among the thorn-trees



"Tommies"

CHAPTER XI

HARDSHIP

ONE of the places I intend to revisit when I return to Africa is that water-hole in the Chobe Hills. There I got one of my best pictures. I know my way there now. I can go direct by rhino trunk-line to my camp-site in a pretty grove of thorn-trees, about forty miles from Rattray's place. The trail is one that has been worn broad and smooth by generations of rhinoceroses. Once you strike it, you have easy going, and you cannot miss the way. But on my first trip to Chobe I knew nothing of that rhino trail, and as a result Osa and I and some sixty porters had a taste of hardship such as I, at least, am not in a hurry to experience again.

Though big-game hunting in Africa is popularly supposed to be attended by hardship, ordinarily there is no more hardship about it than there is about a fishing-trip to the Maine woods—perhaps not so much. People have a tendency to confuse hardship and hard work. There is plenty of the latter connected witch an excursion into Africa. The working day of the hunter is a long one. Especially if he is armed with a camera, he must be up and away before daylight; for, since the heat-waves, as I have said, make all photography except "close-ups" impossible between the hours of eleven and three, he must make the most of the early morning and the late afternoon. If, as is usually the case, his camp is at some distance from his hunting-ground, he can count on his day lasting from three or four in the morning until, sometimes, eight or nine at night. He may spend that time in trekking (twenty-five miles or so on foot over rough country is a good day's march) or in stalking animals, up hill and down dale, his every nerve alert and strained, or in sitting for cramped and tedious hours in the sweltering shadow of a blind, waiting for animals to come within range of his camera.

All this is hard work; but it is not hardship. Hardship I call being strained physically almost to the breaking-point or being long foodless or waterless or shelterless. It is rare indeed that a hunter travelling in the luxury of a typical African *safari* suffers hardship in this sense of the word, but our love for deserting the beaten track gave us a bitter taste of it.

The Chobe water-hole lies well off the beaten track. Rattray

described it to us before the leopard got him, and Japanda told us he knew the way there. Japanda, our skinner, was a strange gnome-like little negro. He was silent and, unlike the majority of Africans, unsociable. He shared his grass hut with no one, and, when the day's work was over and the boys sat about the fire and laughed and sang and told wonderful fairytales about preternatural animals and about spirits good and evil, Japanda always sat a little apart. At his work of skinning animals, Japanda was deft and quick. When I praised him he almost wept with joy. Because I was a kind *bwana*, and not given to harshness or beating, he adored me, pitifully, as a dog adores its master.

Perhaps it was because of this mute adoration that I relied on Japanda, instead of sending to Isiolo for a boy who knew the Chobe district. Few natives know anything about a region unless they have traversed it over and over again. I was aware of that fact. And yet, though he was vague about distance and direction and claimed to have seen the water-hole only once, I relied on Japanda. He said he would take us to the water-hole, and I believed him.

We had reached Rattray's camp by automobile and ox-cart. From there we had to travel in the usual African manner, on foot, with our supplies carried by porters. Since we could not carry with us provisions sufficient for a protracted stay in the wilderness, we made a cache at Rattray's place, in which we stored several heaps of supplies, each containing three weeks' food for ourselves and our men. We planned to send back small groups of porters to fetch these supplies, as we needed them. We left Dad in charge of the cache. As the trip promised to be a difficult one, he was quite content to remain behind and to do his hunting within easy march of the comfortable *boma* the boys had built for him.

When all was ready, we struck out for the campsite that we had picked out a few days earlier on the shores of the Gara Mara, near the reed-bed in which we had startled the nine lions. It was a fine situation on the open plain at the top of the long, beautifully wooded slope leading down to the river. We arrived early in the afternoon, and set out for a tour of inspection of the neighborhood. There was little water in the river, but at intervals along its course were swampy places. In one of them we discovered a fourteen-foot python, one of the few snakes we saw in Africa, and in another larger swamp were traces of buffalo. From our camp-site we counted numerous herds of plains animals (the grass was good and they looked sleek and fat), and well beaten trails leading to the water showed where they went down to drink. On the day following our arrival I had the boys build blinds where some of the trails debouched on the river. Next day, Osa and I took our places in separate blinds, only to have driven home to us

once more the fact that we persistently refused to learn—that it is almost impossible to get pictures of animals drinking at a river. Though our blinds were well camouflaged, the animals found something suspicious in their appearance and simply moved on to drink elsewhere. Osa got an excellent picture of ostriches, which were too silly to be afraid, but that was all. We finally decided that it was foolish to waste our time, and on the fourth day we moved on toward the Chobe Hills, in the direction Japanda had indicated.

After a few miles we found ourselves on the edge of a great river of lava. As far as eye could see stretched waterless waste of what looked like black sponges. But they were far from being sponges. At the touch of the foot they rolled and crumbled into cutting edges, sharp as glass. A few years ago they had been carried down, still white-hot, on a lava-stream, one of many sent out like the spokes of a wheel from a volcano in the Chobe Hills. And there they lay as if they had been heaped up yesterday. Here and there the charred trunks of trees, and occasionally the top of a growing thorn-tree, which, hardier than its fellows, had survived the molten flood, protruded from the mass. Here and there was a depression with a sandy bottom, a blow-hole, I decided, made by escaping steam and gases. At intervals, long arms of sand reached into the lava-flow out of the surrounding, half-desert territory.

Since the blue line that marked the Chobe foothills was at least twenty-five miles distant, I foresaw a hard march. Difficult as the way was, I knew that we must make it in a day; for we could not carry water to last longer. There seemed nothing to do but to make a dash for it. I called my men about me and explained the situation to them. They were not bound to travel more than fifteen miles a day in my service, but they agreed, in view of the emergency, to a special effort.

In order to get a good start, we moved out that afternoon and made camp in the lava-stream about five miles from its edge. Before we left the river I gave orders that the porters were to fill the canteens with which, in accordance with the law, I had provided them, and I saw to it that Osa's water-bag and my own, each of which held a gallon of water, were filled to the brim.

In the morning we were up before the stars had faded. It was not until we were lined up ready to start that I noticed that the Meru porters were shoeless. Since my own boys always provided themselves with rude sandals of zebra or buffalo-hide, I had taken it for granted that the new porters would do the same. But they were accustomed to going barefoot in their own hills, and with the usual native lack of foresight had failed to anticipate any harder going. There was no time to make shoes now. To kill the animals and tan the hide and fashion sandals would require many days. I took a look at the horny soles of

my men, who had never from the time they were born had a shoe on their feet, and decided that they might withstand even the lava. I ordered Jerramani to lighten the loads of the men, and I left the surplus supplies there where we had camped, in charge of Ferraragi and one companion. By chance we had with us the hide of a zebra, killed for meat the day before, and I asked the two men to employ their time, until we should send for them and the supplies, in making sandals for the porters. Then, though not without some misgivings, I gave the order to move on. But the thoughtless Africans had no misgivings whatever. Blithely, chattering and singing, they shouldered their loads and started off.

The sun came up blistering hot. Soon the lava was burning under our feet. What breeze there was was like a blast from a furnace. I began to fear for my photographic supplies. Though I had them as well protected as possible, my films in temperature-proof boxes that I had invented under the inspiration of the fireless cooker and my cameras carried between two porters in canvas hammocks slung on poles and covered with canvas awnings, it seemed impossible for anything so delicate to withstand that fearful heat.

As the day wore on, I was relieved to observe that my porters, in spite of the heat, were getting along splendidly. Our Meru porters, unlike the professional porters we had brought from Nairobi, were splendid specimens of manhood. A free life of hunting and warfare, real and simulated, had developed their bodies to a symmetry such as is not often attained by civilized men. But though they looked far stronger than our professional porters, I feared for them. I knew that they had never carried loads before. I knew that they had not been schooled to endurance in day after day and week after week and month after month of trekking. And I knew that this march across the lava was one of the hardest they would ever make. So far, however, they seemed cheerful and fit. They managed to pick their way skilfully among the sharp rocks that had already worked havoc with my stout boots. Since only one showed signs of fatigue, and even he was pluckily keeping up with his fellows, I began to hope that we might reach water without difficulty.

At noon I called a halt for food and rest. And I discovered that our water-bags, from which we had been drinking without stint, were more than half empty. Worse, the boys were licking lips swollen with thirst. The order for them to fill their canteens had been passed on by Jerramani to a headman whom they had chosen by vote to act as their representative in dealings with the white *bwana*. Since by virtue of the honor he was relieved from carrying a load, he thought himself a great man, but he was, like many a greater official chosen by popular election, merely a dolt. He had airily dismissed the order to fill the

canteens as a vagary of the white *bwana*; and the rank and file, as is usual in such cases, were paying the penalty for his foolishness. This lack of water was a far more serious matter than the lack of shoes. But now, if Japanda was to be believed, we were more than half-way to the water-hole, and so it was as easy to go on as to go back.

"No more water until night," I said to Osa as I screwed on the caps of our water-bottles. "And then we must not let the boys see us drinking. What we have would not wet their lips once around, but they would not understand that."

We proceeded on our way, Osa and I in the lead, Jerramani bringing up the rear to watch for stragglers. After an hour Jerramani came to report that some of the men were dropping out of line. I ordered him to use the *sjambok*—the whip of hippopotamus-hide which is part of every headman's equipment—to whip them on; for I knew that if they were left behind, they would die of thirst or be killed by wild beasts.

At three o'clock Jerramani came to me again with the news that even the whip had no effect on the porters. They were throwing down their loads and refusing to proceed. I went back along the line of march and found a number of them lying face down on the slag. Some of them were sobbing like children. Some of them had arrived at apathy. Their feet were bleeding; so were their parched lips. Altogether they were a far different company from the jaunty crew that had started out so light-heartedly only a few hours before.

Jerramani, who wore good stout boots and had not neglected to fill his canteen, was still fresh. With his help, I piled some of the loads into heaps, to be left and returned for later, and divided the remaining loads among the boys, giving the lightest portions to the weakest. After a little urging, the porters set out once more. By four o'clock, to my relief, I saw a stretch of sandy desert dotted with thorn-trees not far ahead of us. Contrary to my anticipation, walking in the soft, deep sand was harder than walking on the lava. The boys pulled themselves wearily along. The particles of sand penetrated the cuts in their feet and caused them intense agony. But still they cheered up a bit, for they felt that at last they were getting somewhere. Now that we had left the lava, water and rest could not be far off. We had not gone many yards through the sand when we saw a rhinoceros feeding under a thorn-tree. I ordered the boys to make a detour, put a seventeen-inch lens on my camera, and, with Osa close behind me covering the rhino with her rifle, crept forward.

This was my first experience at close quarters with a rhino. I did not know what to expect. I kept a respectful distance, and was surprised that the rhino paid no attention to us but nibbled peacefully at his thorn-tree. I know now that he neither saw nor heard us.

Presently he moved on. We followed. Then suddenly he went loping off. Osa and I, happy at having secured our first rhino pictures, hurried along and soon caught up with our porters, who limped along painfully and slowly.

A little march, and Osa and I, in the lead, almost literally ran into a mother rhinoceros and her half-grown son, asleep under a tree. The tick-birds feasting on the vermin in the crevices of their hides set up a flutter and a chirping that brought the rhinos to their feet, aware that something untoward was on.

Since the wind was in our favor, they did not get our scent, but stood hesitating. I made bold to set up a camera. By the time I was ready to make pictures, the rhinos had decided that they had been roused merely by a bad dream and had peaceably gone to rooting about in the scrub. The scene was one of the finest I had ever seen. It was late afternoon; the light was rich and mellow—just right. The beasts seemed absolutely unsuspicious. My camera sense got the better of fear of these unaccustomed animals and of my discretion, which told me that it was foolish to use a minute of daylight for anything but finding water. I persuaded myself—and Japanda, still an optimist, bore me out—that we must be almost at the water-hole. The boys needed a rest, and so I gave the order, "Packs down," and concentrated on the rhinos. With Osa following close behind me, "still" camera in hand, and Jerramani and Kavairondo with our guns close to her, I crept close to the animals—closer than I have been before or since, without their knowing it. And then I began making pictures. The click of the camera startled the animals a bit at first, but they soon grew accustomed to it and paid no further attention to it.

So far, we had not seen many rhinos, and those that we had seen we had seen at long range. The glimpses we had had of the huge, ungainly creatures had been sufficient only to get us over the first shock caused by their size and ugliness. Now we were in rhino country. We were going to encounter rhinos by the dozen and have an opportunity to learn much concerning stupid rhino ways. And in the end we were going to award to the rhino the distinction of being one of the most unlikable of African animals.

The rhino seems old from the time he is born—old and overfed and stupid and bad-tempered. He doesn't go in herds, like other animals. He wanders about alone or with one companion. He is too disagreeable for society. Rhinos are great fighters among themselves. The hides of the old bulls are invariably scarred with the marks of many battles. And they attack men, sometimes without any provocation whatever. But for the most part they are bullies. They will charge ferociously toward the man who attacks them, but half-way to where he is standing they will lose their nerve and turn tail and run in

the other direction.

As I reeled off the old lady and her son, I had an opportunity to study the physical characteristics of the rhino. The mother was about ten feet long from her beak-like Roman nose to the base of her little pig's tail, and she measured almost as much round the belly. She stood about five feet high at the shoulder. Her gray-black hide seemed far too big for her; it hung in great folds in which a flock of screaming tick-birds searched busily for vermin. The son looked slightly less stupid and less fat than his mother, and his skin fitted better; but he gave promise of being his mother's own son in a few years' time.

For an hour I ground off pictures of the two of them. And then the breeze played a trick on me, a trick it is always likely to play in Africa. It suddenly whirled about, like a dog after its tail. The heated air, rising, had left a vacuum to be filled, and the air rushing in from all sides had formed a whirlpool into which the surrounding air had been pulled, whirled, and shot off again. For an instant, the direction of the breeze changed only for an instant, but that was long enough to permit the rhinos to get our scent. A rhino cannot see much farther than thirty-five yards. Its hearing is extraordinarily bad, but there is nothing wrong with its sense of smell. One little whiff, and mother and son lifted their heads from their feeding and then made for me.

I was not out to kill rhinos. I had told Osa not to shoot except as a last resort, and if she did shoot to fire first into the ground in front of the animals, and then, if that did not turn them, to aim for their horns. A hit in the horn, hunters had told me, would turn them aside, and, beyond giving them a headache, would do them no harm. But Osa had no time to remember my instructions. She had no time to take aim. The rhinos came on so unexpectedly and so rapidly that before I knew it the old lady was right upon me. She was not charging. Though I did not know it, she was more frightened than I. She was trying to escape an unknown danger, and in blundering rhino fashion was running directly toward it. She discovered her error at the last moment, turned abruptly, kicking over my camera as she did so, bolted in the opposite direction, and brought up blindly against the trunk of a tree. The impact sent her literally head over heels, but she picked herself up at once and went trotting off, half dazed, after her child, who was now a safe distance away and snorting for his mother. It had been an exciting moment. But, photographically, we had little to show for it. I found later that in my excitement I had tilted my camera so that, instead of the oncoming rhino, I had recorded a fine fringe of tree-tops against the sky. And Osa had taken ten "stills" on one Graflex plate!

Now that the rhinos had disappeared, I returned to the problem of finding the water-hole before dark. I put my cameras up and gave the order to be on the march. A few of the boys struggled to their feet,

but the majority refused to budge. The rest, as I might have anticipated, had merely stiffened them. I sent Jerramani back with the *sjambok* to lash the men to their feet. I made a second cache of packs and redistributed the remaining baggage in light loads. The boys, muttering, limped on. I blamed myself bitterly for not having realized fully their desperate plight. They were in such a state that the rest, far from refreshing them, had merely given their feet a chance to swell. I, provided with good stout boots and a bag of water, had enthusiastically photographed rhinos while they had suffered uncomplainingly.

We kept going until dark through the deep sand of the desert valley that lay between the river of lava and the Chobe Hills. Then Japanda at last admitted that he was lost. The scoundrel had undoubtedly known for some hours that he was lost; but while there was light there was hope of stumbling on the water-hole, and he had bluffed valiantly. His bluff vanished as it grew dark, and the air of importance he had assumed as guide of the party sloughed off. It was a very wretched and frightened little man that I berated for having deceived us at the risk of all our lives.

I called a halt and blew my whistle for the boys to gather about us. Only about half of them appeared, and most of them were without their packs. They threw themselves sobbing on the ground, and I built a great fire as a beacon for the stragglers and blew my whistle frequently to guide them. To Osa's distress, and scarcely less to mine, the boys who carried Kalawat had not shown up. We had visions of the poor little animal left somewhere along the trail to die of thirst or to be killed by a lion or a leopard. Slowly, by twos and threes, the boys came straggling in. At seven, Kalawat's nurse appeared, staggering along with the poor little animal, frightened and half sick but still safe in her litter. We took her aside and divided with her the last of our water, regretting as she drank the few drops allotted to her that we could not give as much to each of the boys.

It was eight o'clock before our men were all accounted for; the faithful Jerramani was among the last. I had no stomach for camping there in the open, for the sandy valley was full of rhinoceros-tracks, and in the distance we heard the hollow roar of lions. So I assured the boys that I knew that water could be no more than an hour away, and we piled up another heap of baggage to be called for later and moved on. We made an eery procession through that gloomy waste. I with my flash-light, and a few boys with lighted bundles of pithy wood led the way. Followed a long procession of limping shadows. Sighs and groans and the soft sharp swish of the sand underfoot marked their progress.

Since afterward in that same region we encountered nine or ten

rhinos every hour, I shall never be able to understand how we failed to meet at least one of the great beasts during that woeful march. But luckily we went along without incident until ten o'clock. Then I called a halt, for some of the boys were obviously unable to take another step.

I sat down gloomily on the sand, trying to determine my next move. As I pondered, young Cotter came to me and offered, if I would give him four boys as an escort, to go in search of water while I stood guard over the camp. We went over to where the boys were lying, in a wretched, huddled group, and asked for volunteers. I promised a pound to each man who would accompany Cotter if they would find water before morning.

A pound is a fortune to a porter. Since his monthly wage is five shillings, the gift of a pound makes him independent of labor for about a third of a year. In spite of this fact I had difficulty in finding any among my weary men who could be tempted by the offer. But at last four offered their services and went off with Cotter, who agreed to fire his gun as a signal that he had found water if, and when, he should find it.

Jerramani, ever faithful, had set up our cots in the open, and Osa and I thankfully crawled under our blankets. It was a long time before we slept, and then we slept but fitfully. The boys, lying about us, sobbed and moaned. From time to time we heard the long-drawn-out hollow roar of lions. Twice a leopard, circling close about our camp, coughed his dry cough. Our only protection against the animals that we felt were drawing in around us, eying us out of the dark, was the feeble glow of a single lantern. No one had strength to gather thorn-bush for making and feeding a fire, much less for building the entanglement with which we usually surrounded our encampment.

I dozed off just as the moon came over the hills. "Light for Cotter and the boys," I thought hopefully and relaxed to sleep. At midnight Osa clutched my arm. "Rhinos!" she said in a sharp whisper, and I heard distinctly the siffling of the great beasts close to our camp. I was not surprised, but neither was I pleased. I had no desire to have a party of rhinos stumble on us in the dark. I got up and looked about. It was bright moonlight now, and I thought I could distinguish dark shapes moving among the thorn-trees. I looked about for Jerramani. The porters, who had been lying about us, had withdrawn a little way and were lying huddled together in a heap. But Jerramani had remained at the foot of my cot. A word, and he was on his feet. Together, we moved slowly in the direction from which the siffling sound seemed to come. Sure enough, the shapes I had seen were rhinos. We came upon two of them not a hundred yards from camp and grazing in our direction. A few well directed stones frightened the

animals away, and they circled snorting around back of the camp. We thought we had seen the last of them, but just as I got into my cot, the beasts came rushing down between us and the frightened boys; so close that, a few feet more, and the nearest of them would have knocked over Osa's cot in his passage. They disappeared into the dark, but all through the night, at intervals, siffling visitors would come close to the camp. Invariably when they got our scent they went crashing off. But naturally we always expected the worst.

So the long night dragged toward dawn. And just before daybreak came the sound of a gun. Water! I got out of my cot at once, but before I was fairly on my feet the porters had disappeared into the dark. The assurance that water had been found gave them a new lease of life, and they rushed off, leaving everything behind.

We followed more staidly, and after an hour and a half we found ourselves at the water-hole around which squatted our boys pouring water from their now full canteens down their throats and over their aching heads and their bleeding, burning feet. There we discovered that we were not the only ones that had had rhino experiences. Cotter and the boys had found the neighborhood of the water-hole simply infested with the great beasts. They had driven them off with stones, and then, having refreshed themselves with water, had lain down under a tree to sleep. But soon they heard siffling from all sides. They were completely surrounded by rhinos, and there was nothing for it but to take to the branches, where they perched wretchedly, half sleeping, half waking, until our arrival.

Little was done on the day after our grilling march. The strongest of the boys went back and picked up the supplies and equipment that had been dropped along the way, and by evening they had everything in camp. Two days later they went back to the cache guarded by Ferraragi and his attendant and brought in the supplies we had left there. I should have hated taking that trail again. But the boys, with plenty of food and well filled water-bottles, seemed to have forgotten the nightmare they lived on it. They went off singing and returned next day wearing the remnants of the new sandals of zebra-hide Ferraragi had made for them. When it became necessary some time later to send for supplies from the cache at Rattray's place, the boys discovered a rhino trunk-line that led, broad and comparatively smooth, directly to the Gara Mara. That is the way I shall choose to travel when next I visit the Chobe Hills.

CHAPTER XII

HOME LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

WE made our first camp in the Chobe Hills in a beautiful little grove of ragged ivory-nut trees about a mile from the water-hole for which we had searched so desperately. As soon as the tents were up, I had the boys build four blinds at intervals around the water-hole, so that no matter from what direction the wind came I should be able to get to the leeward of the animals that came to drink. But though I sat in one and another of my blinds for ten days, I got very few pictures. Obviously, to judge from the spoor, there had been animals in large numbers at the water-hole not long since, but unaccountably they had moved away. African animals are nomads. They go from one place to another, to seek greener or more abundant grass or shelter from rain-bearing winds, or to escape preying lions or wild dogs, or to pursue some strange, animal whimsy that no man can fathom. Today you may find a place swarming with animals; tomorrow, with conditions apparently unchanged, you will not see a single creature there.

While I was passing fruitless hours in my blinds, Japanda went exploring on his own account. He had been very gloomy and subdued ever since his failure to lead us to the water-hole. He had moped apart even more than was his wont. But one evening, to my surprise, he came to me on my return from an uneventful day in a blind and greeted me with a bashful grin. In monosyllabic Swaheli he told me that he had discovered, an hour's journey from camp, another water-hole at which there were *"mingi sana m'yama"*—very many animals.

I was somewhat skeptical. Though I could not complain of Japanda as a skinner, I had somewhat lost faith in Japanda as a guide. But at last I decided that I could risk an hour's trek on the chance of finding the pictures I so greatly desired.

Next morning we went out—Osa, Jerramani, Ferraragi, and I, with Japanda in the lead. We discovered that the way lay across one of the lava-streams, but Japanda led us along a game-trail that the rhinoceroses, like steam-rollers, had worn down almost to smoothness. Save for the fact that the trip took nearer two hours than one, Japanda had spoken the truth. We were presently standing at the edge of a sandy depression in the lava-stream measuring about two miles long by a mile wide. Thorn-trees fringed the rim of the depression, and a

few were scattered over the bowl. At the very bottom of the bowl was a swampy place toward which animals drifted in from all sides. We found on investigation that there was not merely one water-hole in the swamp, but no less than six, and that some of them were the soda-springs that animals love. We scouted about very carefully so as not to alarm the game, and to our delight we found that the pools were frequented, not only by the plains animals with which we were tolerably familiar, but by two species of which we had had only fleeting glimpses—the oryx and the reticulated giraffe.

As we ate our luncheon, we watched the animals going down to drink. Literally hundreds of them threaded their way back and forth over the trails that made a spider's web of the depression. After luncheon we explored the neighborhood and found that a few miles farther on the lava-stream ended against the base of a long, sandy hill. We climbed to the top of this eminence and looked out on a pleasant stretch of wooded plain that reached to the rocky line of the Guaso Nyiro, some three miles away. On the other side of the hill, about five miles from the water-holes and three miles from the river, we chose a pretty grove of thorn-trees in which to pitch our tents. On the following day I took every boy, with the exception of the *askaris* who remained behind to guard the camp, and went to the newly discovered water-holes to build blinds. I had a dozen blinds erected, two at each water-hole. It required several days to complete them, and in the process we frightened the animals away. But I knew that they would come back. While we were moving our supplies and setting up camp on the other side of the hill, they would gradually grow accustomed to the blinds that were so strange a new feature of their landscape.

I always like to remember that camp in the Chobe Hills. It was the best camp we had in Africa. There was something so extraordinarily homelike about it. Though we spend our lives in wandering, Osa and I are really the most domestic couple you can imagine. The only difference between us and millions of other home-loving folk is that we make our home on the go. Of the fourteen years that we have been married, we have spent less than five in civilization. In the beginning, when we went on our first voyages to the South Seas, our travelling home was a very humble one indeed—a tiny cutter tossing from island to island of the blue Pacific, a grass hut on some savage island of Melanesia, the arched roots of a banyan-tree, or sometimes all outdoors, with the sky for a roof. We travelled light, in those early days, because we could not afford luxurious supplies or elaborate equipment. Osa did her own work, for the Melanesian natives were too stupid and too dirty to make good servants. She washed and ironed and sewed and cooked. And between times she

learned to take a man's share in the work of exploration—to keep up over difficult jungle trails, to shoot, to manage a boat, to handle a motion-picture camera, to take "stills," to help out in the dark room.

But our African home is on an entirely different basis. Our African home is a tent pitched miles off the beaten trail. I should say, rather, a series of tents. Every one travels luxuriously in Africa, for white people cannot safely "rough it" on the equator, and Osa and I travel perhaps a bit more luxuriously than the average. We argue that just because our home is on the go is no reason why we should be deprived of all the comforts of home.

I look back on our camp in the Chobe Hills as another man, in exile, might look back on some pretty little suburban cottage. It was a cozy little village, nestling among the thorn-trees. There was first a sleeping-tent of green-colored canvas with a roof lined with red to protect us from the sun, and an extra roof or "fly" to form an air-chamber, and a canvas floor. It was equipped with army-cots specially made, longer and wider than the usual army-cot and provided with good mattresses. Folding canvas easy-chairs and a folding writing-table completed the furnishings. Off one end was a little bathroom with a folding canvas tub. When we came in after a day in the open, we always found great kettles of hot water for a refreshing bath steaming over the fire near 'Mpishi's hut.

Pitched close to the bedroom tent was the dining-room—simply a huge, thick tarpaulin roof with open sides. That, too, had its folding table and chairs. Just beyond the dining-room was the storehouse, another stout green-colored tent, and a little way off was the cook-house, a grass hut built by our porters in native style. A tiny village of grass huts stood apart—sleeping-quarters for the cook and the headmen and for the porters (in Chobe we persuaded them to build huts for themselves; usually they were content to sleep in the open about a fire). And tents and huts were all enclosed in a crude barricade of thorn-bush to keep out lions and leopards and the thieving hyenas that would steal our very boots if we were not on our guard.

I can close my eyes and fancy myself at home among the Chobe Hills. It is early morning. The sun has not yet topped the distant hills. I awaken, not as in New York, heavy and languid and cross and aching in every bone, but happy and fit and full of eagerness to work. I get out from under my warm blankets and dress quickly, spurred on by the sharp morning air and by the appetizing odor of bacon and coffee, brought all the way from America.

We eat breakfast in the open, while the sun comes creeping up through the thorn-trees. From our dining-room we can see animals, singly and in herds, straying riverward, cropping as they go. We look

out on all sides. Yes, there is “our” impala. It is apparently a stray that has wandered from its herd, and it keeps close to camp, morning and night, as if it sensed that near us is safety.

It is still early, but it seems luxuriously late to me. Usually I am up before dawn and off to a blind to take pictures. Today I am staying in camp to write some necessary letters...I am soon at work, pounding away at my typewriter in the shade of my tent, while the life of the camp goes on about me. Osa, accompanied by Ferraragi and another boy, has gone to the river to fish. It is her wifely duty to keep the larder full: she shoots what game is needed for food for us and the boys, and she supplies the table with fish. Fishing is to Osa what taking pictures is to me. She never tires of it. No trek is too long, no risk too great for a mess of fish. When she was a little girl, her father tells me, she was his favorite fishing-crony. In the South Seas, she knew every fish—which were poisonous, which of the brilliant-hued, deadly-looking monsters were safe to eat—and she would sit for hours in a misshapen native canoe with a raw savage as oarsman and chaperon, hauling in fish to supply the table. Africa unluckily does not abound in lakes and rivers; there are long dry stretches where even a pool is a rarity. But there is no such thing as a river without fish—good fish and abundant fish. Osa sets off for the Guaso Nyiro with glee, certain of bringing home a good catch.

As I work, the routine life of the camp goes on about me. Aloni and the Toto, having deftly made up our beds and swept our canvas floor and washed the dishes and made everything shipshape, busy themselves at a little pool of muddy water—fortunately khaki-colored—doing the week’s wash. It comes out remarkably clean, and when it has bleached and dried in the hot sun, Aloni irons it by smoothing it with his great hands over the top of a rock. ‘Mpishi is baking bread, using an enormous roasting-pan for an oven. He fills the bottom with hot sand, on which he sets his bread-pans; then he puts on the top and covers it over with red coals. The yeasty fragrance of it drifts to me and makes me remember my boyhood; here in the African wilderness I can fancy myself in my mother’s kitchen in Kansas. The boys, lying lazily under the thorn-trees, doze or talk in low tones. Some of them are fashioning sandals of buffalo-hide with thorn-needles and long strips of rawhide for thread.

I lunch alone, for Osa has not yet returned, on fresh bread and jelly (I eat very sparingly in the middle of the day) and get back to work again. I would rather trek twenty-five miles under the African sun than write the letters that I must write, but I have no choice; so I pound away on my typewriter while the shadows lengthen. Kalawat, tired of tormenting the boys under the thorn-trees, comes like a spoiled child to annoy me. She examines my papers, and before I can

stop her, she has seized a lead pencil, ripped off its wooden casing with teeth and claws, and swallowed the lead. I catch her by one foot as she makes off, administer a dose of castor-oil from our medicine-chest, spank her soundly, and send her off, *whooing*, to Zabenelli, who takes her in his arms and comforts her.

It is late afternoon when Osa returns, sunburned, but happy and excited. She is announced by Kalawat, who sees her a half-mile off and, *whooing* wildly, goes racing to meet her. In the distance Osa looks like a sturdy Boy Scout, trudging along in her khaki "shorts" and shirt, her broad-brimmed double *terai* hat held under the chin by an elastic, her golf-stockings, and her stout mannish boots. Osa is a pretty woman. I like to see her in the fuss and frippery of New York. But I think her prettiest and I like best to see her in her wilderness wardrobe, clothes that I think women would be sensible to adopt for many of the activities of civilization. Slung on a pole, the boys carry, between them her day's catch, some two hundred pounds of fish, which she has caught practically unaided. Though she supplied her boys with hooks and lines, they soon tired of the effort of casting them in and pulling out the fish. But the catch is an any day's occurrence in Africa. The real cause of Osa's excitement is that she thinks she has seen a hippopotamus. As she was fishing, she looked up, and there he was, a great black shadow under the opposite overhanging bank. So far we had not seen a single hippopotamus, for civilization has driven most of the great monsters off into remote swamps, where we had not yet penetrated. It was too late to send for me when she had seen him, and so she waited and waited, her camera ready (since you can never know in Africa what picture you will meet, we rarely leave camp without a camera) for the shadow to emerge into the sunlight and become reality. But the hippopotamus seemed to know that it was safer for him to stay under his ledge of rock, and stay he did. She urges me to go and get his picture tomorrow, but I am skeptical of his reality, and prefer to get back to my blind.

The fish are turned over to 'Mpishi. Osa has her bath and emerges neat and fresh in freshly ironed overalls and a khaki blouse. She has at her neck the scarlet scarf she dares not wear a-hunting: bright colors startle the animals. She sits down at the tent door, under the khaki pent-house that makes a veranda for us, and goes over the freshly washed clothes, sewing on a button here, mending a rent there. African thorn-bushes play havoc with even the stoutest khaki. I seal my last letter, ready to be taken by runners to Nairobi, and sit beside her smoking and planning tomorrow's work. We are as domestic a couple as you could wish for.

It is almost dark now. For some time appetizing smells have been coming from the direction of 'Mpishi's grass kitchen. Aloni and the

Toto are busy in the tarpaulin dining-room, laying the table. Presently 'Mpishi's assistant beats a tattoo on a pan. Dinner is ready.

We are in the heart of the wilderness. Our nearest neighbor is two days' journey distant, but we dine luxuriously and our food is served with as much ceremony as if we were in a New York hotel, on our service of white enamelled ware. We begin with what 'Mpishi calls a "toastie," an appetizer made with whatever he can find to make it from; tonight it is anchovies and the delicate eggs of wild guinea-fowl on a round of crisp toast. Then we have soup made from the meat of the buffalo Osa shot yesterday. I was off in a blind, and it rose up suddenly opposite her as she sat fishing. Without hesitation, she reached for her gun and shot it, and luckily killed it instantly. If she had not, the enraged animal might have rushed upon her; for the shallow Guaso Nyiro would be no barrier to a maddened buffalo. But she did kill him instantly, and tonight we have buffalo-soup, and after that we have fish, carefully boned by 'Mpishi and appetizingly served with a sauce of tinned Holland butter. And then we have a tender buffalo-steak. The rest of the animal we turned over to the boys. It will last them for several days. But tonight they are feasting on the fish they would never trouble to catch. The headmen, in addition, have rice, and the rank and file have mealy-meal.

We keep the provisions for the boys—the *posho* you would say in British East—under the fly of our tent, and dole it out each evening. We have a big cup that holds just a pound. Each boy gets two cupfuls of corn meal if we have no meat, and one cupful if we have; and the head-men and our personal servants get rice. We must dole out the food in this way, little by little; for the Africans have no foresight. If we gave them a week's ration at one time, they would have it all eaten up in two days. The *posho* is safe under the fly of our tent. However primitive their sense of property rights, our boys will not steal from the *bwana*.

I think that the members of our *safari* are happy and well content with their fare. They have "palled off' in messes of from four to sixteen men. Each mess has its own thorn-bush shelter, its own fire, its petrol tin, which serves as a common cooking-pot. I find it hard to keep the camp in petrol tins, for the careless boys are constantly filling them with water and letting them boil dry, and then the bottoms melt out and the tins are ruined. Tonight a dozen smaller camp-fires surround our big campfire. Over the coals the boys are broiling fish. They do not give it time to cook through, but eat it, as they eat everything else, half raw and saltless. They have each a tinful of porridge, too, or rather of half-cooked corn meal, stirred with a stick into cold water and served as soon as it is warmed through. Last night they added what they regard as the choice cuts of the buffalo to the

mess and made a sort of stew of it—corn meal and bits of buffalo brain and lungs and feet and entrails. The flesh of the animal allotted to them they cut into strips and dried around their fires. They will carry those bits of dried meat for days, and chew at them as they plod along, like children with licorice root.

As they eat away, chattering and laughing about their fires, we are rounding off our meal with a salad of tinned asparagus and an apple-pie, a crisp old-fashioned apple-pie which Osa has taught 'Mpishi to make from canned dried apples, brought all the way from the United States. Then comes coffee and, for me, a quiet smoke, and then we turn it, for tomorrow we must be up early.

Snug in our comfortable cots, with a half-dozen blankets tucked under our chins to keep out the chill of the night, we settle ourselves for sleep. But we do not drop to sleep at once. We listen to the night sounds that swell about us. The mad rush of hoofs, a hollow roar, the shrill shriek of a horse in pain—a lion is hunting a zebra tonight. It pursues a herd across the plain. Not until it is ready to spring on its victim does it roar, to paralyze the poor zebra, already frantic with terror. Every night the tragedy is repeated, sometimes two or three times, and often seemingly very close to camp. But we never see a sign of the slain zebras. What the lions leave, the jackals and the hyenas that laugh ghoulishly while the chase is in progress make off with before we are abroad.

You can romanticize all you will about the lives of animals. You can picture them as living the life of an idyllic Garden of Eden. But if you do you must ignore facts as you must ignore facts if you want to make a romantic picture of the noble savage, who in reality is usually not noble at all. The life of plain and forest is a cruel life. It is a life of hunting and being hunted. The only law is that of the survival of the fittest. Even in regions where man has not come to kill and destroy, you will see very few old animals. Those you see are usually alone. The old bulls shun the herd, for fear of their younger rivals. For in the animal world, the old, the sick, the crippled, meet with no mercy. If an animal lives, it lives by virtue of its youth and strength, its keenness of sense to perceive the enemy, its quickness of foot to escape, its power to defend itself against attack.

How strange to be a man in this alien animal world! How strange that civilized man's need to work should have brought me into this world that knows no work! How strange to go to sleep, looking forward to a day of routine photography, from a stuffy blind looking out on an African water-hole! A day of routine in a land where even routine is adventure!

CHAPTER XIII

SEEING AFRICA FROM A BLIND

THERE are two ways of taking motion-pictures of wild animals in Africa. The first way requires little time or expense and involves little fatigue or danger. Let me sketch it briefly:

Go direct to Nairobi. Get a comfortable room in the best hotel. You can secure many feet of film without being absent from the hotel overnight. Begin with photographing the elands that run in a paddock with a herd of domestic cattle out near the country-club. On the plains, elands are growing rare. You may have to travel many miles in search of them, and though they are too unsuspicious for their own good, they are frequently shy enough to keep out of camera-range. But these elands are more than half domesticated. They will stand for their portraits. And you can run a caption, "Eland Grazing on the African Veldt," and the public will never know the difference. Other members of the antelope family can be filmed on the way home from British East in the big Cecil Rhodes Zoo at Cape Town, where there are reedbucks, steinbocks, wildebeests (among the shyest of animals), kongonis, and many other plains animals in large paddocks that can scarcely be distinguished by an unsuspicious public from the plains on which the animals run wild. And the zebras can be caught in one of the places in Africa where experiments are being made in training the little wild horses to be beasts of burden.

It is quite a difficult proposition to find a hippopotamus in its native lair. The hippopotamus is a great overgrown pig about the size of a motor-truck. It is lazy and stupid, and has been an easy prey for the big-game hunters who look for trophies rather than sport and for the farmers who object to having a steam-roller with vegetarian tastes roaming through their plantations. Very few of the great animals are left in accessible parts in British East, and the photographer must stalk them patiently to the muddy pools in remote swamps where they sleep half submerged in ooze all the day long. I myself have not yet seen a hippopotamus in his native state. I might have included hippo in my film of African wild animals, however, merely by stopping at a zoo on my way home. Sydney, Australia, has a fine big hippo. And even if the cement rim of the tank should show in the picture, you can count on the general public to be too much interested in the great,

pre-historic pig to notice.

Lions and leopards are a bit more difficult. But the governor of British East has five leopards on chains in his front yard at Nairobi. The grass hides the chains pretty well, and by a little experimenting and a little retouching of film, you can manage things so that the steel collars around the necks of the great cats are scarcely visible. As for lions, set a trap in tall grass in almost any spot in the lion country that lies an hour or so by rail from Nairobi, and you can get a snarling head without the public's ever guessing that the legs of the king of the beasts are held firm in a vise of steel. It is not so satisfactory to buy a tame lion. When I was in Nairobi people were telling a story of a lion-hunt that they held up as an example of "American bluff." Since the heroes of the hunt were, like myself, motion-picture men, the story was related to me, with a grain of malice, by half the people I met. It ran like this. The enterprising filmsters decided to stage a lion-hunt in true Hollywood style. They heard of a tame lion that belonged to a European family in Nairobi and set about to get the beast to act as a star. The lion was the special pet of the little daughter of the family. But the motion-picture men offered a hundred dollars for it, and the father could not let an offer like that pass. Besides, the beast might turn ugly some day. So a hundred dollars changed hands, and so did the lion. The camera men, aided by their black servants, transported the beast to the country near Nairobi and deposited it in a clump of thorn-bushes. They hired a group of picturesque Kikuyu natives, half naked and with wild head-dresses and fierce-looking spears, to assist in the hunt. The Kikuyus are warriors, but they are not hunters. That did not matter, however. The photographers intended to caption them as Masai. How many people in America know anything about the habits of African tribes?

The next thing was to induce the lion to spring. It was decided to smoke him out of the brush. Can't you see the caption: "Intrepid hunters decide to fire the brush to drive the man-eater from his lair"? The poor lion was crouching in the thorn-bush a bit dazed by his unaccustomed journey, and when the smoke reached him he was frightened. He crawled bewilderedly from the bush. And he was awfully glad to see human beings. Men had always treated him well. So he advanced toward the camera wagging his tail and fawning like a great, friendly dog.

That would never do. The motion-picture men shouted and shot their guns in the air; the natives made a great hullabaloo. The lion stopped, puzzled. "Prod him with spears," came the order, and the Kikuyus obeyed. The lion turned and snapped at them and then again made for the white men, not like a fierce wild animal, but like the frightened domestic pet that he was.

I shall not tell any more of the story of how that poor beast was tortured to death. I will only say that the film of the lion-hunt was found on development to be unusable, for the S.P.C.A. would have had it suppressed, even if it had got by the National Board of Censorship. For from beginning to end the star engaged at a hundred dollars the performance to act the villain played the ingénue.

Of course this affair was not well handled, but most of the important animals of Africa can be photographed within a very short time and within reach of civilization. You may have to go to Mount Kenya, a few miles beyond Nairobi, for your elephants. But the elephants there have been hunted a good bit and are shy. They are not likely to molest you. The chances are that they will bolt at the sight of you, and you can film them as they go off and call the picture, "Charging elephants," and get away with it with all but a few persons of the type that you can fool only part of the time.

After you have procured several thousand feet of film after this fashion, work up captions about darkest Africa and its noxious fevers and its terrible tsetse-fly, deadly to man and beast, and its fierce, treacherous savages. Of course, British East is a land of health; except in the low-lying coast regions, where few white men attempt to live and where hunters rarely go, your chances of disease are less than in the crowded regions of civilization. As for the tsetse-fly, it exists only in certain localities, and as a rule pays no attention whatever to human beings. And the savages of British East are, as I have said, simply good-natured, happy-go-lucky "plantation niggers." They fight among themselves, but even the wildest tribes respect the white man. And those that work for the white man are capable of faithful and devoted service. But if you believe that the public wants only thrills, you have to serve up tsetse-fly and fevers and wild savages along with the tame animals of Darkest Africa.

That is one way of taking animal pictures in Africa. It is not my way. I trapped some lions in Africa, kept them two days without food, and then set them free to go in search of water and food; and filmed them as they went down, angry and suspicious, to a rock-bound water-hole. But I have not included those animals in the motion-picture that I present to the public. My photographs are of animals that have never been captured. So far as is possible, they are of animals unafraid and unsuspicious, acting as they act when there are no men near. I underwent what I suppose most people would regard as hardship and a certain amount of danger to procure them. The chief requisites for my way of taking animal pictures, however, are time and patience. It was through waiting quietly in a blind, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, that I got my best pictures.

The stock qualities that are supposed to make a hunter are

courage, endurance, resourcefulness, and presence of mind. The hunter who bags his game with a camera instead of a gun needs them all at times, but he needs even more the homely, undramatic, old-fashioned virtue of patience. He has his hardships—his long and weary marches, his exposure to rain and tropical sun and voracious tropical insects. He has his dramatic experiences, his chance encounters with wild beasts, his narrow escapes. But his real adventures are as undramatic as patience. To see the first animal, perhaps a tiny, harmless gazelle, or a stupid, blundering wart-hog, coming to drink at a water-hole where he has watched with his camera for days, is what sets the blood pounding in his ears.

I have stalked animals in the open in Africa. I have stood in the thundering path of stampeding buffaloes grinding away at my camera until they were all upon me. I have filmed the anger and fear of a great African elephant without being quite sure whether or not I could get out of his way at the last moment. I have had my spectacular moments. But my real adventures are those that I experienced in the quiet dusk of the blinds that I built to hide myself and my camera from the animals that I wished to trap in my motion-picture films.

First to last, I built about a hundred blinds during my sojourn in Africa. I did a lot of experimenting with their location and construction, but gradually I learned the trick.

Animals differ greatly in different localities. The same species is shy and unapproachable here, and bold and indiscreet there. I am constantly running across people who think that wild creatures are stamped out like the creatures in a Noah's ark, all after the same pattern. But animals are individuals, as men are. It is not safe to generalize too much about them. I found that a blind that proved successful in one place might be regarded with the utmost suspicion in another. But I learned certain set rules that with occasional reservations were applicable everywhere.

The best location for a blind is near a water-hole; I usually chose one about a hundred yards distant, just within easy reach of my long-focus lenses, and the water-hole must be at least five miles from camp and at least five, though preferably twenty-five, miles from any other water. Secondly, the blind must be on the leeward side of the animal. Since the wind, in Africa as in the rest of the world, is given to shifting, there must be more than one blind to a water-hole. I usually built five at intervals around the border of each pool.

I built my blinds for comfort. Since I had to spend most of my time in them, I determined not to be cramped. First, I had my boys pile up walls of stone, making a solid barrier that would conceal my movements from the animals. I always counted on its taking several days to build a blind; for sometimes the boys had to go miles to find

suitable stones. But I had had my experience with the thirty-minute thorn-bush construction at John Walsh's place, where the animals fought shy of it. When the walls were finished, they inclosed a circular space about seven feet in diameter, large enough to admit a cot made for a six-foot man. Then came a thorn-bush roof. I tried canvas roofs. I even had a special tent made in Nairobi to serve as a blind. But I found that in the slightest breeze the canvas would flap and send the animals scurrying off in terror. Thorn-bush they were used to. It fitted into their landscape. But it was not wise to use too much of it. During my early experiments, I had my blinds made to resemble thorn-bush thickets and found that the animals gave them a wide berth, thinking they concealed lions. After that I used only a bit of the bush here and there about my walls, to make them look like natural protuberances of rock in which bushes had chanced to take root. If I could find a tree to serve as a roof-tree, or a little hill or a cliff into which to build my blind, so much the better. The animals often fought shy of a blind built in the open. When I could find no shelter for it, I had to build it as small and inconspicuous as possible.

The blind was entered by way of a stone-walled passageway, which was curved at right angles to the door in the wall of the blind in order to discourage unannounced visits. The blind had no windows, only a narrow aperture about four feet long in which I could place my camera. I hung thorn-bush twigs all about this opening and screened it with a sort of penthouse of branches. As the twigs dried, they were forever slipping down in front of my lenses and spoiling pictures. Next year I shall dispense with the twigs. In one of the packing-boxes that I am getting ready to take back to Africa, I have a substitute for them—a collection of plain, coarse-meshed lace curtains, dyed green. Any housewife who has ever watched her neighbors from behind the parlor curtains can tell you how effective a screen plain bobbinet can be.

The interior of the blind was nearly dark. I soon learned, however, that even in my gloomy cell I must avoid quick movements, for the sharp-sighted plains animals would be sure to detect them, and would at once suspect a lion. I learned, too, to keep my camera well back, so that the late afternoon sun would not be reflected from the lens. For though an animal frightened off by a chance whiff of man might forget it and come back on the following day, it would remember an inexplicable movement for several days. So I stirred about as little as possible and, if at all, very slowly, and for the rest I had little to do but wait.

A day in a blind is full of event from morning to night. It is necessarily a long day. You have to take up your position before daylight. At three in the morning, usually, I got out and shook a little

bag of flour on the still air to determine the direction of the wind and then made for a blind on the leeward side of a water-hole. About twenty boys accompanied me, carrying my easy-chair, my cameras, my guns, my lunch, a few magazines—whatever I thought I might need for the day. Everything I used had to be taken back to camp every night and retransported every morning, for baboons might visit the blind and tear the equipment left there to pieces with inquisitive, powerful fingers.

Walks to my blinds through the dark of early morning are among the most vivid of my African experiences. The air is crisp and cool. The brilliant stars overhead have not yet begun to pale. We go along in silence, the noises of the wilderness beating about us: the sharp *yap-yap* of the zebra, which instead of braying barks like a toy poodle; the laughing of hyenas, feasting ghoulishly on the carcass of some animal dead of age or slain by hunter or lion; the roar of King Lion himself—hollow, long-drawn-out, terrible, and no one can say how near, for the lion is a bit of a ventriloquist and can make his prey think he is farther off than he really is. As we walk, we hear on each side the sound of padded feet, as grazing herds of animals scatter at our approach. Sometimes a rhino crashes snorting through the thorn-bushes.

The sky is just turning green at the horizon by the time I reach my blind. Once I am installed, the boys go off, and I am alone until they shall return for me at sunset. Often Osa keeps a lonely watch at another water-hole five miles the other side of camp. Or sometimes she amuses herself during my absence by going on a ten-mile expedition to lay in a supply of fresh meat well out of gunshot sound of the water-hole or by trekking to a river where she can catch the fish the lazy natives leave undisturbed.

A doze in my arm-chair, I wait for dawn and the animals that will come down the dozens of various trails converging at the water-hole. Before it is light enough to take photographs, some of the little gazelles appear—Grant's gazelles with beautiful, long, curved, lyre-shaped horns, or little Tommies scarcely two feet high with their short tails jerking as if set off by clock work. They browse, all unsuspecting, in the neighborhood of the water-hole, coming down now and then to drink. They nose each other away from the pool teasingly, and sometimes they lock horns in sham fights. Then, as it grows lighter, the impalas show up. The little buck comes first. He is only about three feet high at the shoulders, but he has ringed horns two thirds as long as he is tall. He is very cautious. He stands off for a long time, sniffing the air in this direction and that, and turning his head with quick, nervous movements. Finally, browsing and watching, he comes down to drink. Every few seconds he raises his head with a sudden

jerk to make sure that no enemy is stealing up on him. After a bit he goes off. He will come back in an hour with his does and their tiny, long-legged fawns. He will leave them at a little distance while he comes down to the pool to reconnoiter, and then he will lead them to drink while he stands guard, ready to defend the poor hornless creatures—or to warn them and flee with them in case of danger.

Look out with me from my blind in the Chobe Hills. About a hundred yards back of the pool is a fringe of thorn-trees, and back of the thorn-trees, many miles away, Mount Kenya sits on the equator in a blue haze, wearing an ice-cap that is already pink in the dawn. Animals come drifting over the plain. They linger in the thorn-trees, wondering if it is safe to drink. Finally, they come down to the pool for a morning draft of muddy water. Almost as if by agreement, they always come in a set order. The zebras are first. They arrive in herds, rarely alone; I have seen as many as a hundred in a herd. Most of them are of the type known as Grant's zebra. They are white, with broad black stripes. Among them are a few of the rarer Grévy's zebras. They are larger than the common zebra, and their stripes, thinner and more elegant than those of their plebeian cousins, extend to the very tips of their stiff, upstanding manes. Instead of ridiculously and shrilly barking, like Grant's zebra, they bray as well as any donkey, and they have ears that a donkey might envy, not pointed, but round and upstanding and hairy. There is a clump of high grass not far from the pool. When the zebras pass it, they break into a run, for lions like to hide in the grass, and fat zebra is the lion's favorite food. The zebras do not ordinarily molest man or other animals, though if put to it they will, like any beast, defend themselves as well as possible with their hoofs. But they are great fighters among themselves. They nip each other wickedly as they crowd at the brim of the water-hole, and sometimes the young stallions strike out at each other with their hoofs.

There is a story that zebras will not tolerate any sick or feeble ones in their midst, and that may be true, for I remember a little, lone zebra, who never drank with the herd but waited at a distance to come to drink after all his kind had left. He crept down, restless and frightened, and drank nervously; and if any other zebras approached, he was off like a flash. I wondered if his mother had perhaps been killed by a lion and if he himself had been driven out of the herd to shift for himself until he perhaps should meet with the same fate, or perhaps be struck down by a hyena that hunts only the lone and the weak.

After the zebras, the oryxes come stepping down, always in single file. Then come the gnu and the eland and perhaps one or two other representatives of the numerous antelope tribe.

The giraffes are late risers. It is nine o'clock before they appear back stage, nibbling at the tops of the thorn-trees by way of breakfast. It will probably be noon before they decide to risk drinking at the pool. It is difficult for a giraffe to get his long front legs astraddle and his long neck down to the surface of the water, and he knows that if a lion comes on him unaware he will not be able to make a quick get-away. If he sees the lion first, the giraffe, awkward as he seems, can usually outdistance him, and if driven to bay, he can match his hoofs against the teeth and claws of a single lion. The King of the Beasts usually hesitates about hunting giraffe unaccompanied. But the giraffe knows his own weaknesses. He never drinks at a deep-set pool, and he is very careful even at a water-hole level with the ground. He stands off for two or three hours and lets the antelopes and the zebras test the safety of the place. The children of his family, impetuous young bloods, start for the water-hole many times before father and mother decide that it is safe to drink, but they are brought back by a sharp nip on the flanks or a rude shove of their parents' far-reaching heads. Since nature left out the vocal cords when constructing that monumental neck, a giraffe is limited to a sort of deaf-and-dumb language in conversing with its kind. When the giraffes at last come to water with flocks of noisy tick-birds feasting on the vermin in their hides, the other animals make way for them respectfully. Slowly, with many wary twistings of their long necks, they place their legs astraddle and bend down. The awkward little fellows have a time of it to accomplish the feat, and sometimes they wabble perilously as they drink.

It has all a sort of Noah's-ark unreality. Sometimes I have seen three or four hundred animals of many different kinds, drinking amicably, and with due respect for one another's rights, at a single water-hole.

To sit in a blind is like attending a play. The animals quarrel and converse and make love to one another all for my benefit. Birds go among them unafraid, not only the tick-birds that make a good living by exterminating vermin, but guinea-fowl and spur-fowl and great African bustards, that stand three or four feet high and are as delicate in flavor as a turkey. Then there is Mr. Ostrich. He is the bully of the piece. He swaggers in and out among the animals, and they edge away from him, for they know the force of his powerful legs. Mrs. Ostrich is a fit mate for him. She is silly and vain, forever preening her feathers and looking about her with a snobbish and self-satisfied expression.

I have two pets at my water-hole in the Chobe Hills. Two beautiful ducks—I do not know their name. They are larger than tame ducks, and their feathers are of many hues all softly blended together like the colors in an old tapestry. They always reminded me of the

Chinese symbol of connubial felicity. They billed and cooed—or rather quacked softly—like a pair of love-birds. And they used to come searching for grub to the very walls of my blind, and never once did they give my presence away to the other animals.

The tick-birds were not so considerate. If they chanced to light on my thorn-bush roof, they would set up a noisy tittle-tattle that would send off every animal in sight. And the baboons, too, were a frightful nuisance. Their inquisitiveness often got the better of their fear of my blind, and they would come up to investigate. When they got my scent, they would retire to a safe distance and swear at me noisily, and thoroughly spoil my chance for any more pictures that day. Animals would forget little incidents such as that, however. Next day I might get some of the best of my pictures. They would forget it, too, if the wind changed and they got my scent and ran off in terror. But I found that if I moved suddenly, and they saw me, it would be days before they would get up courage again to approach my pool. And I found, too, that after a few weeks of use of my blinds I would have to desert them and seek another water-hole, for the little huts would somehow become impregnated with the scent of man, and the animals would go trekking off to safer watering-places.

In the beginning, I could not keep my eyes off the changing drama of animal life at the pool. But in time I grew blasé, and dozed and read, only looking out occasionally to see if anything new was being staged for me to film. Sometimes I missed things. Giraffes would come down so carefully and so noiselessly that I would never hear them. I saw more giraffes in the Chobe Hills than in any other place; and those that I saw there were the finest specimens. Unlike the pale, tan, spotted giraffes of the Southern Game-Reserve, they were of a deep burnt-orange color, and they were covered with a striking network of fine white lines. Once I looked up and saw the bowl of the depression simply alive with them. I counted seventy-two at the pool and in the fringe of the trees. Usually eleven at a time were a good haul. And once I missed a delightful comedy scene, when a short-tempered old bull giraffe nipped at a too pushing and vulgar zebra.

Occasionally there would be a little break in the monotony of my watch. I would have visitors. Perhaps a couple of prying spur-fowls would burrow their way, clucking, under my loosely built stone wall and into the blind. They would stand still for a moment getting their bearings in the dim-lighted room. Then suddenly they would sense my presence, and such a fluttering and screeching as they would set up!

One day, during an off hour, when there was not a single animal at the pool, I heard a slight noise at the back of my blind. I crept softly on hands and knees down my pipe-stem passageway to the entrance of the blind and peered out to the left. Nothing there. I turned my head

to the right—and looked straight into the astonished eyes of a great brown baboon, crouched not three feet away from me. He was more startled than I. His hair bristled into the air with fright. He gazed at me, paralyzed, for a moment, and then bolted. When he had reached a safe distance he turned and told me what he thought of me, and his language was scandalous.

The next time I heard a prowler, I was all fixed for baboon. I crawled out to my door and looked to either side. I saw nothing. "Strange," I thought, in a low whisper; "I'm sure I heard a noise." Just then a shadow fell on me. I looked up, and there, gazing down at me, was an eighteen-foot giraffe. His legs had been concealed from me by a patch of thorn-bush, and he had not seen me because he had his back toward me. But he had caught my whisper (I should get over talking to myself) and had twisted his long neck back over his shoulder to investigate. I had no more than caught his grotesque sidelong glance than he leaped into the air and came down on all four feet about three yards distant. Then he turned to see if he had not been dreaming. No, there I was. He gave another leap. But what was I? He stopped for a third look. Whatever I was, I was queer. He leaped again, looked again, decided I was not to be trusted, and made off over the plain at a speed a good horse would have envied.

Of the twelve blinds in the depression in the Chobe Hills, one was my favorite. It was built about a thorn-tree. Directly before me was a little pool from which the water trickled in a tiny stream, soon to be lost in the swamp. The animals shunned my pool, for it was fringed with reeds (only the ducks drank there, quacking softly); they drank from a second, shallower, muddier pool a little distance away, which lay in the open with no treacherous reeds or bushes anywhere near. Often they drank it dry in fifteen or twenty minutes and then stood about waiting patiently for the water to seep in again.

Back of this blind was another blind at which I never got any pictures. It was a big blind, built right in the open, overlooking a soda-spring that reached the size of a small pond, but I do not think its size had anything to do with its unpopularity with the animals. When I was not in it, the animals straggled back to their pool for the soda-water they loved. But it was unfortunately so situated that some of the animals, coming from all directions to drink at the pool, invariably passed it to the windward side, got my scent, were off with a tossing of heads and a pounding of hoofs, and stampeded the peaceful animals who had not suspected my presence. Sometimes I would leave my station in the blind by the little stream, and creep on hands and knees to a rise from which I could see the animals at the soda-pool. They always seemed more beautiful and more numerous than any to which I could get close enough to photograph. And they quaffed the

soda-water eagerly. They even—though never singly—braved a rush-bed to get to it. When they had finished drinking, sometimes a herd of zebras would graze quite close to me, coming slowly, their heads, as is the zebra habit, all turned in the same direction. Suddenly they would get my scent and go dashing off across the plain; a prettier sight I would not ask to see.

First to last, as I have said, I built more than a hundred blinds in Africa. They all lie in ruins now. I never left one without demolishing the walls and burning the brush of which it was constructed. Save in an emergency, I myself never shot animals that I had photographed, and I did not want any other person to shoot them from a blind I had made. I felt that they had bought their lives with the pictures they had given me.

When I go back to Africa, I am going to rebuild some of those blinds, but I am not going to depend entirely on getting pictures from blinds. I want to get pictures, not only of animals drinking, but of animals going about the other affairs of their lives. To this end, I have had my cameras fitted with electric motors fed by storage-batteries. I shall set them up along game trails in the open plain; in forest glades to which the shyest animals come to feed, sure of being undisturbed; near marshes where hippopotamuses wallow like great hogs; in reed-beds where lions have their lair. Then I will station myself in a tree or a small blind some distance away, and operate my cameras by means of an electric button attached to a wire.

Or sometimes I will simply set up my cameras commanding a trail, and stretch a string across the path in such a manner that an approaching animal, breaking it, will set the film to winding. Then I will go off to work somewhere, miles distant. Who knows what pictures I may get of animals undisturbed even by suspicion? I can scarcely wait to get back to Africa.

CHAPTER XIV

RHINOS

WHEN I had been several weeks in the Chobe Hills, suddenly one day the giraffes failed to show up at the watering-hole. I was annoyed. I had hundreds of feet of giraffe pictures, but they were all taken with long-focus lenses, and I was afraid that by some chance they might not turn out well. I had planned to get closer to the animals and, for safety's sake, to get some pictures with a six-inch lens, and now they had disappeared. The other animals, too, were thinning out somewhat. I sent the boys for miles around to frighten game from every water-hole in the expectation that the animals would then be forced to revisit our depression. There was a slight increase in attendance as a result of this manoeuvre, but since the giraffes persistently stayed away I decided that it was time to give the place a rest. So, leaving a few boys to watch the camp, we set out on an expedition toward a *tinga-tinga* on the Guaso Nyiro, about which Game-Warden Percival had told me. *Tinga* is Swaheli for swamp, and *tinga-tinga* means a specially big swamp. This particular *tinga-tinga*, Percival had told me, harbored, when last he visited it, an enormous herd of buffaloes.

We followed the river for an uneventful day. Though we saw numerous animals in the distance, we were out after big game and came upon nothing that seemed worthy of our prowess. On the second day, as we were plodding along, Jerramani and I in the lead, I was roused from a meditation on ways and means of improving my cameras by a shrill cry from Osa, who, contrary to her custom, was about a hundred yards behind me.

"Look out! Rhinos!"

Jerramani and I whirled, to see two great black masses hurtling toward us. As we passed, we had roused two rhinos, a cow and a bull, from their sleep near the game trail on which we were walking, and now (so we thought) they were coming to take vengeance on us for having interrupted their nap. As a matter of fact, they were merely running away. But Jerramani and I could not know that. We made for a clump of bushes. As we did so, the rhinos saw us for the first time. They stopped a moment and then made for us. Just before the cow reached the bushes, she swerved to one side and passed us by. But her companion came headlong into the clump. For a moment, I thought

he would crash through to where we stood. But the tangle of thorny branches was too much for him, thick-skinned as he was; and, snorting, he extricated himself and went after his mate, in ridiculous, waddling haste to escape.

It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it. Our hearts still pounding, we proceeded on our way, determined not to be surprised again. We came out, presently, on a little hill, from which we could see for miles around. Directly before us lay one of the now-familiar lava rivers. On it we counted no less than five rhinoceroses. Since, from our eminence, the lava river looked narrow, we thought we could get to the other side before nightfall. But dark came upon us before we were half-way across, and we were forced to make camp amid the spongy rocks.

The night passed without the rhino adventure we feared. Next morning, come into smoother country, we met a wandering band of Samburus, driving with them their camels, their humpbacked cows, their sheep and goats. The Samburus greatly resembled the Masai in the style of their skin-clothing, their spears, their shaven heads; there was even a certain physical resemblance. They may easily have been relatives of the Masai; for the home land of the Masai adjoins Samburu country: since civilization had need of their territory, the Masai were transported south, to share the Southern Game-Reserve with the animals. But the Samburus seemed far below the Masai in intelligence. It seemed to me that the desert sun, beating on their bare pates, had baked their brains, so dazed and stupid they were. They conversed little even among themselves, and rarely showed the slightest animation.

We bought several of their cattle for meat, for a diet of game was palling upon us. When the bargain was completed, we asked them, through Zabenelli, who included a few words of their language in his répertoire, the whereabouts of the *tinga-tinga*. They could give us no direction. On the following day, however, when we arrived at the swamp, we found that they had camped at the very edge of it. Further acquaintance with the Samburus was to convince me that they found their way from place to place by animal instinct. They were never able to give us any direction of the most simple character. Of all the people of Africa with whom we came into contact, they were the lowest in intelligence and habits of living.

The *tinga-tinga* extended from the river's edge about half a mile inland, and was connected by a narrow swamp isthmus with a second, slightly smaller swamp. We camped at first on the river-bank near the large swamp. The river was swollen from the recent rains, and over it and the swamps hung a perpetual mist, as the greedy African sun drank up the water. Though there was fresh hippo spoor about, we did

not see a single hippo. We searched up and down the river for miles with only a small crocodile for our pains. The buffaloes we had expected to find in the swamp were not there. In a few days, accordingly, we struck our tents and moved toward the smaller swamp. When we were about half-way there, we came suddenly upon a rhino, grazing peaceably a little in front of us. I set up my camera, and Osa took her place at the crank. Gun in hand, I stole toward the animal, hoping to invite a charge for her to record.

I can stand behind a camera and face a charging animal as calmly as if he were a stuffed creature on wheels. Then I see only the picture. I myself am not part of the picture, but outside it. I am cold and objective. To stalk an animal with a gun in my hand is, however, an entirely different matter. Then I am an actor in the drama, not a mere spectator. My breath comes quick, and my heart beats fast. Every nerve is alert, almost aching with excitement.

Today as I advanced cautiously toward the rhino, my heart pounded wildly. When I got within range of his near-sighted eyes, he came for me. But his charge was a half-hearted one. He stopped halfway and stood still for a moment in stupid perplexity, trying to make up his mind what to do. Seeing that I was master of the situation, I grew calm. I would have let the rhino depart in safety, as he now showed signs of doing, had I not seen that he had only one horn. In the hope of securing a rare specimen, I took aim and fired at him. I merely wounded him and was preparing to fire a second time, when a warning scream from Osa arrested me. I looked up to see a wild mêlée of animals coming directly toward us. In the lead were a herd of zebras, a herd of oryxes, and an assortment of gazelles, Grant's and Tommies. Back of them were no less than ninety big black buffaloes. My shot had startled the buffaloes as they grazed peaceably on their way from the small swamp to the swamp we just left; and they had stampeded in terror, driving before them all the animals that had happened to be in their path. As I stared, startled into inaction, one of our boys, who had stolen off to sleep under a thorn-bush until my tiresome photography should be over, rose up directly in front of the onrushing animals. Fear lent him speed, and he came running like the wind. I rushed back to where Osa stood at the camera and turned to face the onslaught. A startled herd is as likely to run toward the danger as away from it. I was sure that none of the animals were out for murder. But that fact would not save us from being trampled underfoot if we failed to turn the herd aside. The other animals scattered to either side as they neared us, but the buffaloes rushed blindly on. I aimed for a big animal in the center of the herd and dropped him. Osa brought down another. Quickly reloading (for I had already spent one shot on the rhino), I got a third, and to our relief,

the herd, seeing their leaders dead, divided and passed to either side of us. Save for a shower of sticks and pebbles and bits of dirt and a stifling gas attack of dust, we were unharmed. When the excitement was all over, we saw our frightened porter, still running, a quarter of a mile in our rear.

The buffaloes drove away all memory of the wounded rhino, but on the next evening some of the boys, sent out for fire-wood, found him dead not far from the spot where we had pitched our camp near the second swamp. They came to report the discovery, and I told them to go early the next morning with Japanda in charge, to fetch back his hide and his single horn. But next morning, though they got there early, they found that someone had been earlier. Some Merus, who had come from their far-off hills to change dried beans for Samburu cattle, had found the carcass and cut the hide into little pieces, just sandal size. My boys, indignant at this appropriation of the trophy of their *bwana*, arrested the unhappy Merus and brought them to camp, with the evidence of their guilt, for punishment. To the great chagrin of my retinue, I not only refused to punish the offenders but sent them off happy with the fruits of their sin, retaining only the horn for myself. I found that, instead of being a rare specimen as I had hoped, the one-horned rhinoceros had merely lost a horn.

The second swamp, near which we were now camped, was only about a hundred yards wide, but it was a mile long. We knew that the ninety buffaloes were concealed in the grasses that grew there, but we did not dare to follow them. We had no desire to face the enraged creatures in that close forest of reeds, twice man-high and each thick as a man's wrist. We had heard tales of the buffalo's vindictiveness, how he will steal up behind a hunter and toss him to death on his wicked black horns. Besides, the place was full of pythons. We counted three during a walk along its border.

I should have waited for the buffaloes to come out of the swamp had I not remembered what hunters had told me of the habits of buffaloes. Fierce as they are, once they have been frightened into cover, it may be a week, sometimes even longer, before they venture into the open. With Lake Paradise still undiscovered, I had not a week to wait on the Guaso Nyiro, and so, reluctantly, we broke camp and started on the way back to Chobe.

On the return trip rhino encounters became a common occurrence. We ran into one after another until they began to get on our nerves. They never attacked us, but we always felt that they were going to. As we neared the Chobe camp we saw a wonderful picture of a mother rhino and her *toto* about the size of a pig outlined clearly against the sky on the crest of a little hill about a mile distant. We set out with guns and cameras, but when we arrived at the spot where we

had seen the animals there was not a living thing in sight. Not only that, there was not a bush or a tree or a depression anywhere in view in which a rhino could have hidden. After waiting in vain for their reappearance, we put the incident down as one of the mysteries of Africa and returned to camp, disappointed.

We went back to look for them later, and found them, only to lose them. It was after we had returned to our camp near the six water-holes. I had spent a week in my blinds, rounding off my giraffe series; for to my delight the giraffes had come back. Now it was high time for us to continue our long *safari* off into the wilderness, but before going we decided that we must have some more rhino pictures; so we set out into the lava to see if we could scare up the mother and her *toto*. We found the lava-stream fairly thick with rhinos. We ran into one after another. It was nervous going; for often we did not see the animals until their attendant tick-birds flew screaming almost into our faces. Finally we crossed the lava-stream and emerged into sparsely wooded plain. There were rhinos everywhere, nosing about under the trees, or just standing stupidly doing nothing. We approached one after another, but no sooner would we set up a camera than the wind, which that day seemed fairly possessed, would eddy about and bring our scent to the keen nostrils of the rhino, and he would be off. Finally we came on one of the beasts asleep under a tree. I got my camera ready, and Osa and Jerramani stepped forward to draw a charge. Instead of charging, however, the beast followed the usual rhino tactics and started off. Osa fired in front of him to turn him, and turn he did and came thundering toward us with the speed of an express-train. Even then, he was not charging, but as usual merely running away—in the wrong direction. When he came a bit nearer, however, his temper changed. He got our scent full and was enraged. His little pointed ears stood up, and his absurd, rope-like tail stuck straight out behind, and he put his head down and came faster and faster. Osa shot him twice, but with no effect other than to turn him aside in time. He passed right in front of the camera. But I could not "panoram" fast enough to get him. I suspected at the time that my picture was a failure, and when I returned to Nairobi and developed it I found that I was right. I got only his tail and his galloping hind legs. How I wished, when I made up my film in New York, that I could include in it that fragment of rhino! As I reeled it off in the laboratory projection-room, it brought back to me vividly the excitement of that African afternoon. But reluctantly I "edited" out that bit of film, for I knew that it could not mean to the public what it meant to me.

As he disappeared, four other rhinos, scared from cover by the shooting, joined in his flight. We decided then that we had undoubtedly so thoroughly aroused the suspicions of all the rhinos in

the locality that we could hope for no more photographs that day. But we had not gone more than a few hundred yards when I suddenly heard a chattering of tick-birds right in front of me. Simultaneously, Jerramani put out his hand to stop me. And there, so close that I could all but touch her, stood a rhino mother and a *toto* no bigger than a Newfoundland. I grabbed my camera from Kavairondo, who as usual was close behind me; but before I could set it up, mother and child had trotted quietly off. Luckily I was using my lightest camera. I shouldered it and went after them, and Osa followed, exclaiming, "Isn't he the sweetest thing you ever saw, Martin?" He certainly was interesting, though I should never have called him sweet. His hide, as if he had been provided with a suit of clothes big enough for him to grow into, was even more wrinkled than that of an adult rhino. His head looked like that of a catfish. It was nearly all mouth and reached back in a long, sloping line to his ears. He could not go very fast, according to rhino standards of speed. The mother stopped every now and then to let him rest. "But she never gave me time to set up my camera and take a picture. I followed the rhinos for miles, and then gave up. I turned my camera over to Kavairondo and started for camp, determined not to try for any more pictures. Fifteen minutes later, we ran into another mother and her half-grown child, almost certainly those that had done the disappearing trick for us a week earlier. A few minutes later we heard the tick-birds again, and there were two full-grown rhinos a little to one side of us. We backed hurriedly off. We were beginning to have enough of rhinos.

But I, where pictures are concerned, never know when I have enough. When we were within a quarter of a mile from camp, I saw a beautiful rhino asleep at the edge of a little *donga*. He was perfectly posed for a picture. He stood, his head hanging, in fine light, outlined against a good background of hillside, against which his profile—Roman nose, prehensile, beak-like lip, two splendid horns, the front and longer of the two nearly three feet long—was clear-cut. I determined to get him and to get him charging. I set up the camera, and after filming a few feet, with the rhino still unsuspicious, I put Osa in charge, telling her to begin turning the crank when I snapped my finger. Then Jerramani and I walked up to the sleeping rhino. When we were quite near I gave the signal. Just as I did so, the rhino suddenly came to attention—and another rhino that up to that time had lain concealed behind a rock stepped to its side. The pair of them made for us but, as usually happens with rhinos, thought better of the tactics after a few yards and turned and went rapidly off. Their flight across the plain was visible for a quarter of an hour.

It had been a good picture. I turned, as the rhinos made off, to congratulate Osa on our luck. To my surprise, I found her, not

grinding away at the camera, as I had expected, but standing a few feet in front of it, white-faced, her gun in her hands. She had not taken the picture at all. I suppose I showed my disappointment in my face, for Osa suddenly thrust her gun into Ferraragi's hands and turned and ran as fast as she could toward camp. I followed. As I went toward the tent, guided by the muffled sounds of sobbing, I turned for one last look in the direction the rhinos had taken. They were still going it, off across the plain.

Osa, ashamed at having spoiled a picture, refused to be comforted. Between sobs, she explained to me: "I wouldn't have minded one rhino. But two! I've had enough of rhinos. Oh, I'm sorry."

Finally she quieted down and we made a pact. We resolved that whichever of us was at the camera would stick to the camera no matter what happened, until it became apparent that either the picture or the life of one of us must be sacrificed. We kept that pact faithfully, and once at least Osa stood by the camera under conditions that called for the utmost bravery and steadiness of nerve.

Right here I want to say that for bravery and steadiness and endurance Osa is the equal of any man I ever saw. She is a woman through and through. There is nothing "mannish" about her. Yet as a comrade in the wilderness she is better than any man I ever saw. She does not like rhinos. When she has nightmares, safe in our New York apartment, it is rhinos she sees coming up the fire-escape. But anyone who has ever met a rhino at close quarters will excuse her. Nobody loves a rhino.

CHAPTER XV

ARCHER'S POST

IF you were to ask me to name the most desolate place in British East, I should answer promptly, “Archer’s Post.” Archer’s Post is a group of half a dozen grass houses on the top of the most barren hill on earth. Below it, the Guaso Nyiro flows through a sand-slip. Beyond is desert, behind is desert; desert lies on all sides. A sparse fringe of ivory-nut trees marking the line of the river only accentuates the dreariness.

The strange thing about it all is that Archer’s Post would not be dreary if it were not a post. Uninhabited desert never seems dreary to me. The most barren stretch is full of variety. There is unexpected richness of color in its rocks or sand-hills. Its little plants are strange and interesting in their adaptation to a waterless existence. The sight of one of the animals that brave its heat and drought is a thrilling event; in the fertile plains one becomes blasé about animals. But set up a human habitation in the midst of the most interesting desert in the world, and it at once takes on an air of dreariness and becomes depressing. Deserts weren’t made for men to settle in. They are for wanderers only. The tents of nomads fit into the landscape, but not a permanent dwelling, even so makeshift a dwelling as a grass house of Archer’s Post.

We came to Archer’s Post from Isiolo, after our sojourn in the Chobe Hills. We stayed there for some time, waiting for a reinforcement of porters from Meru; for a number of our porters, as we neared the desert, had deserted. They had heard stories of thirst and suffering, and even the thought of the white man’s silver had not been able to hold them. They knew that, once well in the desert, there would be no return for them; but here they were still within a couple of days of the hill villages they called home.

The presiding genius of Archer’s Post was a full-blooded Swaheli named Mohammed Sudan. He was as black and shiny as a figure of polished ebony and as big around as the fat man in a side-show. He was dressed in spic and span khaki, and his English, learned in a school at Zanzibar, was better than mine. Mohammed Sudan was police officer, with a squad of ten *askaris* at his command, and he was district commissioner and everything that the occasion demanded. He

was an excellent man for all the positions. His job was not an easy one. Archer's Post was the principal trading-place between the desert and the town. Here came caravans from Abyssinia and Somaliland; from the Turkhana country around Lake Rudolf; from the Northern Frontier Region generally. And here, too, came Meru cattle-dealers to bargain with the nomad tribes for cows and sheep and horses. Though, as we explored the surrounding region, we constantly saw caravans heading toward Archer's Post, at the post itself we never saw more than half a dozen stranger natives. Yet sometimes, Mohammed Sudan told us, they lingered in the vicinity for months.

Cattle trading can't be done in a hurry in any part of the globe. In Africa, where time counts for nothing anyway, each transaction requires months. A caravan of Borans will come out of the desert with a thousand head of camels. They will squat down in the neighborhood of Archer's Post for days and weeks at a time, seemingly doing nothing. At the end of several months, they will go back whence they came, having traded their thousand camels for a thousand others apparently as like those they bought as two peas. And in eight or nine months they will appear again at Archer's Post, and the process will be repeated.

We made camp, not on the barren hill but on the other side of the river in the shade of the ivory-nut trees, directly across from two Indian *dukas*, the leading emporiums of the region. We found that a mile down-stream the character of the river changed. It flowed, not through sand, but in rapids and waterfalls through a deep, rocky bed, overhung by fresh and abundant foliage. Few animals came to drink at it; it was too deep-set, afforded too many ambushes. We saw hippopotamus spoor, and knew that the great river-horses must be close by; but much hunting had made them timid, and they never ventured from the shelter of dense, overhanging branches and water-hollowed caves under the river-banks.

What the Guaso Nyiro lacked in animals, it made up for in fish. Osa went fishing every day or so and brought home splendid catches —catfish, and a beautiful little fish of which I do not know the name. It was flat and covered with scales that shone like silver. It was extraordinarily delicate in flavor, and, though it had many bones, 'Mpishi was a marvel at extracting them.

Osa would have been content to do nothing but fish, but I was out for animals. The country was reputed to be good rhino country; so one day I told the boys I would give five shillings, a whole month's wages, to the man who found a rhino. Early next morning ten boys went out to scour the desert. At about noon one came back with the news that there was a rhino about five miles distant; and, taking our cameras, a tin of sardines and a few crackers, we set out to find it.

It was blazing hot. After we left the river, the country was parched desert that reflected the heat and intensified it many fold. We walked for two hours, covering about eight miles. And then the boy admitted that he had lost his way. We sat down on the rim of what seemed to be an old lake-bed, to eat our meager lunch and to rest and to plan our course of procedure. Suddenly Osa leaned forward and pointed to something in the bowl of the lake: "What's that?" I followed the line of her finger. "That" was a rhino, feeding calmly, and we moved down and got an excellent picture of him. When we returned to camp, we found to our disgust that three rhinos, one of them a *toto*, had come to call during our absence. Without moving a step under the blazing sun, we could have secured a much better picture than the one we actually got.

Next day, I went out alone after pictures. Osa said we had to have some fish for supper and that she would stay behind and catch them. The truth was that she was reaching the point where she was perfectly willing to forego rhinos. There is something about a rhino that is repulsive. You dislike him and despise him, and at the same time you are afraid of him. He comes to affect some people as a snake does. He inspires in them an unconquerable physical revulsion. Osa, though she would not admit it, was fast approaching that stage. So when I went rhino-hunting, she became very domestic, and found something to do near camp.

In the middle of the afternoon I returned to camp, unsuccessful, and found waiting me a note from Osa. I tore it open anxiously, fearing that she had encountered a lion or a leopard, for she had a habit of poking into bushes to see what she could find that I was sure would some day result disastrously. But the note reassured me. "Come and get me," it read. "I have killed a greater koodoo." Now the greater koodoo is one of the rarest of British East African animals. It is found only in certain parts of British East and then in small numbers. I was elated at the news. It was fine to have one of these great animals, bigger than an oryx and with long horns, for our collection of trophies. I set off at once for Osa's fishing-ground, but at a short distance from camp I met Osa and her escort of boys, in triumphal procession, carrying a good catch of fish, a half-dozen spur-fowl, a little three-foot crocodile with a pointed nose, an extemporized cage of twigs containing a huge, bright-colored butterfly with an eight-inch spread of wing, and, slung, over a pole, an enormous water-buck. "See my koodoo," said Osa, proudly, pointing to it. I hated to disillusion her, but even when she found out that her trophy was merely a water-buck she took joy in the rest of her loot. It had been a good day.

A day or two later, our Meru hosts, Major Muirhead and Colonel Llewellyn, the officers in charge of the Northern Frontier Region,

appeared at Archer's Post. They came to preside at the trial of seventeen Turkhanas and Samburus, who had been brought in by a company of *askaris* and clapped into a grass jail. The Samburus and Turkhanas do not get along together. They are constantly encroaching on each other's land and stealing each other's cattle. The Government keeps a firm hand on them, and fines them for fighting by taking toll of their herds. But occasionally more drastic measures have to be resorted to. After due deliberation, Colonel Llewellyn sentenced five of the Turkhanas in the jail to be hanged and the rest to long imprisonment, and departed for Nairobi, as he said, to learn to make a hangman's noose.

I visited the Turkhanas in their jail. They were a hard lot. Their bodies were decorated in elaborate patterns with cicatrices, made by cutting slits with a knife and then rubbing dirt into the wounds so as to infect them; otherwise they would not produce sufficiently conspicuous scars. Through their lower lips were thrust plugs, or ivory rings. Their hair, and their father's and their father's father's, they wore in a huge bunch at the back of their heads smeared with clay and decorated with feathers. They boasted of their fighting and their murders. One of them told that he had killed many men, one for every cicatrice in his body, and that now he had been sentenced to hang. He was proud of that sentence. It put the seal of official recognition on his career as a bad man. The other side of it, death, he did not quite grasp.

Months later, when we returned to Archer's Post, we found that Colonel Llewellyn had come back from Nairobi with two hundred *askaris* and had taken the five men sentenced to death into their own country. There he had called in the warriors and, before a thousand of them, assembled, had hanged the culprits. If they had been hanged at Nairobi or Archer's Post they would have been to their tribe simply men who had been captured and had never come back. But the public hanging made a deep impression. These men died—worse, they were disgraced in the presence of their own people—for their disobedience of the white man's law.

Savage psychology is a strange thing. Those thousand Turkhanas, armed as they were only with spears and bows, by a determined rush could have easily overcome Colonel Llewellyn and his two hundred *askaris*. But they never thought of trying to. The authority they scorned when it was not present, they feared and respected in the flesh. In my mind it required no small bravery on the part of Colonel Llewellyn to go into the country of so wild a tribe on such a mission. But to him it was all in a soldier's routine. I have said, I am afraid too often, that I have small use for civilization; but nevertheless I have the greatest respect for the men stationed on the outskirts of civilization,

trying to push its frontiers further. Their lot is loneliness and danger. They are deprived of the society of their kind, of the comforts of civilized life. They are exposed to illness and accident and the vengeance of primitive men. Yet they never flinch, never look back. They are always talking about "home." They are usually grousing about the country and the natives and their own exile. But I believe that in their heart of hearts most of them feel about civilization much as I do, and have chosen the life they lead more for the sake of what it gives them of free air and open country than for the sake of advancing the boundaries of civilization, however faithfully they may work to do so.

My boys from Meru were due any day now, and we could soon be off. I was impatient to get under way, could scarcely restrain myself. In order to make the time move more quickly, I decided to go exploring down the Guaso Nyiro River, Chobe way. I left Ferraragi and a generous guard of porters with Osa, and, taking Jerramani and twenty boys, I set out. Before we had gone many miles, we ran into a lava river. We followed the Guaso Nyiro and struck into the lava only where a good trail showed itself. And suddenly we found ourselves at the first water-hole we had visited in the Chobe Hills, an easy march from Archer's Post. Though this water-hole had been practically deserted a few weeks earlier, there were now many animals about it, for the country was rapidly drying up and drinking-places were becoming fewer. As we built a couple of blinds the animals stood around waiting for us to finish, so that they could come to drink. By evening, there were no less than five hundred animals in plain sight. I went to bed in a cave nearby, eager for morning and a chance to photograph.

In the cave I encountered a new species of wild animal. All night long I kept slapping at vicious insects that bit me. I was too tired to get up and investigate. I just kept slapping drowsily. Next morning, covered with the blood of my victims, I examined the corpses and found that they corresponded most disturbingly to descriptions I had been given of spirillum ticks, carriers of a violent fever that continues intermittently for months and sometimes causes paralysis and sometimes death. Natives are almost invariably carriers of the tick. For that reason, the *safaris* of white hunters never camp on the exact spot used by a previous *safari*, where the ground is almost sure to be infected with the tick. Native villages are hotbeds for it, and it is to be found, as I had, alas, learned, in caves, where wandering natives have chanced to sleep. Spirillum ticks live for an indefinite time without losing their virulence. I imprisoned securely in a paper half a dozen of those that had been torturing me, and they were still alive after many weeks when they reached Nairobi for examination. But luckily, in

spite of my numerous bites, I did not succumb to spirillum fever. Either I was able to throw off the poison (I was in excellent physical condition, as I always am in the wilds), or else the ticks had been so long deprived of the fever-infected blood of human beings that they did not carry the germ.

I was a little uneasy as I went to my blind that morning. But I soon forgot my uneasiness in the animals. I counted fourteen different kinds at the water-hole at one time, and got several hundred feet of excellent photographs. Next day I returned to Archer's Post to find that my raw porters had arrived from Meru and that nothing now stood in the way of our departure for Lake Paradise.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DESERT TRAIL

ARCHER'S POST, desolate as it was, had constant contacts with the outside world. Every few days someone turned up. We met there the largest *safari* we had seen, that of the Duke of Orléans, heir to the throne of France, now relegated to the attic of the French Republic. With his valet, his doctor, his professional big-game hunter, and hundreds of porters, he was collecting specimens for a French scientific society. There, too, we met Major Duggmore, the famous British scientist and photographer, with whom we compared notes on hunting with a camera. It was not often I had a chance to talk with men so well versed in my kind of hunting, and I enjoyed to the full the conversations I had with Major Duggmore, a fine personality and an excellent photographer.

When we left Archer's Post, our last contact with civilization was broken. I had by this time seen my *safari* get under way many times. I had often watched my porters shoulder their packs and start out, chanting, winding along at their slow, steady pace until they were lost in the distance. But never had I watched them with so glad a heart as I did in the early dawn of the morning we left Archer's Post. At last we were off into the quiet, clean, far places where not even the remotest echoes of a noisy industrial world could be heard.

We gave the boys two days' start. After they left, we put in order the cache of supplies we were leaving at Archer's Post in care of Mohammed Sudan, food for our journey back to Nairobi, and loaded an ox-cart and started on the trail. Since we had no idea of what lay before us in our search for Lake Paradise, Dad decided to remain for a while in the comparative comfort of Archer's Post, and then to proceed to Lasamis, where he would await our return from the further "blue." He was by now thoroughly at home in Africa and had fallen into a routine of life in the open, broken by shooting-excursions and chance encounters with other white men, with whom to "swap" stories of African experiences. Before daybreak of the second day, after the boys had left, Osa and I said good-by to him and with our personal servants set out in the two *safari* Fords. The next fertile place, Marsabit, was two hundred and forty-five miles distant.

The story of that trip across the Kaisoot Desert, with Lake

Paradise beckoning in the unknown, would make a volume in itself if I should relate it in detail. But I am nearing the end of my space—nearing the end, too, of my time, for in just two more weeks my face will again be turned toward Africa. I can give only a brief itinerary of that journey. I must leave to the imagination of my readers the succession of burning days, of cool desert nights with the stars hanging close and luminous, of purple sunsets and pale golden dawns. Our first stop was a place not far from Archer's Post, which Mohammed Sudan called "the Wells." It derived its name from a trio of rock-rimmed wells sunk in the dry bed of a river. From all sides, out of the desert, beaten caravan trails led to the water. I thought of the well-known phrase "the trackless desert," a phrase, like many another sanctioned by long usage, entirely untrue; for even the Sahara, where every footstep is swallowed up by the shifting sands, has its clear record of comings and goings to be read by those who know the language. Between the wells and Karo, we passed our porters, who greeted us with smiles and good-humored shouting.

Karo was just a name situated on the brink of a dry river. Here we had to dig for water. Others had dug before us, and we deepened the holes that they had left and then waited for the water to seep in. There was not enough to draw until the next morning. We waited at Karo until our boys caught up with us, in the meantime scouring the country to obtain a supply of meat for them. It was a country of sandy desert with outcrops of rock, a few low, disheartened thorn-trees and scattered, dust-colored desert plants breaking its monotony. We saw gerenuk here in abundance, and giraffes, zebras, and oryx were frequent, though not so numerous as in more fertile regions. Once we startled a cheetah; and several times, as we passed, a rhino rushed snorting in terror from behind a boulder or from under a tangled thorn-bush thicket.

From Karo on, the road grew steadily worse. It would go along pleasantly enough for a long distance, following a wide caravan trail beaten into solid clay, and then suddenly it would debouch into a stretch of boulders or into a sand-pit in which we would sink to our axles. Then we would have to wait for the boys to come up, and they would half push, half carry the cars to the next smooth stretch. Sometimes we had to shovel the sand from underfoot. Sometimes we had to build a temporary road of thorn-branches. Often it took a half a day to go a few hundred yards.

Our next real camp after Karo was Longai, on the Merille River. The Merille River was another dry river; I never found any one who had ever seen water in it. We made our camp on a rise, with the river a line of sand five miles below us. On the day after our arrival, we discovered a water-hole in a beautiful little valley leading from the

river. The valley, with steep, rocky sides of richly colored rocks, looked for all the world like a miniature Grand Canyon. Against one of its steep walls the boys built a blind that was scarcely visible at a little distance from the surrounding rocks. We were as much delighted with it as if we had been children with a new play-house.

"This is much nicer than our camp," Osa said. "Let's send the boys back and stay here for the night. Then we can be on hand bright and early, when the first animals come down to drink." I agreed, and we spread out our blankets and went to sleep.

At least I went to sleep. I was awakened, as I dozed off, by Osa laughing. "What is it?" I said.

"It's the hyenas," she giggled. "They are funnier than ever tonight."

I sat up and listened. No two hyenas laugh exactly alike, and when a pack of them get together you can imagine yourself attending the funniest movie in the world with a record audience in attendance. Sometimes it all seems a bit terrifying and ghostly. But sometimes it is irresistibly funny. That night in the blind, Osa and I laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks. It sounds silly, but I defy the most sensible person to resist the contagion of that laughter.

I was weak with laughing when I finally composed myself again for sleep. It seemed to me that I had had only a cat-nap when Osa wakened me. This time she was not laughing.

"Listen!" she whispered. "Do you hear that?"

"That" was the long-drawn-out roar of a lion. No matter how many times you may hear it, it always sends a chill of terror down your spine. I cannot describe it. It is hollow as if it came from some fiendish trumpet, and it has a rumble hidden in the depth of it.

"He's a long way off," I said, reassuringly.

"You know they can sound further away than they are," Osa retorted.

After a couple of roars, the lion subsided, and I dropped off to sleep again. Again I was awakened, to hear some more roars.

"There are many people who say the lion drinks only blood," I said. "He won't come near the pool."

But Osa was not to be comforted. "He may come to get our blood," she said, miserably. "And there's only the two of us. I wish we'd gone back to camp. We'd have had a fire there, and the boys would have been all about us."

After a time, having heard no more roars, we both fell asleep. I was a little cross when I was awakened again by being frantically nudged in the ribs. Osa was speechless. When I gathered my wits together, I found the cause of her fright. Somebody was rolling rocks down the side of the canyon. That, at least, was my first impression. I

heard great rocks crashing down into the valley on both sides of us. Then I heard a slipping and sliding that seemed to indicate the descent of some large body. Then I distinguished the *plump, plump* of gigantic footsteps coming nearer and nearer. I crept to the aperture of my blind and watched. To my right I saw a giant rhinoceros making for the water-hole. He was as big as a good-sized motor-truck, and he was siffling like an asthmatic old man, but a hundred times louder. From my left came another *plump, plump*, another *siffle, siffle*. And there was another rhino. They met at the pool. For a moment, they looked at each other sitting and snorting. Then one made a sudden vicious rush at the other. I was amazed at the quickness of his movements. For ten minutes those great beasts fought a duel with their horns. I shall never forget the sight. It was almost as light as day. The moon flooded the valley and changed the gray of the rhinos' skins to a ghostly white. The size of the beasts, the fierceness of their charges, their angry snorts and their mighty hissings—it was fearful beyond words. As suddenly as it had begun, the fight ended. So far as I could determine, the victory was to neither. Perhaps a few more scars had been added to the scarred sides of the great creatures—all rhinos bear the marks of many battles—but if so, that was all. They simply parted and made off in opposite directions.

They had scarcely gone when there came more bumping of rocks and rattling of pebbles, more sounds of huge bodies sliding, more siffling and snorting. This time, the great beasts seemed descending right upon our blind. A rock grazed our wall and set the branches with which the blind was camouflaged to rustling. I looked out at the door. The entire opening was filled with rhinoceroses; one stood with his side to it, not three feet away. This was too close proximity. I did not want to fire. I was afraid of bringing on a charge that would send our loosely piled stone walls tumbling about our ears. I picked up a big stone, and threw it at the rhino, aiming carefully at his ear, his most sensitive part. It went true to the mark. He snorted angrily and made for another rhino whose presence his huge side had concealed from me, and then began a second battle.

Before long there were ten rhinos in our valley. Off among the thorn-trees was an eleventh animal that I was convinced was an elephant. There was no more sleep for us that night. We were afraid at every moment that our hut would be overthrown, for the great animals came all but rubbing against it. But by well-placed stones we managed to keep them off, and with the dawn they went back into the thorn-bush thicket where they spent their days.

I fought off my sleepiness and got to work as soon as it was light. I wanted to explore the cañon for signs of that elephant I was so sure I had seen. The way I had to follow was a rocky one. I went leaping

from one boulder to another, stopping every few leaps to scan the *donga* for signs of animals. I was all set to jump over a particularly wide crevice between two rocks when I caught a flash of yellow. Lions! I tottered on the rock, trying wildly to hold my balance. By determined effort, just as I thought I was going to fall right into the lion's den, I regained my equilibrium. And the hyenas that had startled me so much retreated snarling into the recesses of their cave. I subsequently found that there were caves all the way up and down the canyon, but though I explored a number of them, which showed signs of having been the lairs of lions and leopards, I never found any of their inhabitants at home.

After a brief exploration of the *donga*, in the course of which I found a second water-hole not far from the one near which we had built our blind, I made my way down to the river-bed. As I passed through the thicket along the river-banks, two or three great animals went crashing off. Whether they were rhinos or elephants I do not know. But in the sandy bed of the river I found fresh elephant spoor.

I had no desire to meet elephants, unaccompanied as I was, and so I returned to camp, hoping to avoid an encounter, and yet watching, almost hopefully, for signs of the great beasts. The feeling of not knowing what is going to show up next is one of the fascinations of Africa. You go along, fearing to see a dangerous beast, yet expectantly on the lookout. Every noise is alarming and exciting. The most innocent landscape takes on an air of mystery; that heap of rocks may harbor a lion, that thicket an elephant. The thicket at Longai was full of parrots, the only parrots I saw in Africa. They were pretty, green birds, but their eyes were wild, not gentle as the eyes of parrots usually are. The birds screamed as I passed, and fluttered about in the trees, as if to proclaim to the wilderness that the enemy, man, was in the thicket alone.

In view of the results of my exploration, I decided, in spite of the rhinoceroses, to spend a second night in my blind. I had the boys hang a lantern at the second water-hole I had discovered, so that all the animals would be frightened to the water-hole near which the blind was located. This having been done, I wrapped myself in a blanket and settled down to wait. It was not yet dark when Osa, who had flatly refused to stay in the blind with me, suddenly appeared with a breathless Ferraragi as escort. There was a rhino in camp. If she had to have rhinos anyway, she might as well be with me. She just hated rhinos. She wished she never had to see another. She was fated, however, to see many more, and some of them at pretty close quarters, before we left the rhino country.

We had no adventures that night. Three or four rhinos came wheezing around, but they soon went off again. Lions roared all about

us, but none of them came into the moon-flooded space about the water-hole. A coughing leopard circled us at a safe distance. But the elephants that we had hoped would come to drink did not show up. In the morning we found fresh rhino tracks all about the water-hole where we had hung the lantern. Apparently nothing so feeble as the glimmer of the lanterns could inspire fear in the stupid brain of a rhinoceros.

Our next camp was at Longania, where again we had to dig for water. We arrived there with a little daylight to spare and went off into the thicket to look for birds for supper. Our search was cut short by an invisible rhino, who snorted so unpleasantly from the cover of the thicket that we hurriedly sought the open. On our way back to camp, however, we killed a gerenuk, which afforded excellent meat. We reserved a choice cut for ourselves and turned the remainder over to the boys, who cut it in strips and hung it to dry about the fire. During the night we were wakened by a heartrending scream from one of the boys. As I rushed from my tent, gun in hand, I almost fell over a hyena, a yellow streak in the moonlight with something dark in his mouth. I found that the thief had stolen Zabenelli's meat from the stick by the fire and in escaping had dragged it over the owner's face. Zabenelli, rudely awakened, had fancied that he was being carried off by a lion. The boys, once their fright was over, jeered at him unmercifully. For days they called him Simba, and every once in a while Jerramani, who was a born mimic and could give a perfect imitation of every African sound from the rasp of the horns on our Fords to the wheeze of a rhino, would station himself behind Zabenelli and roar reverberatingly.

Next morning, when we went for water, we found the hole we had dug half full. But a ten-foot black mamba was taking his bath in the water. I killed it with the shot-gun, but the water was of course unfit for use. We had to dig another hole and wait for it to fill up.

Since it was moonlight, we decided now to spare ourselves travel in the heat of the day. So at ten o'clock that night, when the moon rose, we set out for Lasamis, the water-hole where Paul J. Rainey took his pictures. Our track led over a well packed clay trail, and we sped along at a good rate of speed. Occasionally a startled animal flashed across the road in front of us and went off, a pale shape in the moonlight. Otherwise the trip was uneventful. We visited the fertile oasis of Merrile, a patch of green herbs and of ivory-nut trees in the midst of barrenness. It seemed more deserted than the desert, with not a hut, not even a nomad encampment, in its friendly circle. But fresh spoor told us that the elephants had been there only a short time before us.

Dawn was faint in the east when we reached Lasamis. Tired as we

were, we had to spend an hour in exploring the region so full of memories of a man we admired greatly. While I have been working on this book news has come to me of Paul J. Rainey's death. I should like here to add my tribute to the many that have been paid him; for he was a thorough sportsman and left behind him in Africa a clean and splendid record.

As I wandered the maze of the twisting river-bed that is Lasamis, and found myself finally at the water-hole (one of three) that I thought must have been the site of Rainey's principal blind, I saw again in imagination the rhinos and the elephants of which he had told the story. It seemed strange that I was there, where he had been, ready to write the next chapter of the picture-record of animals.

We had left our porters far behind. With the help of our personal boys, I built a small blind, but not an animal came to the famous water-hole. When the boys arrived, three days later, I had them build better blinds. But still no luck. The only visitors at the water-hole were Samburus, who came with their flocks of black cattle and long-eared and fat-tailed sheep and camels. By noon of the first day thousands of head of domestic animals were waiting about the water-holes. Only a few at a time could drink from the hollowed logs that their owners filled for them, but they waited their turns patiently. And when one lot of, say, a hundred had finished drinking, a second lot would come forward, seemingly without orders. Though the animals were obviously frantic for water, for they were brought to drink only once in two or three days, the whole affair was conducted on lines of almost military precision. Only the camels occasionally became fractious. Sometimes a whole herd of them would stampede and go loping awkwardly off, to the shouting consternation of their owners.

A camel stampede was the only occasion on which the Samburns exhibited the slightest excitement. Otherwise they moved about sluggishly. The animals they herded seemed more intelligent (they were certainly far more animated) than they. The natives were a stinking lot, clad in roughly tanned and filthy skins. Though they had probably never before seen a white face, they showed no curiosity about us or our belongings. Even the children paid not the slightest attention to us.

While I was waiting in vain for animals, the boys were hard at work building a big grass house to serve as a cache for the supplies we had had sent from Archer's Post by wagon. When they had finished, I had them construct new blinds. If we went on and left the blinds, I thought, the animals would gradually grow used to them, and by the time we returned from Lake Paradise, we would find plenty of game. As it turned out, the Lasamis water-holes were as deserted on our return as they had been on the out journey. I do not fully understand

why. The natives who came there to water their stock said that it had not rained in the region for two years, and that the animals accordingly had moved on to better feeding-grounds. But I took the explanation, as I took all native explanations, with a grain of salt, and chose rather to believe that the change in the caravan route from Abyssinia, which brought it directly through Lasamis, had influenced the animals to seek some drinking-place off the travelled highway of the desert.

After some days of futile waiting at Lasamis, we decided to move on. One morning we started the porters off on their way in Jerramani's charge, with the exception of two picked men whom we had chosen to remain in charge of the cache, and of three porters who had fallen sick from a combination of homesickness and bad water. We ourselves planned to make an early start on the following morning. I was awakened at midnight by the sound of a rhino battle at one of the water-holes. I got up, dressed, called Jerramani and 'Mpishi who was, though a cook, an adventurous soul, always eager to go hunting and always staunch and courageous when I permitted him to go, and together we set out to see the fight. We walked nearly two miles before we saw the beasts matching horns, half in play, half in earnest, on a patch of moon-bright sand. After about fifteen minutes they suddenly stopped fighting as if by mutual agreement, and drifted off in opposite directions, nibbling at dry and thorny desert plants as they went.

I started back to camp, but before I had gone far I saw a pack of hyenas. I shot into the midst of them, and as they scattered in every direction I saw that they were not hyenas but lions, fully twenty of them in all. The desert lion has a very scanty mane; that was why I had been deceived into taking kings and queens for knaves. One of the pack, a lioness, lay dead on the sand. Between them, Jerramani and 'Mpishi managed to get her back to camp. I found Osa asleep. Neither the rhino battle nor my shots had roused her. So I set up my lioness about twenty-five feet from the tent, tied back the flaps, and shook Osa by the shoulder.

"What is it?" she said sleepily.

"I hear a lion," I whispered.

"Go get it," said Osa, to whom lions were becoming a bore.

"Can't find my gun," I whispered. "Have you yours?"

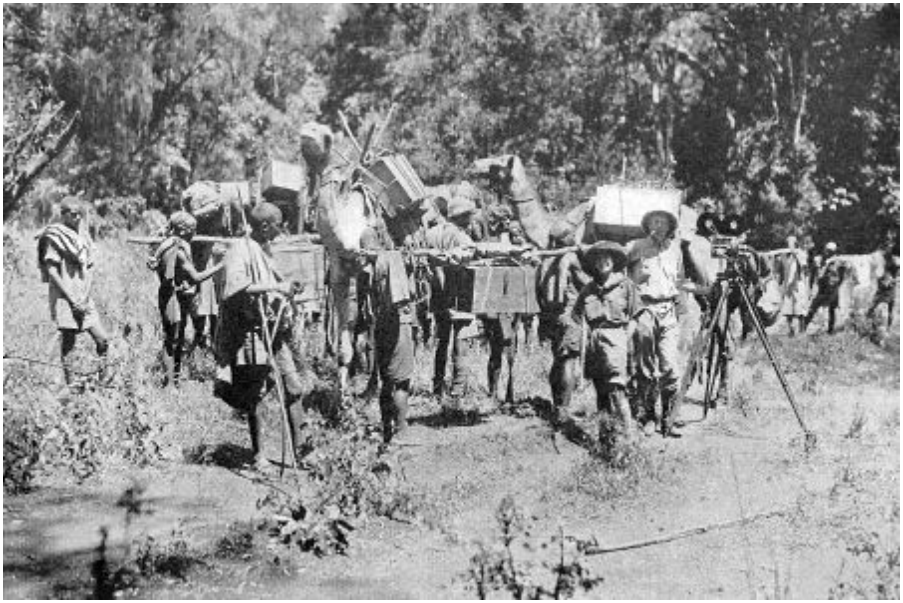
Osa sat up angrily. "Jerramani is getting positively unbearable," she said. "You give him a good talking to in the morning. He should have put your gun where..." She stopped. Through the tent door she saw the lioness, sitting lifelike in the moonlight. Without hesitation, she reached for her .405, took aim, and filled the poor dead beast full of lead. At the sound of the shot, the boys, roused from sleep, came

rushing. Outside the tent I heard Jerramani's great guffaw. A practical joke was entirely in his line. But when I explained to Osa that she had been the victim of the joke, she refused to believe it. To this day she says she shot the lioness and that I tried to rob her of the glory by pretending it was dead already.

We were no longer sleepy; so when a herd of zebras frightened by the shooting passed close to camp, we decided to shoot one as bait and try to get another lion. I was full of life that night and ardent with lust of the hunt. And I told myself that killing lions was a service to mankind. Even the British authorities put no restrictions on the number of lions that may be killed by a single hunter.

We shot a zebra close to one of our blinds and took shelter in the blind to wait. In less than an hour we heard a great *makelele*. A flock of about fifty goats went tearing past; they had escaped from the thorn-bush kraal in which their native owners had herded them. At their heels came a pack of hyenas, twenty-five of them, leaping at the goats and hamstringing them, one by one. We went out with our rifles and shot hyenas right and left, and told the boys to cut the throats of the wounded goats, which were crying pitifully. Then, sick with the slaughter which was not of our making or our seeking, we abandoned the lion-hunt, and decided to make ready and start for Marsabit before the moon set. At two o'clock we were on our way once more through the moon-flooded desert.

Paul J. Rainey's water-hole at Lasamis: a blind in the background, nomads watering their cattle in the foreground



The *safari* gets under way for Lake Paradise

CHAPTER XVII

MARSABIT

THE way to Marsabit lay along a camel-caravan trail as smooth as a race-track. Since we had a hundred miles to go before we could hope to reach water, we sped along rapidly. Our road lay through a landscape of flat, sandy desert. Sometimes we would go miles without seeing a tree; at others we would pass for miles through country covered with thorn-bush thickets.

At eleven o'clock in the morning we reached rocky and occasionally wooded country. We now had hard going. In many places we had to unload the car and let the boys almost carry it for long stretches. If I had seen that road before, I should have said it would be impossible to get through it with an automobile. Few things are impossible, when you are faced with the necessity of accomplishing them. Get through it we did.

We were now crawling upward. What with the increasing altitude and the constant climbing, the water was soon boiling in our radiators. Before long, we had to refill them from our stock of drinking-water. We hoped to be able to replenish our supply at a water-hole called Ret, which our chart showed to be about twenty miles this side of Marsabit. But when we came to Ret we found the water-hole dry, and had to push on to Marsabit, where we arrived in the late afternoon with our radiators almost empty.

Marsabit is a volcanic mountain of many craters. We made our camp in open, grassy plain on the edge of a little *donga*, just beyond which lay an enormous crater; for the side nearest us had been blown off so that we could see all around the inside of the rim. A little beyond our *donga* the forest began, a tangled jungle of trees hung with vines and creepers and silver-white moss. Though there were a few ivory-nut trees to give a suggestion of the tropics, for the most part the trees resembled those of the temperate zone, save that among them swarmed butterflies of every conceivable color, great flocks of them, hundreds and thousands together.

While the boys were making camp I went to look for water. But though I searched all the way up and down the *donga*, I found only a pool covered with green slime. I sent 'Mpishi to ladle it out (there were only two bucketfuls in all) and began the usual chemical

experiment to make it fit to drink. But this time the water was too bad for my chemicals. The dirt in it absolutely refused to settle, and with Jerramani and Aloni I started on a wider search.

We crossed the *donga* and walked around the rim of the crater. From where we were the forest in the bottom looked like thickly scattered clumps of bushes. Though game trails left by buffaloes and rhinos and elephants threaded the sides, we saw no animals.

As I scanned the landscape for traces of water, I perceived a little way down the side of the crater a patch of grasses that seemed greener than any of the surrounding grasses. We scrambled down a rhino trail and found a little spring, sending out a trickle of crystal-clear icy-cold water. The boys filled the Standard-Oil tins they carried, and we started back to camp. It was almost dark when we stood again on the rim of the crater. We could not recognize a single landmark. But we started off in the general direction of camp. Though, as we found later, our spring lay less than an hour away, it took us nearly three to get back to camp. The moon had not yet risen. We kept stumbling about in pitch blackness. The forest that had seemed, in the sunlight, uninhabited, was now peopled with all sorts of animals, real and imaginary. We heard the roaring of lions, the laughter of hyenas, the dry coughing of leopards; and we fancied we saw a rhino or an elephant in every clump of bushes. Suddenly, a little way off to my right, I saw a familiar white glare: Osa had had an inspiration: she had lighted one of the radium-flares I used in night photography. Though we had failed to see the fire she had kept burning as a beacon, that bright white light caught our attention. When it burned out, she lighted a second and a third; and, guided by their brilliant light, we made our way to camp.

Though the night before had been almost sleepless, and our journey had been fatiguing, we were up at dawn next morning, eager to explore the new neighborhood. As we were eating breakfast, just at sunrise, two rhinos suddenly emerged from our *donga* and stood on its brink, outlined against the disk of the sun. I took their picture, but the glare of the sun was too brilliant; the film was spoiled. We hurriedly finished breakfast and began to circle warily around to the other side of the rhinos. But though the beasts are ordinarily near-sighted, we were now outlined against the sky, and we could not get within three or four hundred yards of them. We succeeded only in running them into the *donga*. We followed, and almost stepped on a third rhino that lay asleep just below the brink. It crashed off with a great snorting, the tick-birds screaming defiance at us as it went.

On the opposite side of the *donga* we found a fourth rhino. At this, Osa, who had a blister on her foot, went lame and decided she would be better off in camp; I went on, attended by Jerramani,

Kavairondo, with my heaviest movie camera, and ‘Mpishi’s assistant, with my lightest camera. There were rhinos everywhere. At one time we scared up five, and they went running off toward all points of the compass. Because they were so numerous and because they all ran away, I had now no fear of rhinos, and so I approached the next one we met boldly. After I had watched him feeding for a while, I set up my camera and told the boys to get behind him and drive him closer to me. With my lens trained on the trail that I expected him to follow, I waited. Suddenly there was a rustling in the bushes just a little way in front of me, and along came another rhino, absolutely unconscious of my presence. I got a good picture of him before he smelled me and went off siffling with anger. But the rhino I had sent the boys to drive toward me took an entirely different direction from the one he was expected to take and never came within photographing range at all.

I had seen no signs of human habitation, but when I returned to camp I found a delegation of Borans, who had got wind of our presence and had come to buy sugar and salt. Since our porters had not yet arrived, I had only very little on hand and did not care to part with it. But though I tried to explain to them that my supply was short, I could not make them understand. They gesticulated fiercely with spears and hands, and I was afraid for a bit that they were going to make trouble. Suddenly they turned and went away without another word. We found later that they were our neighbors. Where they lived, we never knew. Though we scoured the whole district in the three weeks we stayed there, we never came upon a village. Often, however, we met Boran herdsmen with their cattle, and almost every day a delegation of them came to visit the camp. They were a far different people from the Samburus. They had hair that was neither kinky nor straight, but gently waving, and straight, almost Semitic features. The women wore their hair in a strange, ancient-Egyptian-like style, cut square at the shoulders; and men and women were dressed in flowing garments. When our stores arrived, we bargained with the Borans for milk in exchange for our coarse brown sugar. The first morning’s milk, brought in a gourd, was nothing short of awful. The pith in the inside of the gourd had been burned out with hot coals, with the result that everything put inside had a charred and smoky taste. We gave the Borans a porcelain pitcher in which to bring the milk, and after that we had good milk, though, strangely, the cream never rose. Bringing the milk was an event. From ten to twenty new faces appeared with the pitcher every day. And the Borans lingered long after the transaction was completed, watching Kalawat, who, always glad of an audience, performed for them by the hour.

Marsabit was an exciting place for Kalawat. The region simply swarmed with baboons. Day after day our lonely little ape sat

wistfully on a rock at the edge of the *donga*, *whooing* shyly to them. But when they advanced toward her she retreated, whimpering with terror, to camp, where she would throw her arms about the neck of the first person she met and cling to him for protection.

But I have got ahead of my story.

On our second morning at Marsabit, our porters arrived. I was awakened early by the sound of excited talking and looked out of the tent to see our personal servants gathered about ten porters, who lay panting on the ground. They were a wretched lot. Their lips were cracked and bleeding, and their faces were smeared with mud. The *safari* had run out of water. At Ret, where we had been disappointed, they had found only a mud wallow. In their frenzy of thirst they had filled their mouths with the mud and smeared it on their faces. Half choking, they had managed to get about ten miles further on, and then they had given out. Ferraragi, in charge, had persuaded the ten strongest to come on to us for help.

I left Osa to revive them with what water we had in camp, as they lay, half-fainting on the ground, while I, with all the servants, went to the spring. Two hours later I started out, ten gallons of good water in the car, to succor the remainder of the boys. I found them lying motionless beside the road. Some of them were unconscious. While Jerramani and ‘Mpishi worked to revive them, I went back over the trail, picking up the packs that were strewn along it for miles behind. Then I took as many boys in the car as it would hold, and persuaded the rest to crawl into camp. It was a whole day before the poor wretches were strong enough to do any work.

After they had revived, I set them to building grass huts for themselves and to strengthening the thorn-bush barricade around our tents. Finally we were settled for a three weeks’ sojourn. Then we followed a regular schedule. At daylight each day we set out on an excursion, usually into one or another of the wooded craters. We always followed game trails, about four feet wide and soft and springy, through open forest in which the air moved sweet and cool. Though we saw not an elephant, the forest showed that elephants had been there. The trees for thirty feet from the ground were smeared with red clay, where generations of the great animals had rubbed the mud from their sides after a wallow in some marshy spot. Some of the trunks were worn almost to a polish. It is in sheltered spots such as these craters that the elephants congregate during the breeding-season.

Though we met no elephants, we frequently encountered buffaloes. Sometimes we were not aware of them until we saw their shiny black snouts close by, among the trees. Luckily they were very shy and went dashing off with a noise that made us think the forest

was coming down about our ears. And we saw rhinos *ad nauseam*. The forest rhinos had sharper horns than those we had seen on the plains, and their hides had a whitish tinge as if they had been scraped by branches.

One morning I went out alone and came close upon a rhino among the trees. It had been raining, and there was mist in the air. I put Kavairondo at the crank and had him turn it slowly, while I crept up to the beast.

Kavairondo was one of the strangest of my servants. He was an enormous, fine-looking negro, powerful enough to carry my heaviest camera with ease. He learned to set up a camera with reasonable speed and to turn the crank steadily. He was always willing, always on the job. He always kept close at my heels, so as to be ready in an emergency, and he never flinched in the presence of danger. And yet, out of all my boys, he was the only one of whom I felt not quite sure. I caught him now and then looking at me as if he would like to murder me. I had done nothing to deserve it, I knew, for what I had heard of the ways of *bwanas* had been enough to convince me that I was, if anything, too soft with my men. But Kavairondo seemed to have some secret grudge against the white race, in which I was included. It never showed itself save in looks. He never uttered any of the insolences that always seemed trembling on his lips. I never solved the riddle of him. And yet if I can get Kavairondo when I go back, I am going to have him carry my cameras for me again.

On the morning of which I write, Kavairondo stood at my camera while I crept silently forward. As I approached the rhino he got my scent and came for me out of the fog. I broke his back with a bullet, and he fell wounded. He lay there, sobbing pitifully, and I fired a shot into his heart to put him out of his misery. I shall never forget the sound of his sobbing. I felt like a brute for having killed him, but comforted myself with the thought that if I had not done so he might have killed me. As a matter of fact, I do not believe he would have killed me. I believe that if I had had courage to stand my ground he would have done as most rhinos do, come half-way to bluff me into thinking him fierce, and then turned tail and run. We photographed about a hundred and twenty rhinos, and of those that came for us we shot four. I sometimes think that three out of those four killings were perhaps unnecessary.

But one of the rhinos we killed at Marsabit I am sure meant business. Osa and I, with ‘Mpishi in attendance, went out one day in the car for a trip across the plains. We saw a rhino grazing a little way off; and, having set up the camera with ‘Mpishi at the crank, we advanced to draw a charge. He came for us, and we shot. Our bullets grazed his back and sent the dust flying from his hide. But we knew

he was not seriously wounded by the rate at which he went tearing across the plain. A few days later we met him again. By this time, seeing that all the rhinos we met ran away, Osa was recovering from her fear of the beasts. “You stay at the camera,” she said. “I’ll get him if he comes for you.” She walked out toward him boldly. As soon as he saw her he charged, and with a fierce determination such as I had never seen in any of the bluffing charges made by previous rhinos. He was within twenty-five feet of her before she could collect her wits sufficiently to fire. She wounded him in the neck, and he swerved aside and made for me. Osa screamed in panic. But thirty-five feet from the camera the rhino fell dead. We discovered, then, the ugly wounds in his back caused by our bullets of a few days ago, and understood why he was so viciously inclined toward men.

The boys spent the rest of that day cutting up the rhino’s hide. The skin of the belly we preserved whole for a table-top (polished, it would be as glossy and as beautifully marked as tortoise-shell) and gave the remainder of the hide to the boys for sandals.

While the work of skinning the animal was under way, Osa and I scouted about in the forest with only our gun-bearers and camera-boys in attendance. Jerramani was ahead. Suddenly he motioned to us to keep back and crept cautiously forward. I followed him and soon made out a huge rhino, apparently asleep under a tree. I tried to signal Jerramani to come back, for, since it was too dark for a photograph, there was no use of inviting a needless charge; but I could not make him heed my cautious signs. All at once he broke out in a laugh that made the forest ring. I expected to see the rhino jump up and gore him, for he was very near. But the rhino did not move. Suspecting the true state of affairs, I went forward and found that the big beast indeed was dead. His body bore wounds from a dozen native spears. I took his horns to turn in to the Government, which requires the horns of all rhinos and also the tusks of all elephants shot without license. Otherwise there would be a large illicit traffic in ivory and in rhino horns, for which the Chinese, who use them for medicine, will pay fifty dollars a pair. It is not profitable to deal in either ivory or rhinoceros horn if you hunt with a license, for the first elephant license costs seventy-five dollars and the second one hundred and fifty dollars; while to kill your first rhino costs twenty-five dollars and your second seventy-five. Altogether, hunting in Africa is an expensive thing. Our bag was a modest one, yet we expended seven hundred dollars on licenses.

As a fit climax to our day among the rhinos, we found awaiting us, on our return to camp, one of a pair of runners whom we had despatched to Archer’s Post with letters ten days previously. He brought a letter from Dad, which told us that the other boy, almost

within sight of Archer's Post, had been charged by a rhino, which rushed without provocation at him from behind a bush and ripped open his belly. We found later that the boy, with the amazing vitality of native Africans, had recovered. But according to Dad's letter he was doomed to die. The incident was in a way a fortunate one, for it inspired us with caution where rhinos were concerned, instead of the contemptuous boldness which might have brought us into difficulties.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAKE PARADISE

THERE was something uncanny about Boguni. Boguni was a little, wizened old negro who appeared out of nowhere at Marsabit, just before we plunged into the desert to hunt for the lost Lake Paradise. I do not know how old he was, but he had the air of having lived forever and having been born old. And I think he was related to the elephants.

It was Boguni who led us to Lake Paradise—the elephant Paradise. It was Boguni who acted as our guide there. That is, he acted as our guide on the days when he had an eye to see out of. Like many Africans, he suffered from sore eyes, and though we treated him with such simple remedies as our travelling medicine-kit afforded, every second or third day found him totally blind and unable to get about. Even on his good days, he could not see very well. But he could track elephants without the aid of sight; indeed, it seemed, without the aid of any of the normal senses. He had a sixth sense that whispered, "Elephant," to him.

I could determine the presence of elephants if I saw them—caught a glimpse of a great trunk waving in the forest shadows, of a huge form moving, half hidden, along a distant trail; if I heard them—heard their trumpeting or their tearing off of succulent branches, never their footsteps, for in spite of their great bulk the beasts moved almost noiselessly through the forest; if I smelled them—smelled the powerful, acrid elephant odor that is sure to betray their presence when the wind is right. But Boguni could detect the presence of elephants when my senses registered nothing. As we marched along through the forest, he would stop us suddenly with a whispered, "*Tembo*—Elephant"—would signal us to wait a moment and would disappear noiselessly among the trees. After a few moments, he would return and lead us, without hesitation, to where the great beasts were congregated in the shadows.

At first I was afraid to trust myself to Boguni's guidance, for he seemed to ignore the most elementary rule of animal-tracking. The elephant is extraordinarily short-sighted. He cannot see an object outlined against the sky at more than thirty yards. His hearing is good enough, but though he doesn't like noise and indeed can often be

frightened by a hullabaloo, he pays little attention to ordinary sounds. Like most wild animals, he depends chiefly upon his sense of smell to warn him of approaching danger. That an elephant, or indeed any animal, must be approached from the leeward side is, accordingly, the first lesson in the primer of big-game hunting.

Yet to my surprise I found Boguni apparently ignoring it. On the first day on which he acted as my guide, he pointed out to me the location of a group of elephants and led the way toward them. When we had gone only a little distance, I discovered that Boguni was working around to the windward of the beasts. I thought he was out of his senses, and told him so in as eloquent Swaheli as I could muster. But after a little experience, I found that he knew what he was doing. In the forest, the air moves in twisting currents. Boguni knew those currents as a sailor knows the currents of the sea, and he could get nearer to an elephant without being discovered than anyone else I have ever met.

I think that Boguni knew everything there was to know about elephants, and just a little more. His jaw was curiously lopsided; the bone had been broken and badly mended. He said that the break was the result of an encounter with an elephant on Mount Kilimanjaro. I believed that, but I found it hard to credit Boguni's story of how the elephant bore down upon him, brandishing in his trunk an uprooted tree that he used as a club. My men, however, were willing to vouch for the truth of the story. They had even more incredible tales to tell. Somewhere in the forest, they said, was a bull with tusks so long that they dragged on the ground, and a still more remarkable bull with four mammoth, gleaming tusks, two curved upward and two curved downward. And then there was the rajah of the herd, with tusks so big and heavy that two young bulls always accompanied him, one an each side, to help him carry them. None of the men had ever seen these remarkable beasts, nor had they ever met a man who had seen them. They all got their stories from a man who knew the man who is the hero of all the improbable tales that are told anywhere in the world.

I do not know if we should ever have found Lake Paradise if it had not been for Boguni. Before he appeared, we had made several unprofitable scouting-trips into the desert with Marsabit as a base. And then he came with a tale of a *tinga-tinga* off in the "blue" where there were "*tembo, bwana, tembominga sana*—elephants, master, very many elephants." *Tinga-tinga* signified swamp, but as the natives were notoriously vague in their use of words, my hopes revived. I will not tell in what direction we went, nor how many days we travelled under Boguni's guidance. It is enough to say that we came at last to a long arm of forest reaching into the waste of the desert. We followed that arm, traversing game-trails worn smooth by generations of animals.

We did not see a single beast on that bright morning, but occasionally an elephant's scream of alarm, the heavy siffle of a rhinoceros, or the crashing retreat of a herd of buffaloes gave warning that the forest was thickly populated. After a long march we found ourselves on an eminence, a high cliff, overlooking one of the loveliest lakes I have ever seen.

Lake Paradise was shaped like a spoon, about a mile and a half wide and two miles long. The bowl was deep, sloping up into steep, wooded banks, two hundred feet high. At the tip rose the cliff on which we stood. Opposite was a deep cleft to serve as a handle.

We scrambled down a steep trail to the shore. Like many African lakes, Lake Paradise lay in the crater of an extinct volcano; the stones of the beach, which ran back a hundred feet or so before it met the forest, were of a weather-beaten lava. The shallows at the water's edge were a tangle of water-vines and lilies—great blue African water-lilies. As we approached, egrets rose in screaming swarms, wild ducks with tapestried backs went quacking off in terror, and cranes flapped heavily into the air. No beasts were visible, but there were footprints in the mud of the shore. Here buffaloes had wallowed; here a rhino mother had brought her child to drink; here dozens of elephants had been no longer ago than yesterday. Osa could easily stand with both feet in one of their huge footprints.

Our first impulse was to make camp right on the shores of the lake, but after some thought we decided not to risk arousing the suspicions of the animals we wished to photograph; so we returned to a spot about six miles distant, at a place where the forest broke into a grassy plain that we had admired in passing it earlier in the day. The boys slung Osa's hammock between two trees, and hauled out a canvas easy-chair for me. Lazily we watched them as they erected our tents, surrounded them with a thorn-bush entanglement to keep out prowling cats, and threw up a grass hut for the head-men and our personal servants, the aristocrats of the *safari*.Under the chaffing but always efficient direction of Jerramani, the porters worked happily as children building playhouses. We basked in the delightful calm of a task accomplished. At last we were at Lake Paradise, where we had so long wished to be.

The light was fading by the time we sat down to the excellent dinner that 'Mpishi had prepared while camp was being made. We talked of turning in early, so as to he up betimes in the morning and off for further exploration of the lake. But before we had finished dinner, the racket began.

It is not quiet by night anywhere in Africa. On the plains you can hear, at any hour, the pounding of hoofs, the yapping of zebras, the laughing of hyenas, and occasionally the snort of a rhinoceros or the

far-off, resonant roar of a lion. But the night noises of the Lake Paradise forest were the most terrifying we had ever heard. From all four quarters of the compass, elephants trumpeted to each other. Their notes ranged from the deep, hollow saxophone tone of the old tuskers to the shrill "potato" whistle of the babies answering their mothers. When Boguni later on told me that there were twenty-five thousand elephants in a radius of twenty miles surrounding Lake Paradise, I regarded his estimate as a gross exaggeration; but that night I would have accepted without challenge an estimate of a hundred thousand.

They seemed to he engaged in tearing down the forest. The creaking and snapping of trees sounded unintermittingly. Sometimes the noise seemed to come from directly behind our tents. We remembered the native *manietta*s that had been visited and torn to pieces by elephants. The great beasts are like children that want to see what makes the wheels go 'round; whatever they do not understand they investigate by destroying it. Our boys did not need to be told to keep the fires piled high with brush to frighten off the elephants that we imagined were edging in about us.

Only Boguni was calm. "Do not be afraid," he kept saying. "The elephants are eating." Later on we were to discover that he was right. The elephants were not rioting but simply feeding in an orderly elephant fashion. They liked the slender shoots at the tops of young trees, and in order to bring them within reach they had to bend and break the trees. Often, afterward, in broad day, I watched the animals bracing their feet carefully, testing the ground to see if it would bear their weight, and then reaching up with their trunks, winding them about the trees, and slowly dragging down the succulent shoots within reach. A creak, a crack, and Jumbo had his tit-bit. There was nothing terrifying about that.

But there was terror enough to last for weeks in that first night at Lake Paradise. It seemed as if dawn would never come. It broke at last in a crescendo of animal and bird calls; and then, with startling suddenness, came quiet. We fell asleep, and, in spite of our resolution for early rising, it was eight o'clock before we were astir.

'Mpishi, our cook, had breakfast waiting for us in our tarpaulin dining-room, which looked out over a grassy plain that broke into a *donga* immediately in front of the tent, and, beyond, the *donga* rose gradually into a long hill. As I was devoting myself to American bacon and wild guinea-fowl eggs, I suddenly saw Osa's eyes grow wide over the rim of her coffee-cup. I followed the direction of her glance, and there, outlined against the sky, were three elephants. They strolled toward us, moving slowly, as if they were too lazy to lift their feet. They were not feeding. They were just enjoying the sun and the air. Every once in a while they would stop and throw a trunkfull of dust

over their broad backs.

Breakfast over, I called a boy to bring my camera, and I set it up on the other side of the valley. The wind was in our favor, and the elephants, unsuspicious, drew nearer and nearer. I reeled them off delightedly. When they were so near that it seemed as if they must discover us at any moment, I told Osa to get into the picture. She walked slowly toward them. They looked sleepy and good-natured. In spite of their huge size—they must have stood ten or eleven feet high at the shoulder—there was nothing terrifying about them. So, without fear, Osa went just a little closer to them than I had intended her to go.

Suddenly they saw her. They stopped short. Their trunks went up and out in alarm. They extended their huge ears until the tips stretched a dozen feet apart.

"Come back quietly, but quickly," I called. But Osa, frightened and bewildered, stood in her tracks. After a moment of suspense, the elephants wheeled as if at a signal and ran off in the direction from which they had come. Like a shot, Osa was after them. It was a ludicrous sight, that tiny, khaki-clad figure, in pursuit of those great hulks. I do not know what she would have done if she had caught up with the elephants. Luckily, they outdistanced her easily. They ran in a lumbering, telescoping fashion, as if their hind quarters had difficulty in keeping up with their forequarters. Though they seemed to be moving slowly, they covered the ground to the brow of the hill in an incredibly short time and disappeared from view.

Osa came back, breathless and a little sheepish, and we returned to camp. On the way we met Boguni, who had been up at dawn and off on a reconnoitering expedition, and was coming in search of us to lead us to a place where there were elephants. Our appetite was whetted for elephants. We picked up the equipment necessary for the day and were off at once under Boguni's guidance.

Boguni did not take us to the lake that day, but led us along a wide, well beaten game trail that almost paralleled the shore. Suddenly he left the trail and plunged into the forest, motioning us to follow. Suiting our pace to his, we crept along cautiously, clambered quietly over some great rocks—and looked on a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Below us stood two great elephants, knee-deep in a pool. They were a picture of drowsy content. Save for the slow swinging of their trunks and the languid fanning of their great ears, they were almost motionless, a picture of sybaritic content. Their bath was built of great rocks, covered over with beautiful mosses, green and gray and rusty red. It was perfumed with great red and blue water-lilies. It was shaded by magnificent trees festooned with silver moss. Hundreds—thousands—of butterflies, blue and white and yellow, fluttered about

the great beasts, like metamorphosed dancing-girls in attendance upon metamorphosed Oriental princes.

We gazed in breathless bewilderment from our overhanging ledge of rock. The whole picture seemed fantastically unreal. It was some minutes before I thought of my camera. But suddenly I remembered it and set to work feverishly to catch the picture before it was too late.

I need not have hurried. Before that day was over we discovered that Lake Paradise was surrounded with water-holes like beads in a necklace, every one frequented by elephants. We made the entire round of the lake—a distance of over twenty-five miles—and arrived at camp after dark, tired, footsore, hungry, but happy that we had discovered a camera hunting-ground so ideal.

We stayed three months at Lake Paradise. Our life there soon settled into a routine. We rose before dawn and went to bed at dusk. Each morning our camels—an addition to our caravan bought from the Borans at Marsabit—groaning and protesting, went off with our canvas water-bags to a spring six miles away for the day's supply of water. Occasionally we despatched a dozen porters over the long trail back to Marsabit, where we had left a cache in charge of two reliable boys, to fetch us additional supplies. While we were eating breakfast our gun-bearers would take out of our guns the liberal supply of grease they had put into them the night before. They were good gun-bearers; the care of our rifles was a religious duty with which they never allowed anything to interfere. We usually were on the march before the sun was up. Some days we made the round of the water-holes. On others, we just explored the forest aimlessly, following this trail and that, to see where they led.

Every trail led somewhere. The forest was laid out as neatly as a city, with main thoroughfares leading to the lake and water-holes and out into the plains, and with side streets that came in at right angles from the deep shady places where the animals loved to doze the days through. All that was needed was sign-posts. Even without them, it was almost impossible to get lost. After we had been over a trail once or twice, it was as familiar as a travelled road. We soon learned the short cuts from camp to lake, from one water-hole to another. We had our favorite trails. And new ones were never lacking for exploration when we were tired of old ones.

There is nothing that can quite compare with the thrill of exploring game trails. There is always the possibility of meeting with the unexpected. As a matter of fact, however, we rarely encountered an animal on these trails. The beasts went abroad chiefly by night. Sometimes we caught a glimpse of a shadowy form a little way off the trail, or heard the startled scream of an elephant that had caught our scent as we passed; but if we wanted to see animals, we had to creep

up on them as they slept, deep in the forest, or as they drowsed the hours away in the water-holes.

We watched whole days away on the rocks above the water-holes, and I took thousands of feet of pictures of bathing elephants. Since the holes were often deep in the rock and heavily shaded, much of my film was worthless, but in the end I had more elephant pictures than I knew what to do with.

After a time I learned to distinguish one elephant from another. A frequent visitor at one of my favorite water-holes was a big bull with one fine long tusk and one broken one. He may have lost his tusk in fighting, or in using it as a lever for moving logs or rocks, or simply in poking about in the crannies of the rocks about his pool. He would come down to the pool early in the morning, testing each foothold in the trail before he trusted his weight to it, and he would stay in the pool the most of the day.

Once I watched him for four hours. He blew about for a bit and ran his trunk over the rocks as if he were searching for something. Then he sprayed water over himself and settled down for an hour's nap, during which he moved scarcely more than the ebony elephant that stands on my mantelpiece as I write. Then he roused himself and reached up for a branch. After munching a bit, he went to sleep again, and so he alternated sleeping and eating until the sun sank low. When the rays came level through the trees, slowly, ponderously, he left the pool. Overhanging the trail was a branch bright with new green leaves. It was just out of reach of his trunk, but, nothing daunted, he raised himself slowly from the ground and, standing on his hind legs, gathered the delicacy into his mouth.

Another one of my favorites was an old lady. African elephants live to be about a hundred years old. Some have been known to reach the age of one hundred and forty. The old Romans, they say, used elephants as a symbol of longevity. I think this old lady must have been very near the upper limit of elephant age. She was thin to the point of emaciation. Her skin hung in great wrinkles on her mammoth frame. She seemed almost to totter. But she still had fighting spirit. One day I stepped out on the trail leading to the water-hole to photograph her as she came out. She got a whiff of me and made for me, trunk and ears and tail straight out. When she was within fifty yards, she stopped, puzzled. She could see nothing, and as the fanning breeze was on the ebb she could smell nothing. Disgusted, she turned off on a branch trail, and I saw her go with great relief. I felt I was no match even for a hundred-and-forty-year-old lady that was really mad.

I liked the elephants, liked them better than any of the other animals of Africa. They seemed so wise and so gentle. And indeed the elephants of Lake Paradise were both. They were easy subjects for

photography because they were so unsuspicious. They had undoubtedly been hunted. The fact that there were few large tuskers among them proved that bands of Abyssinian ivory-poachers had been at Lake Paradise. But they had not known the constant terrifying pursuit that is the lot of animals near the haunts of civilization.

It is only a question of time until the African elephant will have gone to join the other extinct mammoths in some Pleistocene heaven. Civilization has already crowded him out of South Africa. It is busy pushing him into remote corners in East Africa. Every new sisal plantation is a stroke in the elephant's knell. For as soon as you have settlers and farms, the elephant, with the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, must be banished. The mammoths belong to an age when man had not yet become the chief of the animals. They do not accept his terms. They refuse to be domesticated. They destroy crops and break fences and threaten human life. The more they come into contact with human beings, the more dangerous they become. A really wild elephant is very unlikely to open hostilities. He regards man with mingled curiosity and fear. But an elephant that has been hunted becomes a desperado. He senses that every man's hand is against him. He becomes preternaturally alert. He develops a cunning that is almost a match for intelligence, and he becomes viciously ill tempered.

The elephants that we found at Lake Paradise were truly wild. Though the forest was literally teeming with them, we soon discovered that we had little to fear. The trails were safer than the streets of New York. Yet we had our adventures on them.

I did not use blinds in photographing my elephants; for it was easy enough to stalk them from tree to tree, or to photograph them from among the rocks that surrounded their drinking-places. Since their sight was so feeble, I could even photograph them in the open from a distance of a hundred yards or so, with my long-focus lens, without any danger, so long as I kept in their lee. However, I built one blind at Lake Paradise in the hope of getting a picture of a second buffalo and a mother rhino with her young son, a mere infant about the size of an ox.

From the cliff that overlooked the lake, on which we spent many hours spying out the land, we noticed that at three o'clock every afternoon, almost as regular as clockwork, a great buffalo used to come down a steep trail to the opposite shore for a mud bath. Now, the average African buffalo reaches an enormous size. But this buffalo was the biggest I had ever seen.

After a big-game hunter has shot a dozen or so animals, he loses his interest in shooting for its own sake. Just killing is no longer sport. So he sets out to make record kills. The oryx with the longest horns,

the biggest elephant with the biggest tusks, the largest lion with the heaviest mane—those are the things he covets for his bag. I was reaching that stage of connoisseurship in my camera-hunting. I wanted to film that record buffalo. My interest in him was whetted by the fact that after he had wallowed about up to his belly in mud for a bit and gone off happy after his bath, a huge old lady rhino always brought her infant child about the size of a young ox down for a plunge.

I decided to build a blind overlooking the trail they used and to try to get them. Next day I had my boys throw up a blind of branches, and Osa and I took our places in it at about one o'clock and awaited developments. As three o'clock drew near, we listened breathlessly for the sound of hoofs on the rocky trail. Only the scream of birds and the lap of the lake and an occasional far-off cry of an animal disturbed the quiet. By four we had almost given up hope and settled down to read quietly on an off chance of getting something.

Suddenly a giant, wheezy "Whoof, whoof" sounded right in our ears. We started, recovered ourselves, looked out cautiously. There were the rhino mother and her child, just making off as fast as they could go. Our sudden movements had been just enough to rouse their suspicion. We waited until six o'clock, now thoroughly on our guard. But nothing more happened. At six I blew my police-whistle as a signal to the boys to come to take us back to camp. I had packed up my cameras and was ready to start when they arrived. We went along the shore toward the only trail we knew of that led directly back to camp. We were about half-way there when suddenly a herd of twelve elephants came out of the woods and stood directly in front of the entrance to the trail. I hesitated. Should I unstrap my cameras or not? It was late for photographing, but since the way home was blocked, I decided that I might as well see what I could get. I ground out several feet of film. Suddenly Osa said, *"Bogu, bogu,"* in a stage-whisper that was almost a shout. I turned, and there were all the buffaloes any one could demand. About sixty of them were approaching, in the warlike, semi-circular formation they almost invariably affect. As they came toward us, two great rhinos showed up directly in their path. It was a matter of seconds until they all got our scent, and then they stampeded and went bellowing and snorting up the steep bank of the lake.

The elephants trumpeted the alarm and bolted into the woods along the trail. But they were a bit vague as to what it was all about, and soon began feeding again. We were in a dilemma. It was growing dark. Was it better to crouch all night in that monster-infested woods or to brave the elephants? We decided on the latter. Cautiously, our hearts in our mouths, we crept past them. They were feeding quietly

among the trees. They stopped and looked at us, as we passed, their great ears extended, their little pigtails sticking straight out behind them in fear and astonishment. They were surprised and a little afraid; that was all. But as I crept by them, and heard that most terrifying of sounds—the rumble-rumble of gigantic bowels—it seemed to me that at any moment I might find myself under those great hoofs or impaled on those gleaming tusks...

But before we left Lake Paradise we came to look upon such encounters as all in the day's work. Often in the early morning or late in the evening we met the elephants on their way home to bed or on their way out for a night's feasting. One evening, on our return to camp, we had branched off from another game trail leading into the forest. Among the trees near the latter I made out a huge bull elephant with gleaming tusks. Osa was riding a little Abyssinian mule (it unhappily succumbed to tsetse-fly a few days later); so she proceeded to camp, accompanied by the boys, and Jerramani and I alone took the forest way for a nearer view of the tusker. He stood about fifty feet off the trail, half asleep, lazily pulling grass and leaves and throwing them over his back. Since it was too late for a photograph, I had to content myself with watching and admiring him and hoping he would still be there next morning. After a few minutes I motioned to Jerramani to beat a quiet retreat, and we backed off down the trail. We had not gone six paces when the elephant started and spread his ears. Quickly but noiselessly, without so much as cracking a twig, he walked to the trail and stood looking after us, searching the air with his trunk for a scent of us. As we backed off, more and more rapidly, he came toward us. I looked to either side. The underbrush was thick, and if we went crashing through we could only the more betray our location to the animal, which seemed to have fight in every line of him. Suddenly Jerramani touched my shoulder. "*Tembo, bwana; tembomingi sana.*" There were not many elephants, but there were three advancing on us from the opposite direction. When they saw us, however, they turned and ran. Jerramani and I ran after them, not from any desire to catch them, but from the necessity of escaping what we felt would prove a very nasty encounter with the pursuing tusker.

Just as we approached the crossing, where the trail branched out to camp, I heard Osa scream. Forgetting all about my elephants, I ran as fast as I could over the home trail, arriving at a little clearing just in time to see a race between a badly frightened mule, to which Osa clung desperately, and an equally frightened rhino, which she had started from cover. The strange contestants ran neck to neck for some distance, but finally the rhino turned and went snorting away into the bushes.

By this time we were thoroughly nervous. It was growing dark. When we descended into the wooded *donga* that lay in front of our camp, we found ourselves in thick night. Suddenly from under our very feet came a vast snorting, and two unseen rhinos crashed off among the trees. We were glad to see our gleaming camp-fires that night, for while an encounter with an ugly rhino in the dark might have made thrilling reading, we knew that it would be an extremely unpleasant actuality.

Adventures, anyway, are rarely interesting while they are happening. The narrowest escape I had in Africa was all over before I had a chance to get a thrill out of it. I did not even have time to be afraid. It occurred on the day on which we had been packing up to leave Lake Paradise. We wanted to get an early start next morning, and so were helping the boys break camp. As we worked, Boguni appeared with the news that there were seven elephants in a clearing less than a mile from the camp, in a good position for photographing. It had taken Boguni a little while to understand that for my kind of hunting something more than just animals was necessary—that I required both animals and light. But after a few weeks he mastered the idea, and when he promised me animals in a good position for photographing I knew that he would be as good as his word.

Osa and I took one camera and followed where Boguni led. There, sure enough, were the seven elephants, browsing. Among them was a bull with the finest tusks we had seen, and since I had in my pocket an unused elephant license I determined to get him. Once more the desire to try my skill and my courage and to feel my man's power over the brute world outbalanced my humanity. Without letting myself think, I turned over my camera to Osa, took my double-barrelled .470 express-rifle, and crept up until I was within seventy feet of the elephant. The grass was long. The elephant did not see me. I took careful aim, as I had been instructed to do by hunters, at a point just below the tip of his ear, so as to reach his heart, and let him have a hard-nosed bullet. The elephant jumped into the air, but instead of toppling over, as I had expected, he made for me furiously. After him came, not only the six who had been feeding with him, but a number of others, who had been concealed in the forest. Jerramani told me afterward that there were twelve in all, but at that moment I was sure there were a hundred. I stopped just long enough to plant another bullet in the leader and then turned and ran toward Osa and the camera.

An elephant-gun is simply an overgrown shot-gun. It is none of your modern repeaters. Both chambers were now empty. As I ran, however, I managed to get another brace of cartridges out of my pocket and into the chambers. When I at last turned to fire, the elephant was almost on me. I fired both barrels into his head. He

never faltered. As he bore down upon me, towered above me, I reached for more cartridges, gave it up as futile, and wondered, vaguely and impersonally, how it would feel to die. I was not afraid. There was not time enough for realization.

Through all this Osa kept turning the crank. I have related how, once in an emergency that turned out not to be an emergency, she failed me at the camera, and how we made a pact that in the future, no matter what happened, whichever one of us was at the camera would stick to it until the last moment possible. Just as I gave myself up for lost, Osa decided that the last possible moment had come. She let go the crank, snatched her gun from Ferraragi, and fired at the leader of the herd. He turned, missing me by a hand's breadth, went off to one side, kicking over the camera as he passed, and toppled over dead. The herd that came in his wake, seeing their leader dead, parted and went off, some to one side of us, some to the other, and disappeared into the forest.

When it was all over, my knees gave way, and I sat down helplessly on a log. Fear affected Osa differently. She started running as fast as her legs would carry her toward camp, and I had to send Jerramani to fetch her back. We were soon ourselves again. We had forgotten the excitement, forgotten the fear; our one thought was pity for the great elephant at our feet who had died so gallantly. But our boys had no such sentiments. They raised the "little missis" to their shoulders and carried her back to camp, singing over and over: "Memsahib has killed an elephant. Memsahib has killed an elephant."

That was our last adventure at Lake Paradise. We left three days later, as soon as the elephant's great head and feet were sufficiently cured for the journey. But I am going back. My film of the elephant is still unfinished. I want to make a complete picture record of elephant life. I want to catch with my camera incidents of which big-game hunters have told me, incidents scarcely less strange than Boguni's wonderful tales. I want to film a mother elephant bathing her new-born baby, ducking the little, screaming creature in a pool, and blowing water from her trunk in a fine spray over its body. I want to photograph little elephants at play. Carl Akeley, who perhaps knows as much about elephants as any man alive, has seen young bulls playing football with the top of an African anthill, a ball of sunbaked clay. I want to see such a sight and to film it, and I want to make pictures of elephants fighting and elephants in love and elephants grown old and feeble, dying alone in the forest. I believe I can do it at Lake Paradise. And perhaps I can follow the elephants, hundreds of them in a herd, on one of their strange migrations of dozens of miles, from one warm, sunny feeding-ground to another. I am going back to see what I can get, and in five years I shall have a longer elephant

story to tell.

CHAPTER XIX

THE END AND THE BEGINNING

THERE was nothing about Lake Paradise that suggested civilization. We seemed to be in another world, a Garden of Eden, in which it was easy to be good and happy, and in which men and animals lived at peace with one another. We turned our faces again toward civilization with regret.

To tell the story of our trip back would be an anti-climax. Though we deviated here and there from the route followed on the way out, anything I could relate of the journey would seem dull and prosaic in contrast with the idyllic life we led on the shores of Lake Paradise. I will say only that we reached Nairobi without mishap and also without any especially significant adventure.

At Meru we paid off our porters from the hills. Since they had received an advance on their wages before leaving, each had only fifteen rupees coming to him. Of this, the Government promptly appropriated five in payment of his hut tax. The other ten (about five dollars) he at once expended in the local *dukas*, and went off to his village—a three days' march into the hills—happy with his loot of sugar and rice and unspeakable coffee and gaudy calico.

As soon as we were back in Nairobi, Osa and I plunged into the work of developing our films. As we saw our pictures coming out clean and clear, we lived our adventures all over again. One day, three weeks later, our Nairobi porters, who had dallied along the way, came straggling in under the direction of Jerramani and Ferraragi. They were a bad-looking lot, dirty, ragged, weary, but hard as nails. They congregated just under the veranda, and I paid them off, giving each a generous bakshish in addition to his wages.

That night Osa and I went to town and met the boys, first one and then another, all dressed in new European clothes and squeaking shoes, and carrying canes with the air of gentlemen of leisure. The native town, truly orientalized, boasts many cafés, fantastic affairs, with sides made from petrol tins and roofs of skins. Each café has a garden where rickety tables are scattered under the trees, and around the tables native aristocrats sip their sickening sweet coffee out of tin mugs or odds and ends of china cups, nicked, cracked, or handleless. In each of these gardens sat one of our boys, his legs crossed, his hat

tilted rakishly over his eyes, a cigarette hanging wickedly from the corner of his mouth, relating the adventures of the *safari* to a circle of admiring listeners. And no doubt the boy who told the tale was himself the hero of it. A few days later, when the boys' finery was already dingy (for they came to clean our equipment and pack it away in all the gorgeousness of their new raiment), it came to my ears that we owed our safe return out of the "blue" to Jerramani, who had repeatedly saved us from the murderous fury of charging elephants.

Good old Jerramani! Faithful old liar! I shall be glad to see him again. And see him I shall, and that soon. For two weeks from today, as I pen these lines, Osa and I shall be on board ship, with our faces turned toward Africa.

Films of remote countries, primitive people, and wild animals are usually little more than moving-picture-books. They show a series of scenes, for the most part unrelated and assembled with an eye to pleasing the commercial producer. The titles are usually sensational or inaccurate or both. The pictures themselves are often "staged" for the camera and are no more representative of the actual lives of savage men or wild animals than they would be if they were taken in Hollywood. I want to take a picture of Africa that will be different. It will not be pieced together from haphazard scenes. It will be the whole story of a country, its peoples and its animals, slowly unrolling against a background of magnificent scenery—wide, grassy plains dotted with sparse mimosa groves, peaceful wooded hills, rugged, barren mountain ranges, rich forests, desolate lava-fields, swift rivers, broad reaches of sandy desert. It will show the natives of Africa at war, at peace, at work, at play; so far as it is possible, it will show them going about their daily tasks unconscious of the camera. And it will show the animals, not hunted and afraid, but natural and unaware, untroubled by man.

It is no easy task I have set myself. I know it. But I have been preparing myself for it for nearly twenty years. For nearly twenty years I have been going to school in the tropics, learning tropical photography, which is far different from any other kind of photography, learning how to live in the wilderness, learning how to deal with wild people and wild animals.

Very little is known about the habits of wild animals. The stories told by hunters, even by hunters with scientific training, are contradictory and confused. Most of them are based on fleeting impressions gained during moments of excitement. Few of them are stories told of animals in their natural state, unsuspicious and unafraid. I am not a naturalist. I have no scientific training in anything but photography. But my cameras have an exactitude that no human being could attain. They can record the animal story

accurately; they can repeat it over and over without forgetting and varying; and I believe, too, that they can make better pictures of animals and natives who do not know that they are being watched and photographed.

I have got together a photographic equipment such as I am sure has never before been available for scientific work. I have a battery of twenty cameras, ten for motion-pictures and ten for "stills." Five of the motion-picture cameras are of the type specially designed for animal work by Carl Akeley, after he had learned the weaknesses of other cameras for making pictures of wild life. All of the cameras have been fitted with devices that will aid me in getting good results.

In order to get a special series of pictures from which scientists may study animal motion, I have had two of the Akeleys mounted together so that two films may be exposed at one time and by one set of controls. One of the cameras will be timed to make the usual sixteen exposures to the second, but the other will be timed to make sixty-four exposures to the second. When the film taken by the first camera is projected, it will show the animal's movements as they would appear to the observer. But the film taken by the second camera, projected at one fourth the speed at which it was taken, will give "slow movement" pictures that will permit close study of every motion.

I have had a third motion-picture camera fitted with four lenses of different focal lengths, mounted much as similar lenses are mounted on high-power microscopes. I lost many a good picture on my last trip because of the time it took to change lenses; but with this new equipment, I can change from a short-to a long-focus lens or *vice versa* in a fraction of a second.

Though long-focus lenses are notoriously hard to use, I have had years of experience with them and have learned how to handle them. The great secret of success is a very simple one: they must be mounted so firmly on the cameras as to eliminate the vibration that makes "shaky" and "fuzzy" negatives. I got good results last year in Africa with twelve-and seventeen-inch lenses, and I am looking forward to still better results from the twenty-four-and thirty-and fifty-inch lenses that I have had made to take back to Africa with me. These delicate lenses will bring animals that were within one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards of my camera to within twenty or thirty yards of the people that see my pictures.

Other lenses, wide-angle lenses, portrait lenses, landscape lenses, diffusing lenses, and very fast lenses for forest work, will put me in a position to meet most photographic emergencies. I have devised a fire-department camera for use along the road. I have missed many a picture *en route* from one place to another because of the delay

involved in getting my camera out of its box and setting it up. This one can be set up and focused before you can say "Jack Robinson." And I have a series of cameras operated by electric motors. I can place them in the open where the animals graze and lead a wire to a tree or a blind hundreds of miles away. With them I can get pictures of the okapi and the bongo and other shy, rare animals that haunt the forest glades and rarely venture into the open.

Another device I have invented to lay the suspicions of shy animals is an enormous tripod with three cameras mounted on it, one above the other. These cameras can be operated by means of electric wires from a small blind under the scaffolding or from a distance. A blind big enough to house so many cameras would scare away every animal that came within sight of it, but the airy structure of the tripod will pass unnoticed.

It will take sixty thousand feet of negative a year to record what I am planning to get—fifty miles of film in all. And because I cannot afford to risk the success of my trip by using old film or developing-materials that have lost their strength, I have made arrangements for periodical shipments of films and supplies to Nairobi, and I am going to train a special corps of men to carry them from Nairobi to my base camp, hundreds of miles from civilization.

For my base camp will of course be at Lake Paradise. In a few months, the crater that lies six miles from the Lake will be ringing with the sound of hammers. Hindu workmen will be hard at work building a log house for us to live in (in her mind's eye Osa has it furnished down to the curtains; it will be the first real home she has ever lived in since she married me fifteen years ago), and also a laboratory, for I am planning not only to develop my films but to edit them and caption them before I send them back to the United States. My laboratory is going to be equipped with electric lights for printing from negatives, and with running water, piped clear and cold from an abundant spring in the side of the crater. And it is going to be of fire-proof cement construction. Since I lost the best "stills" I took on my last visit to Africa, through a fire in the hut of the Indian photographer to whom I gave my negatives for printing, I am going to guard carefully against such accidents in the future. While the house and laboratory are being constructed, *shamba* boys will be clearing and planting a garden, so that we may have fresh vegetables. And a caravan of camels and sturdy Abyssinian mules and a hundred porters, travelling back and forth across the desert, will be bringing our supplies. From the Boer farmers over Meru way, I am going to buy some good milch cows, and we will have in our barnyard sheep and pigs and chickens; for we do not want to kill the animals in our Garden of Eden even for food.

When our camp is built, we shall leave it in charge of reliable watchmen—I hope I may get hold of old Mohammed again—and go away. While the animals at Lake Paradise are growing used to the new buildings in their midst, we shall be getting the picture of Songo, the Tale-bearer. Songo is a man of the Meru tribe. He is nearly six feet tall and straight as an arrow. He has a proud, strong face, and there is not a blemish on his fine body. Songo is said to be a mighty hunter, but his chief function is that of an itinerant newspaper. He goes from tribe to tribe, carrying news and gossip and arranging for the purchase of arms (for the Merus, though warlike, do not make their own weapons), and for the exchange of women, for the Merus have a fondness for wives from other tribes. In times of inter-tribal war, Songo is exempt from service and sacred from harm. He is universally respected, not only by his own people but by the white officials, who recognize his value as a former of public opinion.

We are going to accompany Songo on his round. We are going to see with him the life of the tribes, their rites, their ceremonies, their feasts, their humdrum of every day, and to make a picture record of manners and customs that are fast melting away before civilization. And then we are going back to Lake Paradise, to remain for five years, leaving the neighborhood only for occasional journeys in search of pictures not to be found there but needed to round out the story of Africa.

I hope to have the story of Songo unreeled on American screens within a year and a half after my arrival in Africa. The next picture I send back will be called “African Babies.” It will show zebra babies, giraffe babies, rhino babies, buffalo babies, elephant babies, negro babies. It will record for scientists strange scenes of the play of animals and of the maternal care that is so interesting a feature of wild life. It will show the birth rites, the games, and the training of little black children.

We have more or less definitely in mind several other films on the order of these two, but they will all be subsidiary to our big picture, which we shall call just “Africa.” The elephants will play a prominent rôle in that picture.

At Lake Paradise we expect to get pictures of elephants such as have never before been taken. At breeding-season, the elephants congregate about the Lake in enormous herds of several hundred, and during that time we are going to observe and photograph them, from cave blinds, from platforms high among the trees, from rafts in the lake, from which we can catch the elephants as they come to drink and to wallow in the early morning and the late afternoon at the shore’s edge. But there is more than elephants on our schedule. We are planning a trip by raft to the lower reaches of the Tana River, where

few white men have penetrated. There we will get pictures of rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses and crocodiles, as well as of strange, remote native tribes. And we are going to Lake Hennington where millions of birds—flamingo, heron, crane, and other species—come in March to nest. And we are going to Lake Rudolph to photograph the natives that live on rafts. And perhaps, toward the end of our time, we shall go into gorilla country with Carl Akeley, to help him prove by pictures that the strange man-beasts are not the savage creatures they have been depicted as being, but the kindest and gentlest of animals. Plant life, insect life, reptile life, bird life, animal life, native life—all will go to the making of the story of Africa.

It is a big order we have undertaken. But we think we can fill it in five years of hard work. It will be hard work, we know that, but it will be work with joy in every moment of it.

As I realize that I am at last off again for the wilderness, I feel like a man recovering from a long illness. Now, after nearly a year spent in civilization, I can begin to live once more.